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BLACK BELT AROUND THE WORLD

Black Belt Around the World


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Black Belt
Around the World

at the

High Noon of Colonialism

by

Earnest Sevier Cox



RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

910.41
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To my sister

Emma

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Emma

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EARNEST SEVIER COX

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INTRODUCTION

Following the "Black Belt Around the World" during the years of 1910-1915, I made a study of the white race in colonial contact with colored races. This period was the high noon of colonialism.

I saw one or more of the colonies of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands, Portugal, and the United States of America. I was in recent colonies of Spain and in certain of her earlier colonies which had become inpedendent nations. I did not see the West Indies possessions of Denmark which were transferred to the United States in 1917.

The original purpose was to obtain information from a study of the Negro under other governments with the view of comparing the status of such Negroes with the status of those of the United States. This purpose was not abandoned but became secondary when I saw Caucasic mixbreeds near the source of the Nile. I knew that in historic time the Arabs had penetrated from the eastern coast and had extended their conquest and culture south of the Sahara Desert. But I did not know of the early Egyptian conquests in this area of Negro Africa and that Timbuctoo, the trading center between the grass land peoples and those of the forests in the south, had an original design derived from ancient Egypt. This pressure from the north of Caucasian peoples who slowly extended their race and culture into Negro Africa is estimated by certain historians to have been well under way some eight to ten thousand years ago. Races that dwell together tend to mix their blood and large areas of Africa are occupied by peoples of mixed racial type. The racial and cultural results of early Caucasian invasion of Negro Africa would have a bearing on the present Caucasian

invasion, and I believed that data dealing with the early invasions should be at the disposal of the present invaders.

Fifty years is a long time when remembering events, and I will say to those who are past three score and ten that the first draft of these records of my journeys was written wholly from memory nearly fifty years after the journeys were completed. The incessant pressure of other matters which could not be put off had prevented me from writing of the travels, a work that could be put off. And again I will say to those who are past three score and ten that the knowledge that I had waited fifty years, and the fear that I could not wait another fifty years, led me to the record by memory, for this could be done at odd times.

I had pictures relating to the journeys, some from my camera, many obtained enroute. I had preserved ample original notes on the travels and as I had followed both the Nile and the Amazon the press gave my journeys much publicity and asked me for articles dealing with remote parts of the world. I had preserved these press articles. Throughout the journeys I had written to my sister, Emma, and in the letters to her, which she preserved and I obtained after her death some forty years later, there was information of exceptional value in the dates of my arrival and departure from many places. Having taken the time to write from memory, I then took the time to supplement the account by my other records and to check the memory record. There were several minor errors in the memory record, but only one serious one. I had placed a man of exceptional ability in the wrong city in his country. He had given my research his approval and had given me encouragement. How could my memory be false in such matter? My records showed that a competent man in the other city had also approved my research and had sought to encourage me.

A writer, however optomistic his nature, will not intentionally err in recording distances between two points for such

distance can be checked. In some of my records I stated that I walked about 1800 miles in Central Africa. I detected this error at an early date, sensed that the walk had been about 1400 miles, and supposed that some of my calculation had been in kilometers, a measure much used in Central Africa. But the error was not in the use of kilometers. I had used a railroad a short distance, had crossed Lake Victoria on a steamer, but had not deducted this mileage from an early estimate of distance. And I made another error as to distance. I cite the reader to a letter which will appear in the text in which I told Emma that I was enroute from Cerro de Pasco in Peru to Iquitos in that country, a distance of 500 miles. But the distance by winding roads and trails and by winding rivers which I had to follow was about a thousand miles. In preparing this manuscript, I checked to find the error. I found that I must have taken the distance from a map, for the direct distance on the map is about 500 miles.

The text will carry the information that my earnings were sufficient to pay my way on these journeys save on the lower Amazon when Emma sent me funds. She had sent me money in Cairo, but I had repaid her from my earnings in Africa. I was born in that portion of the Black Belt Around The World that is in the United States of North America and I have prefaced the journey text with information on my youth. In it you will see that Emma showed favor for her brother, Earnest, who was six years her junior in age. I have dedicated this book "To My Sister Emma." (The late Mrs. Edward D. Pines of Atlanta, Georgia).

Many of us are indebted to members of our family who have given us aid. During a short portion of my student days, I would send a note to Emma signed by myself for a certain amount, bearing interest and payable on demand. She would send me the money. These notes were for small amounts to supplement the money I had for my monthly expenses.

In later days, after I had finished the journeys, I received a letter from Emma's husband saying that I had paid all notes to them with interest thereon. I showed this letter to an able young friend of mine, a Phi Beta Kappa of an eminent university, who knew of the close relations between myself and my sister, Emma. I asked him if it was not probable that Emma had destroyed some of the minor notes. He said that it was certain that she would withhold some of the notes. I then sent Emma a check for one hundred dollars and asked her to please accept it as a gift from me. I also requested that she send me a statement of my indebtedness to her. She replied, thanked me for the "gift" of a hundred dollars, and stated that she held no notes of mine.

Again, I will call upon those who are past three score and ten who know much of life and have witnessed women sacrificing for members of their family. Do they too join with the young Phi Beta Kappa who said it was "certain" that a woman like Emma would withhold some of the notes?

One thousand copies of this work will be printed. With my compliments I will send copies of it to Members of the Congress and certain other federal officials in Washington; to one or more libraries of the several colonizing powers; to libraries in the colonies through which I passed and to libraries in several of the nations that have been formed in the areas through which I passed.

My people migrated from the vicinity of Fredericksburg in Virginia through the valley into Tennessee and some of them, later, into Georgia. To honor my sister it is my intention to offer with my compliments copies of the work to certain libaries from Fredericksburg to Atlanta.

Earnest Sevier Cox
Richmond, Virginia
1963

CHAPTER I

HOW DEAR TO MY HEART

There were 10 rooms and five chimneys in our house, a portion of which had been constructed around a log cabin built by my grandfather Cox. To the east was the crest of the Great Smoky Mountains some 30 miles away. To the west was the lower Cumberland range about the same distance away. We lived in the Tennessee Valley, in Blount County, 14 miles southwest of Knoxville and three miles south of the village of Louisville which was our post office. Blount County runs from the Tennessee River to the North Carolina border. Our farm of 600 acres lay about 2 miles east of the Tennessee River. Maryville is the County Seat. A giant aluminum plant owned by the Aluminum Company of America is now located near Maryville but this plant was erected after I had left my home when I was 19 years of age.

A small portion of our land had been entered by one of the Coxes. The "homestead" of 160 acres which had a beautiful meadow was traded for by grandfather Cox who lived on a high hill and the man who had entered the area with the fine meadow, fearing malaria, wanted to live on higher ground. With the exception of the homestead and another tract of 50 acres purchased later by my father, Samuel Thompson Cox, the other portions of the estate were acquired by my uncle, John Benson Cox, who was my mother's first husband. My mother, whose maiden name was Ann Maria Earnest, was 23 years old in 1857 when she married uncle John who was ten years her senior. Uncle John had much business ability but poor health. He died in 1865. About one year later my mother married my father who was 21 years her senior. There were no children

from my mother's first marriage. From her second marriage there were eight children of which I was the youngest.

There were 9 springs on the farm. The first house on the "homestead" was a log cabin at the edge of the meadow and very near a copious spring. My grandfather built a log house on higher ground near a small spring at the foot of a hill where there were many trees. This spring ran immediately into an excavation about 18 inches deep and five feet long which he had made in a low lying flat rock. A springhouse was built on this same flat rock and the cool spring water flowing through a trough into the springhouse kept milk, butter, and melons in excellent condition during the hottest months of the year.

The early settlers favored orchards. There were two apple orchards and a very large peach orchard at my home. We had some pear trees, plum trees, and a mulberry tree in the yard. By the garden, which was a large one, there was a row of gooseberry and raspberry bushes. Dewberries and blackberries grew in abundance without cultivation near the house and in several of the fields. Wild grapes could be had for the picking in three or four areas. Walnuts, hickorynuts, and chestnuts could be gathered near the house and not far away were a large number of maple trees from which syrup could be made.

In addition to the customary vegetables grown in gardens there were strawberries and sometimes a few muskmelons (the cantaloupe is a variety of muskmelon), and watermelons but generally the melons were grown on the farm land. Of the 5 tenant houses one had a large apple orchard and a few peach and pear trees. The others had small orchards. The tenants had gardens of their own and an area for a cow to graze. The principal crops on the farm (about one-third of the land was in timber) were wheat, corn, oats, and clover.

An ell in the house contained the diningroom and kitchen. Back of the kitchen was an ashhopper which had been used for making lye soap. On one side of the kitchen was a cistern

but all the drinking water came from the spring. On the other side of the kitchen was a large enclosed smokehouse used for preserving meats and giving them flavor. My choice meat was homemade pork sausage seasoned with sage from the garden. Later, I was to be on all continents and in the remotest parts of the world but never was I to taste a sausage equal in flavor to smokehouse sausage seasoned with sage.

We had a large cellar in which was stored varieties of canned vegetables and berries and in which apples and potatoes could be kept long into the winter months.

The barn was about the distance of a city block from the house. A large horselot ran from the barn to include the spring near where the first settler had built his home. There was a "carriage house" near the barn which housed a hack or a surry together with a buggy. The saddles and the sidesaddles were kept in the barn.

All the children, if they should so choose, were entitled to a riding horse of their own, subject however to the horse being used on the farm in case of need. I had two horses. A young mare was supposed to be at the point of death and I begged my mother (my father died when I was 12 years old) to give the mare to me and I would stay with her as long as she was alive. My mother gave me the mare. A tenant farmer on a neighbor's place said he believed he could cure her. He did. I traded this mare for a small beautiful palomino (golden body, white mane and tail) which was being worked on the farm and in a crafty state of mind I traded the palomino for a big powerful mare that would not work in harness.

We had a library of 50 or more books, a number of them bound in leather. The family Bible, Wesley's Sermons, and Clark's Commentaries were my father's favorites but from my early youth I liked to read Gibbon's History of Rome, Hume's History of England, Cooper's Naval History, and Scott's Works. Emerson's Essays interested me. From my tenth or twelfth

years I could quote from Longfellow's poems, my favorite verse being from his description of the red planet Mars, "Is it the tender star of love? The star of love and dreams? Oh no! from that blue tent above a hero's armor gleams." I read The Rubaiyat by Omar Khayyam and liked his defiance of the priestly powers and their revelations. But my chief interest was in Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard which has an exalted beauty of expression in dealing with the fate that awaits us. My favorite verse was, "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike th' inevitable hour: The paths of glory lead but to the grave." I could appreciate the sentiment expressed by Wolfe at Quebec when he said that he would rather be the author of Gray's Elegy than take Quebec tomorrow.

I carry the name of three families; the Earnests, the Seviers, and the Coxes and will give something of the history of them. All came from Virginia into what is now Tennessee shortly before the Revolutionary War. The Coxes, of English descent, were living in Greene County, Tennessee, at the time that Davy Crockett was born there. For a period this area was still claimed by the Indians and possibly the whites who settled there were either bold people or newcomers who did not know the danger they incurred. From Greene County, my great grandfather Henry Cox came with his wife, three sons, and two daughters to Gillespie's landing, a ferry-village on the Tennessee River. The early settlers changed the name of this village to Louisville in honor of the French king, Louis, who had done so much to aid the United States in its struggle for liberty. Again these Coxes were risking Indian attacks for Louisville was not far from the headquarters of the powerful Cherokee nation on the Little Tennessee River.

The Earnest (Ernst) family was of German descent. In Germany one of them got on the weaker side in some local war and passed over to Switzerland from which country he and his

wife with two small children, a son and a daughter, migrated to Virginia. The father and the mother died from an illness which claimed many of the ship's passengers and when the children arrived in Virginia they were indentured. A Mr. Stevens took the boy who later married a daughter of this Mr. Stevens. There was a large family of these Earnests north of Knoxville on the Nolichucky River and the boys of the family owned 6 miles of the river front. Thomas Jefferson Earnest of this family was my grandfather. He settled at the village of New Market near his home.

The Sevier (Xavier) family was of French descent. As part of the Huguenot (Protestant) migration from France, Valentine Xavier came by way of England to Virginia and settled in the Shenandoah Valley in a home, which much improved, is included in some works showing the old homes of Colonial Virginia. John Sevier (the Xavier was hard for English people to pronounce, hence the change in spelling), a son of Valentine, was a blue-eyed, fair-faced, reddish-haired youth who became a favorite of the Colonial Governor as George Washington had been the favorite of the Governor's predecessor. John married at a very early age, set up a store at what is now New Market, Virginia, and showed aptitude and leadership in beating back the marauding Indians. From New Market he migrated across the present Virginia line and with other settlers formed the Watauga Settlement in Tennessee. This Settlement was destined to become well known to the historians who would write of the battle of King's Mountain, which "set the seal to American independence" and to the historians who would write of "The Rear Guard of the Revolution." A daughter of John Sevier married into the King family whose name appears in Kingsport and Kingston in Tennessee. A daughter of this union—Louisa Virginia King—married my grandfather Thomas Jefferson Earnest. (The *Louisa* in her name was for Louisa County, Virginia, and the *Virginia* was for the State of Virginia). A

daughter of this union, Ann Maria Earnest, was my mother. Grandmother Earnest was John Sevier's granddaughter.

The Coxes married and multiplied. Some of the Earnest descent settled near Louisville. In my youth I could go to the three miles to Louisville and almost the same distance beyond that village on the land of my relatives, most of the way on land owned by my blood relatives, a small part of the way on the land owned by in-laws. Near Maryville there were two large holding of lands by other relatives and on the river were two farms of my mother's relatives, one being that of Samuel Doak who was in descent from the Reverend Samuel Doak the Princeton graduate who pronounced the oration and prayer when the frontier warriors left for their march to King's Mountain. With the exception of one home where I made one visit, I was 18 years of age before I had spent a night away from home save in the home of relatives.

My favorite visiting place was at the home of R. L. Cox who lived on a river farm just north of Louisville. There were three boys and three girls in the family. The mother, "Cousin Lyn," called me her "extra son." Rufus of this family, was my closest boyhood friend.

When quite young I would go alone some half mile to the home of Uncle Joe Carroll, a tenant farmer on our land. Uncle Joe, a former slave, had been the personal servant of a Confederate officer. He told me that he had gone for three days without food except the bone of a turkey leg which he boiled to make soup. But I was more interested in Aunt Susan, his wife, who would give me bread with jam on it.

I have a plausible memory which carries me back to my sixth year and an implausible memory which carries me back before I was weaned. Being the youngest, my mother was in no hurry to wean me. I can vividly see myself, my mother, and Aunt Jane Finger (wife of a tenant farmer) in our reception room. I can see myself shut my eyes and start to my mother's lap to

seek nourishment. But with my eyes shut I had gotten on the lap of Aunt Jane Finger. This imagery is distinctly in my memory. But I believe that it is implanted there by my sister Emma telling it on me many times when I was quite young and always adding that I had shut my eyes because I was too old for such nourishment. Emma, to whom this book is dedicated, was six years older than myself. She would place me on horseback behind her and visit her friends. She was an excellent rider. She could ride any horse. Once I saw her get on an unbridled mule, bareback, lean forward and slap his jaws to keep him in the direction she wished him to go. When I was 10 years old and in the preparatory department at Holston College I had a romantic attachment for a girl student who was 18 years old. Emma would cut flowers from our flower pit and make bouquets for me to carry to the student with whom I was enamored. Emma was not wholly altruistic in this matter for with the bouquet she would also give me a note to carry to a student there who was her boy friend.

My earliest schooling was at Cox's Chapel, on our farm, which also served as a Baptist church. My father had aided the Baptists in erecting the building and they had named it for him. I won as best speller in a contest in this school and was always the fox in the fox and hound chases and am proud to say that I was never caught.

My people were Methodists, members of the rather imposing Southern Methodist brick church in Louisville. The first time I got religion was in this church. The evangelist invited all to come forward who wished to be saved. I went. The evangelist greeted me and cried out, "This boy is as bright as a silver dollar." I was eight years old. My grandfather Cox and my father were local preachers in the Methodist church and, later, I was to become a local preacher. A local preacher is not an ordained minister but he can conduct services if the regular preacher is absent.

In my home I was put through religious rites seven times each day. My father had family prayers following a reading from the Bible each morning and night. All the family, the hired hands, and the visitors would kneel for the prayers. At the dining table three times each day a blessing would be asked. Father was not hurried in the Scripture readings, the prayers, or the blessings. At night my mother had me to read in her presence a chapter from the Bible. Before I got into the bed I would kneel and say a prayer. This made seven religious exercises for me each day.

With one exception the children in our family were named for relatives. The oldest son, *John Benson,* was named for Uncle John. The oldest daughter, *Mary Louisa,* was named for my mother's deceased sister. *"Sammy,"* who died at the age of two months, was named for his father. *Thomas Ambrose,* was named for grandfather Cox. *Sarah Emma,* was named for an aunt and a cousin. *Homer,* who was drowned in the Tennessee River at the age of ten, was named for Homer Meade, a capable man from New York State who came to Louisville with his wife and sister shortly after the Civil War. My father was a partner with him in erecting a "Roller Mill" at Louisville, an innovation that was profitable and which attracted wide attention. *Eliza Gertrude* was named for a cousin. Myself, *Earnest Sevier,* as I have related, was named not for individuals but for families.

I was six years old when my brother Homer was drowned, and while the family was in acute grief over his death, I was stricken with a fever. The doctor called my parents and the older children away from my room and gravely informed them that I was in critical condition with the odds against my recovery. When they had returned to my room I sat up in bed and recited a religious song, "I want to be an Angel and with the Angels stand; A crown upon my forehead and a harp within my hand." I recall the commotion that ensued but did not



Home and Family

know at the time that the doctor had told the family that I was near the point of death.

After two or three years of schooling at Cox's Chapel, my parents sent me to a private school in Louisville taught by my cousin Lafayette Cox. I walked the three miles to the Louisville school without fatigue or inconvenience and did not know that I would see the time when boys who lived but a short distance from their school would be picked up by a school bus and delivered at the schoolhouse door. In this school my deskmate was Ole Bull Jones, a youth of high excellence in playing the violin, named for Ole Bull, the eminent Norwegian violinist. Moultrie, an older brother of Ole Bull, was also a student there. A few years later Moultrie was to be in the final shooting which wiped out the Howard brothers in the famous Howard-McGhee and Jones feud.

Ewing and Jefferson College, a Presbyterian institution, was located in a grove of large trees near the Tennessee River two miles from our farm. Its main structure was a two-story brick building with imposing front pillars. This school, like many others in the South, was built before the Civil War during a period of much prosperity in the Southern States and these schools produced the relatively high number of college graduates in the Confederate military service. Ewing and Jefferson College (locally called Holston College) was revived in a limited way about 1890.

My sister Eliza and I were sent to this school. Sometimes we rode horseback from our home but most of the terms we had residence at the school in some of the several buildings which housed many of the students. My chief interest was in mathematics and in history. In my earliest days in this school the cause of Prohibition was being advanced by a Northern philanthropist who gave a "Demorist" medal to the student who won in the speaking competitions. I won a medal. I was ten years old. In certain other contests in the county for this medal

I was taken along to entertain the audience when the judges were conferring to determine the medal winner. My speech was about the early pioneers who carried the long Deckard rifle and particularly about the Tennesseeans who "rescued" John Sevier from the court house in Morganton, North Carolina, where he was being tried for treason for his part in setting up the short-lived State of Franklin. This speech went over well and the most distinguished citizen of the county, Major Will A. McTeer, writing in the *Maryville Times,* paid a high tribute to me. He said that Daniel Webster at this boy's age showed no greater ability as a speaker, and that this boy bids fair to shake the world some day. It may be that Major McTeer questioned his estimate of me when I was expelled from Ewing and Jefferson College some few years later.

James Hardin Smith was suspended for one week, Joseph Omer Fox for two weeks, and I was suspended "indefinitely," with the head of the school telling me that as long as he was in authority, I could never reenter the school. The Board of Directors had assented to the penalties but had not officially published the charges against us. This led to rumors and surmises. Our principal offense was an agreement between ourselves to absent ourselves from the school play which was to have been given near the end of the Fall term and in which we were the principal actors. Our plan was simply not to appear and take the consequences. We had had some difficulties with the school authorities and chose this step to show our boldness and our strength. I am not sure that we would have carried out the agreement which became known to the authorities by an indirect method of our own contrivance about two weeks before the end of the term, with the result as above stated. In my own case there must have been other offenses for my deportment card recorded a deportment of 16 out of a possible 100.

The three of us—Jim, Joe, and myself—decided to try our luck at some other school. Roane College was in the Cumber-

land Mountains near the Clinch River and some thirty miles away. Jim had relatives and friends along the river near this school and he and I rode horseback to Roane College and had a conference with the principal and one or two other teachers. We were informed that the three of us could enter the January term but would be quickly expelled if we did not submit to school discipline. We agreed to live an upright life and entered this school in January, 1899. We were well received socially, especially so by the land owners along the river. Nor did we depart from "the upright life" agreement save once and that instance had extenuating circumstances. In the final examinations there was one of a minor nature which through ill luck had been delayed until our relatives and friends had begun to arrive for the commencement exercises. No one had ever failed in this subject. There were about a dozen students in this course, all of them frantic to be with the assembling visitors. As soon as the class had met for the examination Jim became violently "ill," clutching his throat with one hand and rubbing his chest with the other. His eyes rolled and his tongue came out. Joe rushed to him and vigorously rubbed the back of his neck, exclaiming, "It has come on him again, it has come again." The instructor and the rest of the class were greatly excited. I told the instructor that it was not a fatal attack and that within an hour or so he would recover. The class was dismissed and the grades were arbitrarially accorded to the several students.

I was the last speaker at the commencement exercises. My subject was THE SOUTH. My degree was that of Bachelor of Science. The coming Fall I qualified as a teacher and taught a public school at Love's school house between Louisville and Maryville not far from where Sam Houston had sought to establish a private school in which he would be the teacher.

During the Fall, Joe, Jim, and I, long boon companions, were for one afternoon together again. Several students, boys and girls, in the school from which we had been dismissed,

asked us to join them in a chestnut hunt. We located many chestnut trees but we could not find any chestnuts. Joe, Jim, and I left the others and went on a chestnut hunt of our own. We had spied a tenant farmer house and assumed that we might get some chestnuts there. When we arrived we found a mother and several children. We were told that they had no chestnuts. Joe hung across a rail fence and began to blabber. The woman of the house showed grave concern. I told her that he was subject to such seizures when he wanted something he could not get. That we had looked for chestnuts and not found a single one and that just a few chestnuts, just a small handful, would make him normal again. She went into the house and came out with a handful of chestnuts and gave them to Joe. He did not recover and I whispered to him that the woman had sent one of the children to the field to bring her husband and that we should clear out at once. Joe then announced that he could walk if Jim and I would aid him. He placed his arms around our shoulders and threw his entire weight on us, 180 pounds of weight. The family was watching and there was nothing we could do but carry him. He was dragging his feet. We carried him from the house to the barn, a distance of about 2 blocks, and when we turned the corner of the barn where the family no longer could see us, we threw him down. He went sprawling. He said he thought the family was still watching us. The "illness" of Jim at Roane College had been planned and rehearsed. That of Joe in this instance had not. Nor were we given to feigning illness. These two instances were the only ones in our long association.

The chestnut hunt was the last time that the three of us were together. We were not kin but events to come were to make me blood kin to their descent. Jim was soon to marry my sister, Eliza, and from this marriage there would be five fine children. Joe's sister married my cousin Meade Warren.

I wish to add that in my early years I was strongly inclined to avoid work but that at the age of 17 I experienced a remarkable burst of energy. Our family and neighbor farmers would get up at 4 A.M. and retire at 8 P.M. I would get up at 3 in the morning and retire at 9 at night. My brothers, and the hired hands with one exception, did not want to work on the farm with me. Cliff Warren, a Negro boy my age, would ask to work with me. This capacity for sustained energy which developed in me at the age of 17 was to abide for a great many years. It issued from some hereditary factor, I believe. A factor which was inherent in my sister Mary, also, but not in the other children.

CHAPTER II

THE VOLUNTEER STATE

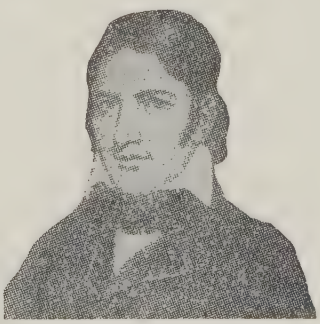
I have given incidents relating to my home life during my youth and will here add a summary of the community and state influences which affected me. My father was born in 1813. For a short time his father was a contemporary of George Washington. It is thus seen that in my youth I would hear the folklore of the early inhabitants of the mountain section of Tennessee. Some of these pioneers were to become nationally known. By necessity their chief interest was in the arts of war but such interest was not confined to the mountains. It extended throughout the state and was to lead to Tennessee acquiring the popular title, "The Volunteer State."

I lived near Knoxville and in a limited area around this presently well advanced city were the homes of Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, John Sevier, Admiral Farragut, President Johnson, and Sergeant York.

My home was about 4 miles from the Farragut home, about 7 miles from the Houston home, and a little farther to the home of John Sevier. We Americans have been deemed shy in historical knowledge and I will here say that Sam Houston led in



JOHN SEVIER



DAVY CROCKETT



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT



GEN'L SAM. HOUSTON.



ANDREW JOHNSON.



SERGEANT YORK

obtaining Texas for the United States. Davy Crockett, the most famous of the nation's frontiersmen, was killed in Texas defending the Alamo a short time before Houston won the victory over the Mexican army. The Reader's Digest in a brief article, "The only people who can talk back to the Texans." related that a Tennesseean when visiting Texas kin grew tired of hearing Tennessee belittled and Texas praised. He said to his kin, "If it hadn't been for Tennessee you wouldn't have had an Alamo, and if it hadn't been for Tennessee, you'd have been born Mexicans." I had heard that in the days of Houston and Crockett that GTT (gone to Texas) would be found on the doors of a good many vacant cabins in Tennessee.

John Sevier was to gain fame for his part in the Battle of King's Mountain, a contest which in the estimation of Thomas Jefferson, "set the seal to American independence." My mother would tell me that John Sevier "led in 35 pitched battles and was not wounded." He was the first governor of Tennessee and was repeatedly elected to that office. James Roberts Gilmore, author of The Rear Guard of the Revolution, says that John Sevier (Xavier) was a kinsman of Saint Francis of Xavier and this led me to say to some of my Catholic friends, "St. Francis is just your saint, he's my kinfolks." Farragut, who sided with the Union in the Civil War, was to become the most illustrious of the nation's naval commanders and to be nationally known for his saying—"Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!" Andrew Johnson sided with the Union and was selected by President Lincoln as candidate for the Vice Presidency in Lincoln's second campaign. Sergeant York won the high distinction of an official declaration by the commander of the allied armies in the First World War that his achievement ranked above that of any other soldier in the armies of Europe.

For a short period in the Civil War Federal troops camped near my home and the home itself was quarters for officers. My mother would tell me that the officers, Germans I believe, liked to pet the family cat. The only sensational event was when a soldier in spite of the warning of the Negro cook came into the kitchen and she knocked him back through the doorway with a stick of stovewood. There was ample food in the home but a shortage of sugar and coffee. When the officers left they sent back to our home a gift of sugar and coffee. There were a great many soldiers in the Union army who were born in Europe. It has been said that the foreign born soldiers in the Union army were approximately equal in number to the total of the Confederate troops who were vastly outnumbered in their sustained effort to set up a separate nation.

Shortly before the Civil War, my uncle Ambrose Cox had moved with his family to Illinois. He had two sons. The older one at the age of 16 returned from Illinois to join the Confederate forces. My father gave this boy a good horse and he came to Virginia and enlisted in Ashby's cavalry. The younger son became a buglar boy in the Union Army.

After the defeat of the Confederacy, certain of the Union sympathizers, who had always hated the slave owners, became violent. They sought to prevent the ex-Confederate soldiers from returning to their homes. They took it upon themselves to kill ex-slave owners. A man came into the store at the village of Louisville and announced to some checker players that he had just killed old man Gourley and that he was going to kill old man Henry. One of the checker players who had fought for the Union and who was indebted to Henry for many kindnesses, glanced up at the killer, caught his eye, and said, "If you kill Henry, I'll kill you." Henry lived to a ripe old age.

One of the worst offenders against the returning Confederate soldiers lived in the village of Louisville. The wife of the man who said, "If you kill Henry, I'll kill you," told me that some ex-Confederate soldiers came to her house at night and that she met them at the door with a baby in her arms. The spokesman apologized for any inconvenience caused her and assured her that they would not enter her home; that they wished only to know where a certain man lived (they asked for the chief offender against the returning Confederates). She pointed out his house. Again they thanked her and apologized for disturbing her, went to the home she had pointed out and killed the man they had sought.

A number of Methodists chose to ally themselves with the Northern branch of the Methodist church. They claimed financial interest in certain church buildings and sought to strengthen their claim by whipping Southern Methodist preachers. My mother told me that when my oldest brother was a baby a

Southern Methodist preacher came to our home and played with the child until my father had arrived and then had asked my father for a private conversation. They went into another room and the preacher took off his coat and shirt so that my father could see the many scars on his back. These whippings were brought to a sudden end when a preacher by the name of Gray, who had fought for 4 years in Lee's army, came to the church. Going to the pulpit, the Reverend Gray announced to the audience, "Brothers and sisters! I have been called to preach the gospel and I'll be damned if I don't preach the gospel." Having made the announcement, he reached into his hip pocket, pulled out a six-shooter and laid it beside his Bible. Most of the preacher-whippers had waited outside the church but some of them had come into the vestibule. When the Reverend Gray finished his sermon and came out of the church, he was not molested.

The question of family descent was held important in my community but not excessively so. I was told that the Cox family was collaterally related to President Madison and that through the Earnest family there was a connection with General Warren who was killed at Bunker Hill, and, through the same family there was a connection with Bishop Hoss of the Southern Methodist Church. I knew that my father was related to Congressman Houck who represented our congressional district for many years, that I was in descent from John Sevier, and that Rufus King, a brother of grandmother Earnest, had been governor of Missouri. But the outstanding genealogy was placed in my hands by a relative who could trace back to William the Conqueror. My descent in this genealogy was collateral. This work in its original form had sold for more than a thousand dollars. Later in life I tried briefly to establish the connection with Madison but could not do so. A cousin of mine said he had tried but could not trace a connection with the Massachusetts Warren family.

The male members of my kin were given to marrying Yankees. The capable New Yorker, Homer Meade, referred to in the first chapter, came to Tennessee with his wife and sister. He and his wife had one child, a daughter. A relative of mine married the sister. After the death of Mr. Meade a cousin of mine married his widow. A few years later a cousin of mine married his daughter. Another cousin of mine married a Northern girl who had come to Knoxville. A capable New England family moved to the Cumberland Plateau and a daughter of this family taught school where I had taught. She married a son of Dr. Madison Cox. These Northern women were of a good hereditary strain which shows in their descent.

In my youth I was given to boasting of the valor of *our* soldiers. Here I will write a summary of this boasting and if I err, the historian may correct me. Tennesseeans led the flanking movement that crushed the Indians at Kanawha, 1774, the greatest battle between frontiersmen and Indians. Tennessee riflemen killed Ferguson, the British commander, at the battle of King's Mountain (1780) and killed Packingham, the British commander, at the battle of New Orleans (1815). At New Orleans the pick of the British regiments led the attack, regiments that had never known defeat in Europe. The rifle fire of the backwoodsmen was so deadly that the best of troops could not advance.

In the second war with Great Britain certain American troops objected to going into Canada to fight. General Andrew Jackson sent a message to President Madison that he was in command of Tennessee volunteers who would be pleased to enter Canada. In the war with Mexico, Tennesseeans volunteered in such number that the nation termed Tennessee "The Volunteer State." In the Civil War, at Gettysburg, Tennesseeans, who had fought for two days, advanced with fresh troops and seized the guns of Doubleday. This heroic feat was to be re-

corded in the poem, The High Tide at Gettysburg:

This day in glory's van with me
Virginia cried to Tennessee
We two together come what may
Will stand upon these works today
The reddest day in history.
Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say
Close round this rent and riddled rag
What time she set her battle flag
Amidst the guns of Doubleday.

Tennesseeans suffered a very high rate of death in the bloodiest battle of the Civil War at Franklin, Tennessee, where the Confederates failed to dislodge the Union troops.

In the Spanish American War the First Tennessee Regiment saw service in the Philippine Islands. When aboard the vessel that was bringing them home they learned that a Regular Army detachment was endangered by a vastly superior force of the enemy. They stopped their vessel, disembarked, and closed with the enemy. President McKinley paid high tribute to this Tennessee regiment. He said, "The single incident that gave them immediate fame touched the heart of the whole country. By so promptly disembarking, when already started for home, and again pressing to the front, where they did great service in an emergency, the officers and men of the regiment added new luster to an already brilliant record. To them belongs the thanks of a grateful nation and the lasting admiration of their native state. Worthily have they maintained its well-earned reputation for individual bravery and the steadfastness of its citizens in times of need."

In the First World War Tennessee was well represented in one of the two brigades that broke the Hindenburg Line and a lone soldier of the State, Sergeant Alvin York, in another outfit, as we have shown, was designated by the Commander

in Chief of the Allied Armies as having performed the most distinguished exploit of any soldier of the armies of Europe.

Though my pride in my fellow mountaineers was great, yet from early youth I had placed Sam Davis, a lowlander from near Nashville, as the supreme hero of Tennessee. Young Davis volunteered for the Confederate service. His excellence as an individual led to his being entrusted with secret documents of vast importance. He was apprehended by Federal troops and had in his possession drawings of the Federal fortifications in Tennessee. The Federal officer, General Dodge, following instructions from Washington, offered young Davis life and freedom if he would reveal the source from which he had obtained this information. He replied that he had given his word of honor not to reveal the source. He was condemned to death, rode on his coffin to the spot of his hanging, and was again offered freedom if he would reveal the source of the documents. He repeated, as he had many times before, that he could not break his word. Thirty years later the Federal chaplain who had attended young Davis, and General Dodge who had him put to death, proposed a monument for Sam Davis with Federal veterans contributing to its cost. This was done.

The young people of today may be interested in the forms of social entertainment before there were telephones, radios, and television. My Methodist upbringing prevented me from going to the dances which sometimes lasted throughout the night; nor could I go to shows. But I could go to picnics, to parties where there was no dancing, to Fourth of July and other political meetings, to camp-meetings and revivals, and to the services in any of the various church denominations. But it was the stories, sometimes in print but more often oral, which I heard in my youth that intrigued me most. From memory I will relate some of them.

A bear walked into a cabin and the man of the house ran up the wall ladder to the garret and slammed the ceiling door. He

heard a shot and cautiously peeped out. Betty, his wife, was standing with the family rifle in her hands and the bear was lying dead on the floor. The man of the house in relating the incident to his neighbors would tell how, "Me and Betty killed a bar." In telling the story to strangers, he would leave out Betty's name.

A stranger wandered into a meadow not knowing it was the pasture for a dangerous bull. The bull bore down on him. He fled, and seeing a hole in the ground, jumped in the hole, barely escaping the charging bull. In no time he was out of the hole and the bull seeing him, charged again. He jumped back in the hole and when the bull had passed, leaped out again. A horseman beyond the meadow fence cried out, "Stay in the hole! The bull is certain to get you." The stranger shouted back, "I can't stay in the hole. There is a bear in the hole."

A man from the remote backwoods who had never seen a train was enroute to a village where his "pappy" had relatives. He came out of the woods to wide fields, freshly plowed, through which there ran a railroad and took to the track for easy walking. A train came up behind him and he tried to outrun it. A man shouted to him to get off the track, to get into the field. Still running, he shouted back, "If I can't beat it on the level, how can I beat it through the plowed ground?"

A newcomer applied for a job as a school teacher and was being interviewed by members of the school board. One of them leveled his eyes at the applicant and said, "Do you teach that the world is round or flat?" The applicant replied, "I'm an *expert* on both systems, the round and the flat, which one do you want taught?" He got the job.

The champion ham eater of the State of Tennessee was a bachelor who owned certain land near a neighbor farmer who wanted to buy the land. Knowing the bachelor's fame as a ham eater, the neighbor invited him to a Sunday dinner. He came in his best suit with high collar and longtailed coat. When

the dinner was served there was a heaping platter of ham. The first pieces the ham eater ate showed high flavor and in his eagerness, he became choked. The grown sons of the family went to his aid and beat on his back. They could not dislodge the ham. From the eyes and distorted features of the guest it was seen that he was in critical condition. The father of the family rushed to a bed room and came back with a bed slat. He cried out to his guest, "Get down on your all fours." The sons aided the guest to get in this position. The father, bending to his guest's ear, shouted, "When I hit, you swallow!" Standing behind him, the father swung the bed slat with a mighty blow which drove the guest headlong into the wall. The father replaced the bed slat and when he returned to the dining room, he saw his guest back at the dinner table and heard him say, "Pass the ham, please."

A tenant farmer told me of a prayer during a revival meeting. A good many sinners had been real sinful and were greatly in need of conversion. The leader in prayer said, "O God, this is getting to be a terrible community. Come down tonight to this audience. Come Yourself. Don't send your Son. It's no job for a boy."

A well behaved bull dog had been going to church and during the services would sleep in a forward corner. In a night service at a revival meeting, Deacon Brown was in the rear of the church talking to sinners when he was called upon to lead in prayer. He moved to the aisle near the door, kneeled, and began the prayer. While his prayer was underway, a dog fight started outside the church. The bull dog wakened and wanting to join the fight, rushed down the aisle striking the deacon full in the chest and toppling him backward down the steps to the ground. When the deacon realized what had happened and seeing the audience still bowed in prayer, he stuck his head in the doorway and said, "Amen."

I heard one Methodist preacher say of another one: "He suffers from constipation of thought and diarrhea of expression." My mother told me of a Methodist preacher, prominent in her childhood, who warned sinners that if they did not repent they would stay in the fires of Hell, "Until the ghost of eternity doth sit upon the tomb of God." (This one used opium).

A Methodist Circuit Rider whose visits were a year apart arrived at the home of a church member, ate a hearty supper, and retired to his room although his hostess urgently reminded him that several couples were coming to have him perform their marriage ceremonies. When the couples had arrived, the parson's hostess insisted that he perform the ceremonies. In ill temper, he rushed into the room and shouted for all to join hands. He pronounced them man and wife and quickly left. His hostess followed him and informed him that in the excitement the wrong couples had held hands and asked him to clear up the matter. He refused to come back and said to his hostess, "They are all married. Let them sort themselves."

Nathan was much liked as an individual and for his gift in telling tall stories. Dr. Madison Cox was riding to the village of Louisville and met Nathan who was driving a wagon. The doctor stopped him and said, "Nathan, tell one of your biggest lies today." With saddened face, Nathan looked at the doctor and said, "Not today, Dr. Cox, not today. Aunt Betsy Chafin died last night and I am on my way to Maryville to get her coffin." Nathan started his team. The doctor was kin of Aunt Betsy and after a moment's thought, he turned and rode back to his home, placed his family in the carriage, and drove to Louisville. When he reached the home of Aunt Betsy, she was on the porch rocking in the same chair she had used for many years.

Nathan had a brother, Ed, who was valued highly for his practical jokes. Ed needed certain information and was told to question a man whom he did not know who lived several miles

away. Ed rode to the neighborhood of the man he sought and was told he would find him plowing with a mule on a certain barren hillside. Coming to the hillside, Ed attracted the attention of the plowman by reaching high in the limbs of a persimmon tree to tie his horse. He climbed the fence gently and walked a few steps with great care. Then he got down on his hands and knees and slowly approached the plowman. The plowman stopped his mule, took the single tree off the plow, grasped it firmly, and said, "Stranger, I don't know who you mought be, but if you keep creepin up on your all-fours I'm goin to brain ye." Ed replied, "I am friendly! I come in peace! I want to talk to you." The plowman said, "Why are ye down on your all-fours?" Ed answered, "This soil is so thin I was afraid I would fall through."

A Negro told me of a white man who at night was caught in a burning house and his only way to escape was to leap out of the window. In the darkness and excitement, the white man put on his pants, hind part in front. When he hit the ground some one cried out to him asking if he was hurt. Looking down and seeing the seat of his pants he replied, "I don't feel no pain; but I am fatally twisted."

I liked the stories about Negroes at which the Negro would laugh as quickly as would the white man. A young "advanced" Negro claimed to have outgrown belief in hants, and agreed to stay all night in a deserted "hanted house." He made out all right until the midnight hour when graveyard ghosts began to roam. At the stroke of 12, a form entered the door, circled him and said, "My brother, there ain't but two of us here now." The "advanced" young Negro leaped to his feet and shouted, "There ain't goin to be but one of us from now on," as he plunged through the doorway and ran down a road to where he knew there was human habitation. Winded, he fell on a log to rest, but had no more than caught a deep breath when a hand was placed on his shoulder and a voice said, "My brother, that

was a mighty fine race." "This one is goin to be finer," he cried, as he took off again at mighty speed.

Clad in his cotton field clothes, a Negro took a train to go "up Nawth." When he got off the train a blizzard was blowing. After a few unsteady steps, he fell forward, cold and stiff. Showing no sign of life he was put in the incinerator. The blizzard raged and a couple of days later another man was brought to the incinerator. When the door was opened, they heard a voice from within, "Who's that openin that door and lettin cold air in here on me?"

A large audience had gathered at a Negro debating society only to find that an unavoidable absence of the speakers would postpone the debate. A Negro man arose, complimented the large audience, and suggested that an impromptu debate be given to entertain those who had come. He proposed that the subject be "Women." Another arose and said he agreed with the speaker except that the subject was too broad for discussion and proposed that the discussion center on the most interesting feature of women, the eyes, for they were the windows of the soul, and that just a glance from them could carry a world of meaning. Another proposed the ears as the most interesting feature of women, for they would incline and listen even when she knew you were lying. Another proposed the lips as the most interesting feature of women because of the kisses they could give and the words they could convey. At that moment, a big Negro in the back of the audience arose and said, "Gentlemen! I moves that you squash this discussion right where it is before some Nigger gets up here and tells the truth."

CHAPTER III

FROM BUSINESS COLLEGE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

At the Massey Business College in Columbus, Georgia, I found pleasure in the math phase of the course and finished it rather quickly, in about 6 weeks, I believe. But I did not have a desire to become a bookkeeper. The shorthand course was beyond my ken. I did not like it at all.

A fellow student told me that there was a Dr. J. R. Hopkins in Atlanta who owned quite a number of small loan companies and though the pay was low, I could get experience and get my feet on the ground. I went to Atlanta. Dr. Hopkins was away but I was hired by his executive, a Mr. Green, and sent to Shreveport, Louisiana. Mr. Green paid my railroad fare and, later, I was told by other employees that such advancement of fare was most unusual, practically not known.

Dr. Hopkins had two offices in Shreveport, each under its own name and making reports directly to the head office in Atlanta. I was assigned to "Rose & Company," an office on Market Street which was near a Methodist church. (I write from memory. The office may have been fronting on another street close to the church). There was a spare room with a bed in it adjoining the office and I made my quarters there. In Columbus, Georgia, I had had room and board for $10.00 per month. Now I did not have to pay for my room and I could get a full meal in or near the market place for 15 cents.

In September after I had arrived in Shreveport, a hurricane produced the "Galveston Flood" with much loss of life and property. In the early morning from my bedroom window I heard voices on the street talking of the disaster at Galveston.

I awakened my roommate and said to him that I had had a nightmare, a terrible one, that I had dreamed of great waves washing over Galveston, Texas. He assured me that it was just a bad dream and urged me to get composure by going back to sleep. I remained in bed for I wanted him to precede me to the street. Shortly after he had departed I heard footsteps rushing up the stairs and in came my roommate saying, "Your dream was true! It is terrible. Galveston is washed away."

Some weeks after my arrival it became known that Dr. Hopkins would visit Shreveport to speak to his employees. All the employees were on the alert. I was told that the "Dr." in the name of Dr. Hopkins was a title assumed when he was auctioning patent medicine, but I did not check this information. I was told also that he was out for the dollar and that he was exacting in his dealing with his subordinates.

His employees of the two firms were waiting at our office when Dr. Hopkins arrived for the meeting. He was a tall man of impressive appearance dressed in long-tails and stovepipe hat. He was deliberate, even to slowness. When he began his talk he said that his time was valuable, that he had not come to spend money but to make money and that he would make $1,000 by talking to us. He started talking about how to run a small loan business, the details of it, and how that one process followed or preceded other processes of it. He talked for a long time, well toward midnight. Suddenly he turned to the manager of our office and asked, "What have I just said, and why?" The manager, awakened, rubbed his sleepy eyes and replied, "I am sorry, Sir. I must have dozed off." He asked the question to others and received no replies or partial ones. I being the latest arrival, was in the most inconspicuous location. He leveled his eyes at me and repeated his question, "What have I just said, and why?" I replied to him telling him what he had said, that it logically followed another subhead that he had advanced which had issued from a prior one, and on back to

where he had opened his talk with the statement, "I will make a thousand dollars by this talk." Dr. Hopkins arose, put on his high hat, reached for his brief case, bowed exceedingly low to the group, and said, "Gentlemen, I have made the thousand dollars," and without even a good night he walked out of the room.

A short time later, by letter from Atlanta, Dr. Hopkins commissioned me to open a small loan office in Shreveport and be its manager. This was before my 21st birthday.

With but few exceptions the Hopkins loans were to Negroes. I still remember such Negro areas as St. Paul's Bottom and Silver Lake. Chattel mortgages were taken on household furnishings. The rate of interest was high but even so only those who were expert in making collections could stay in such business. Only a few mortgages were foreclosed for the Atlanta office frequently stated that money was wanted, not second hand furniture. Dr. Hopkins had said that the only collectors that were worth their salt were those who worried the debtors and never ceased to worry them.

From the first I attended the near-by Methodist church and at one of the meetings, possibly that of the Epworth League, I met a capable looking young man by the name of Foster who lived on a large plantation across the Red River in Bosier Parish. Some months after the Galveston flood the overseer of the Foster plantation, an ex-Confederate soldier who had lost a leg in the war, was shot from his horse by a Negro employee and when lying wounded, a Negro preacher threatened death to any one who came to aid the overseer. The murderer and the preacher disappeared in the swamp area along the Red River. I sought to go to the Foster home but the city authorities fearing a lynching refused to let people cross the bridge. I got a boatman to row me over the river. On the other side I soon came upon a group of white men on the railroad track who were being assigned to certain areas in the

search for the murderer and the preacher. When others had been assigned to search the wooded area which merged into the swamp, the leader said he would take me with him along the railroad to watch for the killer and his companion if they got out of the swamp. We came to a Negro home near the railroad where several white men were waiting. There was a rope with a hangman's noose dropped from a limb. My companion made inquiry and was told that certain Negroes had said that the murderer was being fed by this Negro family, all of whom had denied feeding the murderer. The young Negro male who was believed to have carried food into the swamp was seized, his hands tied behind him, his legs strapped together, and the hangsman's noose was placed around his neck. His feet had not gotten fully from the ground when he said he would talk. He admitted having carried food to the murderer but denied having seen the preacher.

In the search we came to a Negro school house. Could the murderer or the preacher have been aided by other Negroes to get into the loft? Both were armed. We upended a long bench to the opening in the ceiling and certainly some of us would have volunteered to climb the bench and take a look though if either of the men were there it would have been almost certain death. Before the upended bench had been steadied, a newcomer, armed with two pistols in his belt and an expensive rifle in his hand, rushed into the school house, saw the upended bench and rapidly climbed it, placing his body through the hole in the ceiling. He said that there was no person in the loft. Then he descended and went away. This newcomer was every inch a dude. His clothing, his belt, and his arms were superior. Not knowing who he was, one of the posse climbed the bench. No one was in the loft.

From the school house we went to the swamp area near the river looking in trees and the denser undergrowth. As we approached the river some of us were wading through water

and mud waist high. We reached the river but had seen no one. Darkness came and we returned to the road near the school house. The posse was dismissed for the day. On my return journey to Shreveport I passed a country store which was lighted with lanterns. I could see several white men, and one Negro of large size and about middle aged who was sitting on sacks filled with grain. I asked what Negro he was and was told that he was the preacher. I was told that the preacher had lived near Galveston and had been approached by white labor agents shortly after the Galveston flood and offered a bonus per head for all laborers of each sex he could persuade to come to the cotton plantations near Shreveport. The preacher prophesied that a much mightier flood would descend on Galveston and nearby towns. He urged his followers to flee to higher ground. About 200, at two dollars per head, came with him and were settled on the plantations near Shreveport. In the preacher's official duties as pastor of the flock he would go to the several plantations on which they were settled but made his headquarters at the Foster plantation because of his fondness for a certain female member of the flock.

When I came to the country store the preacher was sitting calmly on the sacks. He began to show nervousness and soon fell on his knees and started to pray in a loud voice. He told God that He had saved the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace and had saved Daniel in the lion's den, and he asked God to help him out in the dangerous position he was now in. A few days later the murderer was found and both the murderer and the preacher were lynched. I was not present at the lynching.

"White and Company" was the name of the office I opened. It was over Taylor's Drug Store on Market Street but the entrance was from a side street. I borrowed law books from a lawyer, a Mr. Walsh, I believe, and asked him of the public opinion of the work in which I was engaged. He said it would

tend to discredit me socially. I had already arrived at the same conclusion.

When White and Company had made, net, the thousand dollars predicted by Dr. Hopkins, I wrote to him that I was not satisfied and felt that I needed more education, that possibly I would become a lawyer. In his reply he spoke highly of me and offered an increase in pay. I resigned and wishing to see my mother went for a brief visit to my old home in Tennessee.

Before leaving Shreveport, I had decided that my next move would be to Oklahoma. New areas there were being settled by whites. I would go to Anadarko, which town had already lured more than one person whom I had known in Tennessee. At a railway station in Oklahoma City, in 1901, I saw my first automobile. Much of the new town of Anadarko was in a cornfield. When I arrived the wind was blowing hard and carrying with it lots of sand. I had not learned to squint my eyes. Getting a mighty blast in my face, I joined a seasoned looking man with eye squint and celluloid collar who was standing in a doorway and said to him, "Does the wind blow this way all the time out here?" He said, "No! It blows the other way half of the time, out here."

My sister Emma, to whom this work is dedicated, was to receive letters from me over a period of many years. She kept them. On September 9th, 1901, I wrote from Anadarko, "I wish you could see this city of tents and houses and see the people working day and night and watch them as they move to and fro in the crowded streets, hear the hundreds of hammers and saws, and see the immense piles of lumber in the streets . . . Indians are numerous on all sides. We are located in the heart of the most warlike of the remaining tribes, such as the Kiowa, Commanches, Caddos, and Apaches but all are peaceful enough now."

My first employment was that of a reporter for the Anadarko Record and Southwestern Progress. One night I was accom-

panying a group who were sampling the various drinking places. The outstanding individual of the group was a middle aged lawyer who was fond of whisky. He repeatedly insisted that I take a drink. I told him that I was a teetotaler. He put his arms around me and said, "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you my daughter." Later, in remote parts of the world, I was to see competent looking men, except for too much drink, in new communities for a new start in life.

My work on the newspaper did not please my employer. I learned that there were opportunities for school teachers in the newly settled areas, took the necessary examination, and was assigned to teach at Verden.

During my stay in Anadarko I had attended the Southern Methodist church which was administered by "Brother" Methvin, an ex-Confederate soldier who had a church mission among the Caddo Indians. The Caddo's liked him and when their lands were opened to white settlers, they adopted him thus insuring that he would get a choice 640 acres of land. At Verden I was to stay in the home of Sherman Hostick, formerly of Michigan, who had married a daughter of Mr. Methvin.

Most of the school children at Verden were from Texas and Oklahoma, but there were a number from States to the North whose parents had come in to the new land settlement. There were no mentally retarded students. No problems in discipline. But one matter gave me some concern. A 13 year old boy and a 12 year old girl had a love affair but they seemed quite mature in their adjustments to each other. I spoke to the mother of the girl. She told me not to worry, that both the boy and the girl were born of parents who had married shortly after puberty.

At Verden a number of the good people were worried about an illicit whisky seller located very close to the line between Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory. A lack of evidence had prevented his arrest. I rode over from Verden, bought a

pint of whisky at his house, carried it to Anadarko, labeled it, and stated that I would swear to having made the purchase.

The ensuing trial was the first law suit I had attended. The defender of the whisky seller was a capable looking lawyer of middle age but visably worn and I assumed it was from too much drink. It was my first experience as a witness and I received rough treatment. The lawyer asked me if I knew exactly where the dividing line was and could I definitely say whether the purchase had been made in Oklahoma Territory or in Indian Territory? I replied, "I do not know exactly where the middle of this floor is, but I know that I am on this side of the middle." He became silent. I had been instructed to tell the story of the purchase and I said, "I will go on." The lawyer snarled at me and said, "Like the babbling brook, you will go on forever." I shot back at him, "And like the stagnant pool, the older you get, the more obnoxious you become."

In Shreveport I had about decided to study law. At Anadarko I experienced an emotional trend toward the ministry. I have related that my grandfather Cox and my father were local preachers in the Methodist church. I may have inherited this emotional trend. In my childhood I knew a country doctor but I was 16 years of age before I had known a lawyer. But preachers were everywhere around me. Especially had I been impressed with the character and ability of one evangelist. He was able in appearance, of great eloquence, and could intersperse religious songs from time to time in his sermon. His singing was as eloquent as his speech. My mind would revert to him. I would be an evangelist.

I spoke to Mr. Methvin about my religious feeling and asked him to suggest a school to which I should go. He advised me that I should write to a certain minister in St. Louis and ask for advice. I wrote and was advised to get practical experience at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and later enter Vander-

bilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, for training in theology. I followed his advice.

Two stories that I heard in Oklahoma stand out in my memory. One about two young Indians dining in a white home, the other about a young Methodist preacher delivering a farewell sermon. At the white man's table one Indian helped himself to a great amount of horseradish. Being an Indian he stood the pain without evidence save that tears ran down his cheeks. The other Indian seeing the tears said, "What for you cry?" The reply was, "I cry when I think of my grandfather who die." The second Indian tried the horseradish in large amount and tears came to his eyes. The first one said to him, "What for *you* cry?" The reply was, "I cry because you not die when your grandfather die." The other story was about the young Methodist preacher, who becoming emotional in a farewell sermon to his congregation said, "While I have been among you your horses have been my horses, your homes have been my homes, and your wives have been-eh!-eh!-good to me."

The Moody Bible Institute had been founded in 1866 by the eminent evangelist Dwight W. Moody. The faculty at this school knew the Bible and urged the students to live according to its teaching. I was among the students who did part time work both in the school and out of it to aid in paying my expenses. We held open air religious services as did the Salvation Army, but we would go to our selected corner in horse drawn vehicles. It was at one of these open air meetings that I first met a person who questioned the truth of God giving revelation to the Jews as expressed in the Holy Bible. At this particular corner, when talking from our wagon, the speakers were greeted by thrown vegetables, by cat calls, and by severe heckling. My turn came. I arose and did not attempt to speak, but stood, silently. The audience became silent. I then complimented the audience on the interest they had shown, telling them that sometimes we were all but ignored, but not here. After making my speech

our director sent us to the sidewalks to personally urge those who were not Christians to accept Christ as their Savior.

Standing aloof from the crowd was an intelligent looking man of middle age. I went to him and spoke of the value of faith in Christ in our daily work and our soul's salvation. He listened respectfully and then he said to me, "You do not belong in that group. You will find later that God did not make man, but that man made God. You should study law. You have the qualities that could make you an eminent criminal lawyer and it is possible that you have the intellect that could lead to success in constitutional law."

One night I was standing near the entrance of the school and a tall woman came staggering by. She spoke to me uncertainly. I asked if I could be of service to her. She said that if I knew who she was I would feel honored to be of service to her. She then said that she was a niece of a certain nationally known financier and politician whose picture appeared in many papers. I asked her if another of the students and I could see her to her hotel. She said that she had been on a spree so long that she knew neither her hotel nor had she any money left. I told the official on duty what she had said. He called the matron and they talked with the woman, took her into the Institute and put her to bed. Wishing to be again with my mother before entering Vanderbilt University, I left the Moody Bible Institute and went to my old home in Tennessee in the Spring of 1903. My sisters had married and moved away but sister Mary lived but a couple of miles from the old home. My oldest brother, married, lived near by. My brother Thomas, unmarried, was at the home with mother who was in her 70th year, but not ill, and I did not understand why she sometimes would walk with a cane. She said that when she had visited Emma in Atlanta she had fallen. Since then she had had trouble with her thigh and was being treated for rheumatism.

In my younger days I would sometimes pick up my mother and place her on my shoulder. She would protest but did not forbid me doing so. Now, I placed her on my shoulder and she asked me not to do so again, for it hurt her "rheumatism." When we were in the house alone I heard a noise as if she had fallen in the kitchen. I ran to the kitchen. Mother was lying on the floor in agony. I lifted her up. She said that there was great pain in the thigh of her leg, that she had used a yardstick as a cane and it had slipped on the floor. It was midafternoon. My brother was away on farm duty. I sought to carry mother to a comfortable chair in the living room but when we had gotten to the dining room she insisted that because of the pain that I leave her standing holding the back of a chair. I ran the distance of about five blocks to the home of a tenant and brought both the man and his wife to stay with mother while I could ride horseback to the home of a young Negress who was competent as a nurse and as a cook. When the tenants and I returned, we found that mother had made her way from the dining room to her chair in the living room—an extraordinary effort for as we were to learn later, the leg bone was severed in a splitting process.

I obtained the aid of the colored maid and when I returned home my two brothers were there and my sister Mary had been notified. I rode most of the night in making arrangements for two doctors to come the following day. They believed that the fall in Atlanta had fractured the bone and that it had gradually split. Because of her age and health they feared to use the narcotics then known. She would have to submit to the pain caused by pulling the bone into place. Standing at the foot of the bed the doctors grasped her leg. At the head of the bed I placed my arms around her below the shoulders, clasped my hands, and braced myself to hold her. The doctors pulled steadily and though mother sought to be brave, she could not suppress an occasional outcry.

She was in good hands, a doctor called often, and after waiting several days I went to Nashville a month or so before the Fall term would begin at Vanderbilt University. My training at the Moody Bible Institute, particularly my experience in open air speaking, became known and I was invited to take part with the Bible School in Nashville directed by the Rev. J. O. McClurkan and I was welcomed by the Salvation Army in their revival meetings. After these many years there comes to my mind a story told to me by a Salvation Army officer. During a revival many mourners had come forward and knelt for prayer. A boy came up and looked over those who were kneeling. A religious worker said to the boy, "Are you seeking salvation?" The boy said, "No, I am not seeking salvation, I am seeking Sal Skinner. She's my sister, and Ma says if she don't come on home she's going to beat the hell out of her."

The theological Department of Vanderbilt University stated that they could not recognize my degree from Roane College because that school was not on the accredited list of schools. I was received as a "Special Student." My quarters were in Wesley Hall. The theological studies at that time were undergoing a profound revolution through the effects of "Higher Criticism" and "Lower Criticism" of the Scriptural text, the King James version. One criticism dealt with the historical inconsistencies of the text, the other with the defective translation of it. With my childhood teachings of the divine inspiration of the Holy Bible, reinforced powerfully by the doctrines of the Moody Bible Institute, it was not an easy matter for me to accept the criticisms. I fought back with contemptuous scorn for those who did not receive the Holy Scriptures as the voice of God to man, given to man by special revelation by God, Himself, and I was designated by my fellow students, "Defender of the Faith."

My mother's illness had been increased by complications and I went to see her for a few days and shortly afterwards, in Jan-

uary 1904, I received a telegram saying that she was gravely ill. I went to see her again and was with her, kneeling at her bedside, when she died. (As a boy I had also seen my father gasping for his last breath.)

At Vanderbilt University, E. W. Lipscomb, of Mississippi, and I were to become close companions. Lipscomb was a year ahead of me in the course. He was a first honor student. I, on the other hand, would usually get good grades but could fail in examinations. Lipscomb possessed an appearance of high intelligence and others would say that Lipscomb was a democratic aristocrat and that Cox was an aristocratic democrat. It was also said of me, "Cox trusts no one but Lipscomb and sometimes he doubts Lipscomb." Lipscomb was most devout and would ask me to his quarters that we might pray together. He would ask questions about the Moody Bible Institute and express high approval of its evangelical fervor and its devotion to the Bible.

When taking New Testament Greek, I was in a class with capable students who had had proper training in the Greek language while I had had none. It was soon evident that in the matter of translating the New Testament Greek I was easily first in the class. The other students took refuge by commenting that I knew the New Testament by heart and that the problem confronting me was not that of translation but of knowing when to stop.

After three years at Vanderbilt University I went to the University of Chicago for additional studies. There, after considering my Roane College and Vanderbilt University studies, I was officially classed as having the equivalent of a bachelor's degree.

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO TO CAPE TOWN

I arrived at the University of Chicago for Summer training in 1906. There were a good many Southern students, mostly teachers, at the school. At an early date I was strongly attached to the Reverend Charles R. Henderson, Chaplain of the University, who taught a class in sociology.

Dr. Henderson asked me to prepare a term paper on the race question in the South. A Negro student was in the class. I told Dr. Henderson that down South each race was mighty careful when they were discussing the race question in the presence of the other race. He told me that he was certain that I would say nothing that would be offensive. My paper ended by saying that the races of the South through no choice of their own were compelled to live together and as they were thus compelled, I favored that they live as brothers, with the white race in the role of the elder brother. Dr. Henderson was pleased and so was the Negro, my fellow student. There was much interest in the race question and from time to time some of those who were preparing papers on it would call on me in my quarters.

In the class work under Dr. Albion Small I got a broad vision from his General Sociology and, later drew on this information in a work of my own. Also I was thrown socially with Dr. W. I. Thomas whose book on Sex and Society was popular reading. But the book that gripped me powerfully was Social Control by Dr. E. A. Ross. This work, dealing with the historical methods of social control profoundly influenced me. It was the only book that I was to carry on the long journeys that I would make. I have this volume now. It is hand worn and scarred.

It has the distinction of having been carried on the head or the shoulders of porters for more than a thousand miles in central Africa a long time ago. At the time that Dr. Ross wrote the volume that I possess he was a teacher at the University of Nebraska.

In the Summer of 1907, I went to the Jamestown Exposition which was held at Norfolk, Virginia. Here I was a lecturer on the giant cyclorama, "The Second Battle of Manassas" (by Northern historians called the second battle of Bull Run). The cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg was in the adjoining building and I was qualified to speak on this battle, also, for my turn toward military history had led me to a detailed knowledge of troop movements at Gettysburg.

Early in 1908 I was again back at the University of Chicago and by chance chose a course under Dr. Frederick Starr which was to lead to a change in purpose and ambition in my life. Dr. Starr had recently returned from a journey across equitorial Africa from East to West. About two-thirds of his journey had been through the Belgian Congo. In a series of articles published in a Chicago paper he had boldly stated that he had been through the Belgian Congo and had not witnessed any "Belgian atrocities" on the natives, nor had he heard of them, that the only information that he had on "atrocities" came from British and American publications. This brought down on Dr. Starr a deluge of criticism and condemnation by good church people of Chicago who had advanced the proposition that the Belgians were inhuman monsters given to mutilating their African subjects who were gentle creatures waiting only for Christian missionaries to lead them into becoming saints of the church. This controversy led me to a desire to know the African Negroes and to compare them with their American kin. To compare the Negro policies of the European nations governing Africa with the Negro policy which had developed in the United States.

Dr. Starr told his class, which was a large one composed of both sexes, that he had been approached by a competent group and asked to return to Africa on a certain mission. He did not state the purpose of the mission but said it would lead into the difficult and distant interior. He said that his situation was such as to prevent him from undertaking the task. He asked if any in his class would volunteer for this mission. There was silence. I asked him to restate the proposition. He restated it. Again he asked if there were any volunteers. I said, "I volunteer." He looked at me and said, "Just when will you be ready to go?" I replied, "I am ready now, Sir."

Dr. Starr and I became close friends. He told me that a member of the football team had come to him and expressed desire to go on the mission, and if it materialized he would send the two of us and that I would be in charge. It was rumored that the mission would be to obtain Pygmies for a contemplated fair in the United States. He neither admitted nor denied this rumor. The mission did not materialize but the friendship between Dr. Starr and myself gave me some prominence for he would sometimes have his hand on my shoulder when we walked on the campus. He had implanted in my mind a desire to know Africa and this desire was to increase. I talked with Dr. Henderson and Dr. Thomas about a study of the Negro policies of other nations and a comparison of their policies with that of the United States. They believed that such a study should be made.

I recall some songs that were popular in Chicago at this time. One affirmed that, "Mother takes in washing, so does sister Ann; Everybody works at our house but my old man." Another asserted, "My wife has gone to the country, Hurrah! Hurrah! She thought it best to take a rest, That's why she has gone away." And still another one, "Put me among the girls: They go wild, simply wild over me."

As I had been taught that it was a sin to dance or go to shows, my qualifications for social adjustments were limited. But in one instance I was to receive compliments from a competent source for a particular act of mine. As head of the Southern Club, it was my duty to take several Southern male students to a girl's dormitory to meet an equal number of Northern girls for an outing. I had a list of both and when I introduced them, made comment to them about the home area of each, striving to be a bit humorous in this matter. The Dormitory Matron told Miss Sophinisba Breckenridge, the daughter of a late Confederate General, who was a teacher at the University, that my introduction of the couples and my comments on their home areas was the most efficient handling of such matter that she had witnessed during her long experience at the school. I thanked Miss Breckenridge and asked her to convey my compliments to the Matron but not tell her that I had spent much time in rehearsal and knew my part by heart.

In a mock Senate I was the leader of the minority (Democratic). I had the right to recruit Senators and my choice for Southern Senators were capable Northern law students. I would tell them that General Grant in his *Memoirs* had said that no soldiers of history had exceeded the Southern soldiers in sustained valor on the battlefield but that the Republicans, in order to get the Negro vote, had placed these men under Negro control. To keep this in mind whenever there was a division in the Senate on sectional lines. The mock Senate soon proved that the minority was able in debate, much of the ability coming from Northern students who had adopted a Southern State and had stood up to the damnyankees on all sectional matters.

I held two of the Northern coeds in high esteem though I did not know but one of them. During night study in a library I had placed my foot against the upright metal bar which held the foot rest board beneath the table. A coed came in, sat on

the other side of the table and when she placed her foot on the foot board her shoe was against my shoe. I glanced at her. She was a very attractive blonde. A gentleman of good breeding would know that he should not wiggle his foot lest she would feel that he thought she had sought to make contact. It was the longest that I ever held my foot still. At last she left the table. It was with difficulty that I could get my foot back on the floor. By discreet inquiry I learned the girl's name. I was well acquainted with the other coed. She lived in Chicago. I was at her home when her father, who was a commercial traveler, left. Two weeks later when he returned I was at his home. He said to me, "Are you here again, or yet?"

Charles Wallace Collins of Alabama was a brilliant student. We liked each other and became close companions. We would pay 25 cents for our evening meal on 63rd Street. Mae, a slender blond girl whose demeanor, intelligence, and physical proportions would have qualified her for entrance into the best of social circles, was our waitress. One night as we were leaving she burst into tears and ran to the kitchen. Outside of the restaurant I asked Collins to please wait for me. I had used a word susceptible of a double meaning and feared that I had hurt Mae's feelings. I went to the kitchen. She said that it was not my use of the word. She said that when she was with me and Collins she felt that she was one with us. That when we left she realized that we were university students and she was a waitress, that was why she had wept.

Mr. W. E. McConnell for whom I had worked in the cycloramas at the Jamestown Exposition in 1907 had two cycloramas, the battle of the Monitor and Merrimac, and The Story of Creation, at Riverview Park in Chicago in the summer of 1908. He again employed me as a lecturer. These were *moving* cycloramas. The battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, the first battle between ironclad ships, proved to be of great public interest. The water, painted, looked like water. The boats

moved and looked like boats. When the firing began sometimes in the audience there were individuals who cried aloud. President Theodore Roosevelt had assembled a powerful array of American ironclads and sent them on an international tour. These ships also were thrown on the screen. I closed my lecture, pointing to these ships, "With such ships and such men the position of our nation is secure among the nations of the world and the stars of the flag will be as eternal as the stars of heaven." There was always great applause.

There were students who worked their way through the University of Chicago, and numbers of them paid part of their expense. I had the status of reserve lecturer on both cycloramas and was paid 40 dollars per week for about 2 hours per day. This was quite high for students to earn and it may have been among the highest earned by a student.

During the summer of 1908 there was a race riot at Springfield, Illinois, the home town of Abraham Lincoln. The Negroes were driven out of Springfield. It was reported that a Mulatto married to a white woman had had his throat cut and his body hanged to a gas lamp post not far from Lincoln's home. The home of Lincoln, itself, was stoned. Three regiments of State troops, I believe, had reached Springfield to restore order. This riot may have been partially incited by Negro aggression against whites where Southern Negroes were brought to work on a railroad under construction. In a small village near Chicago these railroad workers had invaded a dance hall, assaulted white men and seized white women as dancing partners.

In Riverview Park, while the troops were maintaining order in Springfield, two Negroes, operating under orders of the President of the Park, were pushing a cart which carried material for the several buildings. One was well bred and calm. The other was loud-mouthed and aggressive, pressing the cart against women and shouting for them to get out of his way. I reminded him that there were many people in the Park (it was

at night) and that he had no right to shout insolently at any one. He replied to me that he would shove his cart against any white woman and that from now on every white man would tip his hat to him. I went to the Police Building in the Park and told them of the incident. That the papers were full of the Springfield riot and that if white men knew what this Negro had said the lives of all the Negroes in the Park would be endangered.

Having reported the matter to the police, I stopped at the President's office on my way back to the cyclorama and told him what his employee had said. Glaring at me with hands gripping the table he arose. His face was flushed under a mighty emotion. He said that this Negro worked for him and that he would back him in all that he did and if I could not come into a civilized community and deal with Negroes as they should be dealt with, to go back to the debased South from which I had come. When he paused I reminded him of the troops then on duty at Springfield. I told him that there were many Negroes in his Park that had paid to enter. That if white men were told what his Negro employee had said that the life of every Negro in the Park would be endangered and if it be known what he, the President of the Park, had said in defense of this Negro, the Park buildings would go up in smoke, his office first, and that he could not save his life except by quick flight. His insanity left him as quickly as it had appeared. He said to me, "You are a Southern gentleman, you will not start a race riot." I said, "Could you not prod me into starting a race riot?" He replied, "No."

Dr. Starr had gotten my mind fixed on Africa and I had a vision of making a first hand study of the Negro under other governments. Dr. Henderson and Dr. Thomas had encouraged me in this matter. Dr. Henderson had applied in my behalf to more than one of the foundations that aided research but they did not have funds that could go to a comparative study

of the Negro policies of the white nations that were ruling the Negro race. Dr. Henderson was particularly anxious that I should make a study of the German colonies. When no funds were available I decided that I would undertake the task without financial aid.

With letters of introduction from Dr. Henderson and Dr. Thomas in my possession I left the University and went to Pittsburgh for the summer months in 1909. Mr. McConnell had a cyclorama there and employed me as lecturer. Two or three of the younger men connected with the cyclorama and I stayed at the Lincoln Hotel which had been a prime hotel but was now second to a splendid new one. At the Lincoln Hotel we got separate rooms with baths for $30.00 per month. Two incidents stand out in my memory of my stay in Pittsburgh. One was seeing Dr. Cook who claimed to have discovered the North Pole only to have Commodore Peary brand him as an impostor. The other memory is that of sleeping in the bed room with five chorus girls. My co-workers and I were soon to learn that a boarding house not far from the Lincoln Hotel catered to chorus girls. We made arrangements to take some of our meals there. One night after returning from the cyclorama we stopped to see the chorus girls who were on the sidewalk. One said to me that she was too tired to walk to her room. I told her that I would carry her. She replied, "Carry me." At the top of the steps I put her feet to the floor. She said, "Not here." I carried her to the next floor. She said, "Not here." It was tiresome work but I knew that there was but one floor above us. I carried her up the stairs and put her down. She said, "Not here," and motioned toward the front of the house. Her room was a large one and had a very big bed. I sat on the bed and lay back to get my breath. Much later I was gradually awakened by what seemed to be a blunt object against my chin. I felt the object and found it was a knee. Daylight was beginning to come in the window. The object against my chin was

the knee of "Alabama," a chorus girl from that State. The girl that I had carried was on my other side and beside her was another girl. At the window in a big overstuffed chair was a sleeping beauty who had removed her corset and placed it on the floor. On a settee was another one with her corset lying by her. Now, thoroughly awake, and aware that the lady who ran the house was quick to call the police if things went wrong, I arose and started to leave only to have the thought that no one would believe that I had slept in a bedroom with five chorus girls. I returned to "Alabama" and took off the garter from the knee which had been against my chin and walked quietly out of the house, seeing no one.

The next morning my co-workers demanded to know where I had spent the night. I told them. None of them would believe me. I took out "Alabama's" garter and told them they would find the mate to it on her other leg. The girls later said that I had gone to sleep and that the girl I carried refused to let them waken me. Two or three who did not belong in the room were intrigued by the situation and had remained.

Leaving Pittsburgh I went to my old home in Tennessee and to Atlanta to see my sister Emma. The life insurance companies generally did not have policies covering the sustained journeys I contemplated but I was able to get a thousand dollars insurance from the New York Life Insurance Company. I made this payable to Emma, together with willing her the proceeds of my third interest in the farm on which I was raised, and other possessions that I had. Leaving Emma I took a train to New York City.

On February 2nd, 1910, I embarked on the ship Umbria to England. My third class ticket, which cost me $30.00, put me with a good many passengers whom I learned to like. A number of them, both men and women, had been born in Europe and after working in the United States were returning to visit their homeland. Some of them were returning to stay. An

elderly Scotsman said that Southern white people in the United States did not treat the Negro well. Some one asked him if the Negro had been placed in Scotland as were the Scots would Scotland have had an equally glorious history? He said that he did not know but that he did know that the Southern whites and the South African whites failed in their Christian duty by their stand-off attitude toward the Negro.

On this voyage I was to meet the first of three Englishmen with whom I was to become quite friendly. If it be said that the English produce individuals whose friendship would not be valued it may also be said that they produce individuals of high personal and social qualities not exceeded by individuals of any other of the races of mankind. My new friend was a non-commissioned officer returning to England from duty in a British colony. But he had a bit of the conventional Englishman in him. Some one told him that in Canada certain advertisements for labor were qualified by the statement—"No Englishman need apply." He asked me why the qualification? Wishing to be gentle in my reply I told him that some Canadians held the idea that they knew best how to run their affairs but that certain of their English employees did not agree with them. My new friend said that he would not be offensive in such matter but in a well bred manner would show them how to operate. Being a Southerner I made a mental note that my new found friend was akin to the Englishmen who had come over on the Mayflower.

One day while a number of us were lolling on the deck there suddenly appeared in our midst a woman with long yellow hair dressed only in a nightgown. A veritable apparition, she waved her arms and muttered. She moved near the railing and though I was scared I ran to her and grasped her wrists for I feared she would fall overboard. She gave no resistance. An Irishman came to us and took one of her arms. The deck was clear. I asked the Irishman what had become of the passengers. He

said that it was their commotion in getting away that led to his running up the stairs to see what had caused it. Soon a hospital attendant appeared and we were told that the woman was a patient who had been rejected as an immigrant because of mental illness and that she was being returned to her homeland.

When we were approaching England we were informed that though our tickets called for another entrance we could, if we so desired, get off near Lands End and continue by train and that our baggage, left aboard, would reach its destination. Wishing particularly to see southern England from whence certain of my ancestors had come I went to London by train and then to Southampton where I would embark for Cape Town. At Southampton I was in distress for my suitcase could not be found. It would require $100.00 in cash to enter South Africa. I had money enough to enter the country but did not have money enough to replace the clothing and equipment that was in my suit case nor have money enough to wait for the next ship. The porter personnel aided me in looking for the luggage but we could not find it. Just in time to get aboard I saw the small trunk under other baggage, jerked it out, and lugging it, appeared at the gangplank. I showed my third class ticket to Cape Town. An attendant at the gangplank said, "Take off your hat." I said I would not take off my hat. Another attendant raised my hat and both of them looked at my head. They then permitted me to enter. They were looking for lice but I did not know this until told later by some of the passengers.

The journey to Cape Town required three weeks, as I remember. My third class companions were almost all British. I would class them as more capable, as a group, then had been my companions from New York to England. Most of them hired deck chairs but I did not for I had but little more money than would be required to enter South Africa.

One night of each week we gathered on deck for song and music entertainment. There was an organ, and an organist who

was quite competent. I was the only American and was called upon to represent my country. I could sing the Confederate war song, "Maryland! My Maryland!" This stirring tune is from the German folk song, "O Tannenbaum," and is well known in Europe. The song made a hit and some of the hair raising verses were copied and distributed. Soon many of the passengers were singing, "Maryland! My Maryland!". On the second week to show that I was versatile I tried other songs but could not make a hit. They called on me for "Maryland", which I sang.

The first class passengers from their exalted position could look down on us during these concerts. A woman who said she was an American, a Yankee I presumed who did not like the popularity of "Maryland," called down to me to sing the Star Spangled Banner. I did not have the voice for this anthem but would not admit that I could not sing our national song. The American woman, sensing that possibly she had me hooked, repeated her request and stated bluntly that if I were an American I would sing the Star Spangled Banner. I shouted up to her, "You mean all of it?" She said, "Yes. All of it." I said, "Not the third verse?" She said, "Yes, the third verse." I said to her that we were on an English ship with our own blood kin and were treated wonderfully well. That the third verse is about the English when we were fighting them. I will not sing

"And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The American woman did not insist further nor did she know that I could not sing the Star Spangled Banner.

I was distressed because my comrade passengers no longer called aloud for me to sing. How could I regain my popularity as an entertainer? I believed that I had found the way. The reader will need to know that at that time Britain was "Mistress of the Seas" with a mighty navy headed by "Dreadnaughts," immense armed ironclads before which no navy of the world could stand. And also the reader should know that at this time the war clouds which led to the First World War were slowly descending, recognized by all. Kaiser Wilhelm's mighty armaments were pictured and talked about. The war with Germany was impending. Could Germany take Great Britain?

The night before we reached Cape Town the third musicale was held. No calls for Maryland were heard. I asked the organist if he could play Glory! Glory! Halleluiah!, and hummed the tune. He said, "Yes." When I was called on I went to the organ and slowly sang—

The Kaiser wants to come but he can't get across
The Kaiser wants to come but he can't get across
The Kaiser wants to come but he can't get across—
While our Dreadnaughts go sailing on.
Glory! Glory! Halleluiah! Glory! Glory! Halleluiah!
Glory! Glory! Halleluiah! While our Dreadnaughts go sailing on.

Strong Englishmen, lifting me to their shoulders, circled the deck, singing, "Glory! Glory! Halleluiah! While our Dreadnaughts go sailing on."

CHAPTER V

CAPE COLONY AND THE BELGIAN CONGO

The next morning we arrived at Cape Town. The view from aboard the vessel justified the early mariner's description of the Cape of Good Hope. But off the southern point of Africa there can be violence in raging seas, and other mariners referred to this point as the Devil's Cape.

Behind the city itself rises Table Mountain, a truly inspiring spectacle. I stayed two days at Cape Town, climbing Table Mountain on the first day. At night when the people came out the whites walked in the streets, the colored people had the sidewalks. This situation called to my mind the story of President Lincoln stepping from the sidewalk to the street in Washington to avoid a collision with a big Negro woman. A cabinet official told him that such action on his part was beneath the dignity of the President. Lincoln replied that the Presidential dignity was less injured by stepping from the sidewalk than by being shoved from it and that it was the choice between the two that had led to the stepping.

The Dutch (Hollanders) established a permanent white settlement at Table Bay in 1652, forty-five years after the English settlement in North America at Jamestown in 1607. The British, greatly outnumbering their close kinsmen, the Dutch, took possession of this Dutch area in 1814. A few years later many of the Dutch, some 10,000 of them, gradually moved northwardly and founded the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Some seven or eight years before my arrival at Cape Town the British had dispossessed the Dutch from political control of the Transvaal and the Free State, being powerfully influenced in these ventures by the discovery of diamonds and gold. But in forming the Union of South Africa the British

had been liberal with the Dutch. Cecil Rhodes, the young Englishman who had grown wealthy from his possessions in the diamond fields and held the ideal of a British political control of Africa from Cape Town to Cairo, lived at Cape Town. There is a fine monument to him in Cape Town. Rhodes was buried in Rhodesia. He was the founder of the Rhodes Scholarships through which a select number of British Colonial, American and German students were to be educated in British Universities. The Union of South Africa, composed of Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State, was to be established May 31, 1910. Cape Town would be the seat of the Legislature. Pretoria, the seat of the Union Government.

I will remind the reader that it was my purpose to pay my way. Under the theory that I would loaf less with $65.00 in my possession than with the hundred dollars I had to have to enter the country I sent back to America $35.00. In a letter to Emma, dated March 9, 1910, from Cape Town I said, "Enclosed is a draft for seven pounds English money . . . There are three colored people to every white man in this colony. Cape Colony is ruled by the English. . . . And the people at London who know but little of the race problem are making laws for the colony. This year there is to be home rule in the Union of South Africa. I am fortunate to be here when this change is taking place. The general freedom of the Negro in Natal, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State is less than in the Southern States in America. Natal is English but has been allowed special privilege as only one tenth of its population is white."

I determined to seek employment in the diamond mines at Kimberley, more than 600 miles by rail from Cape Town. This route traversed part of the Karroo (Hottentot for dry and barren). The Karroo has no running water during a great part of the year. It has little vegetation, and the shrubs are stunted. But when irrigated it is largely productive. From time to time

I would see the home of a Dutch farmer where there was water. I was told that in some areas of the Karroo it required seven acres of land to feed one sheep.

At Kimberley I went directly to the De Beers headquarters and was informed that miners were being laid off. I learned that Mr. C. E. Addams, an American mine manager of the Dutoitspan mine, was soon to leave for a visit to the United States. Not knowing the proper way to get a job caused me to get one. I went to the home of Mr. Addams who lived in a house which was the former home of Cecil Rhodes in Kimberley. He was not in but was expected soon. I walked across the street to a shaded area and waited. I saw a buggy stop in front of the Addams home and a tall blond man got out and went into the house. I knocked on his door and when he appeared he invited me in. I told him that I had just arrived from the States and told him something of my training and my purpose to get first hand experience in a study of the Negro under other governments and that I needed a job. He looked at me and said, "I have nothing you will do." I replied, "You have nothing I will not do." Mr. Addams was an able man, and highly energetic. My reply pleased him.

He said, "That puts another light on it." He told me to return at a certain time, that he was going back to the mine and that he would take me with him.

I followed Mr. Addams through the mine. It was to be his last inspection before he and his wife and their young daughter would leave for America to visit their people in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. The Dutoitspan mine was the deepest underground diamond mine in the world, 700 feet deep I believe (I write from memory). The main shaft had a lift (elevator) for men and equipment. Near it was the shaft which brought up the "blue ground," the name given to the blueish diamond bearing clay of volcanic origin. At the surface there was a tripping device and the blue ground was carried to an immense

heap of blue ground on the velt (name given to South African open ground with light vegetation and an occasional tree). This huge dump was enclosed by wire and was guarded. The sun, the rain, and the wind would tend to pulverize it. Then it would be taken to the area where water was used to wash out the clay and only small stones would be left in the suds. The suds, placed in barrels, were dumped on a greased moving belt to which the diamonds would adhere, the other stones, a number of garnets usually among them, passing along to another container. Below ground some distance from the main shaft there were other upright short shafts from which tunnels extended into the blue ground and these tunnels would end in a chamber. Dynamite charges were placed in holes drilled in the side and roof of the chamber. The blue ground was conveyed from the chamber to the dumping tip in "coucopans," small trucks propelled by hand, which ran on a very narrow gauge railroad. The lowest level also had tracks for conveyance of equipment and blue ground, and had electric lights. A compactly built Irishman, Mr. Mike Keough, a very able miner, was first assistant to Mr. Addams and was to have charge of the mine while Mr. Addams was away. Mr. Addams arranged with Mr. Keough to try me out on a beginner's job.

I brought my baggage from Kimberley to Beaconsfield, a village near the mine, and was lucky to get a room in the Burton House, a large two-story home and not very old. I chose the last room in the ell on the second story. I planned to spend much of my time in reading and taking notes from histories of Africa which I could get from the Kimberley Library.

Mr. Keough lived in Beaconsfield and again my lack of training in the way to get a job, (make application and wait until you are notified), led me to obtain quick employment. I called at Mr. Keough's home twice. He appeared a bit irritated at my second call. The next day I received notice to report to the mine for duty. I was assigned to two eight hour

shifts, consecutively, 16 hours underground. I returned to Beaconsfield with instruction to report to the mine again within eight hours. This meant that I was on duty underground 24 hours out of the first 32 hours of my employment. Later, Mr. Keough told me that this method weeded out the tenderfoot and dude from Europe who thought that mining would be to their taste.

My first duties were to assist a Scotsman, a big man, who was on the lowest level running a lift for men and equipment. He peeved me by doing all the work and I called attention of the miners that I had a white man working for me. I was transferred to the duty of supervising native laborers who worked in the chambers loading in small trucks the blue ground that had been blasted by dynamite to be conveyed to the tip. I was on such duty much of the time in my work in the diamond fields. This loading was done with shovels, two men to a truck. I was to see much of Africa and many natives at work but was never to see men work as hard as these young men loading the trucks. They were paid for the number of trucks they rolled to the tip where a white tally boy kept the records. Sometimes the blasting brought down from the chamber walls lumps of blue ground that were much too big to load by shovel and it was my duty to blast them by placing dynamite (it was called gelatine) on the lumps. This duty was called "lump blasting." I had a native headman for all the duties I was doing. Mine "Kaffir" was easily learned but almost all the instruction that I gave was through the headman.

The nearby native compound was connected with the main shaft, some distance down, by a tunnel. The compound had a high wooden wall around it and had ample supervision because of the natives going and coming, in three shifts daily. The workmen in the main were recruited from tribes and would remain in the compound for six months or more under contract. Numbers of young men would return to their tribal

homes and buy a wife. If he repeated this process four times it was said that his four wives would be able to support him.

Many forms of secreting diamonds to take out of the compound had been practiced. Some workmen had used hollow teeth. Others had tried to conceal small diamonds in their hair. Others would seek concealment in the clothing they had worn to the mine. The best way was to swallow one or more on the day they were leaving the mine. The mining company had soon learned to make thorough check on those whose contract had expired. Old clothing was kept and new clothing was supplied. For a period before departing the workman would have thick gloves without fingers affixed to his hands. Purgatives would be given and the refuse caught in a wire mesh which could not be reached by hand. The white underground workmen, and there were relatively few in comparison with the native workmen, did not live in a compound but they were under observation by secret agents of the IDB—Illicit Diamond Buying.

Diamonds in the rough state are not brilliant. They have a darkish coat and are not easily seen in the blue ground. Only by rare chance would a stolen diamond be of great value for three-fourths of all diamonds that are found cannot qualify for the beauty and brilliance of diamonds that go into jewelry. It is the jewelry diamond that brings the high price. The other diamonds are sold for industrial processes and of such practical value are they that if they were not available some important industries would cease operation.

In a letter to Emma dated Beaconsfield, C. C. South Africa, May 9, 1910, I said, "It is now beginning to be winter time and the mornings are severely cold. This region is on an immense plateau and consequently much cooler than its proximity to the equator would seem to warrant. . . . I have just finished a prolonged study of the governmental phase of the British East African Protectorate and its relation to the natives.

I study ahead you see and follow later." In a later letter, not dated, "This section of Africa is practically treeless although shrubs are not scarce. Locally these shrubs, which are knotted and gnarled, and of stunted or arrested development, are known as "bush," not bushes. . . . The Bushmen get their name by living in the "bush" . . . one of the surest methods of offending a Kaffir or a Hottentot is to call him a Bushman. Another way usually as sure to offend a native is to use the Dutch word 'Foot-Sack' which is equivalent to 'Get out' when applied to a dog. Another word in common use is 'Skoff.' One never eats —he skoffs; a dinner pail (to carry food to the mines) is invariably a 'skoff tin'; it is never time for dinner, breakfast, tea, or supper but instead, 'Skoff is ready,' is the announcement."

In a letter of July 3, 1910 (on the margin of the letter is, "This week I gave a lecture in Beaconsfield on American Life and Customs"). "Enclosed you will find a draft for eleven pounds (about 55 dollars). . . . Send Aunt Susan Carroll five dollars. She was in need when I last saw her. Kindly inform Aunt Susan that I have sent her the money from Africa (Aunt Susan, a colored tenant on our farm put jam on the bread she gave me when I was a little boy). . . . 12 years ago today Admiral Schley sank the Spanish Squadron off Santiago. Tomorrow is the 4th."

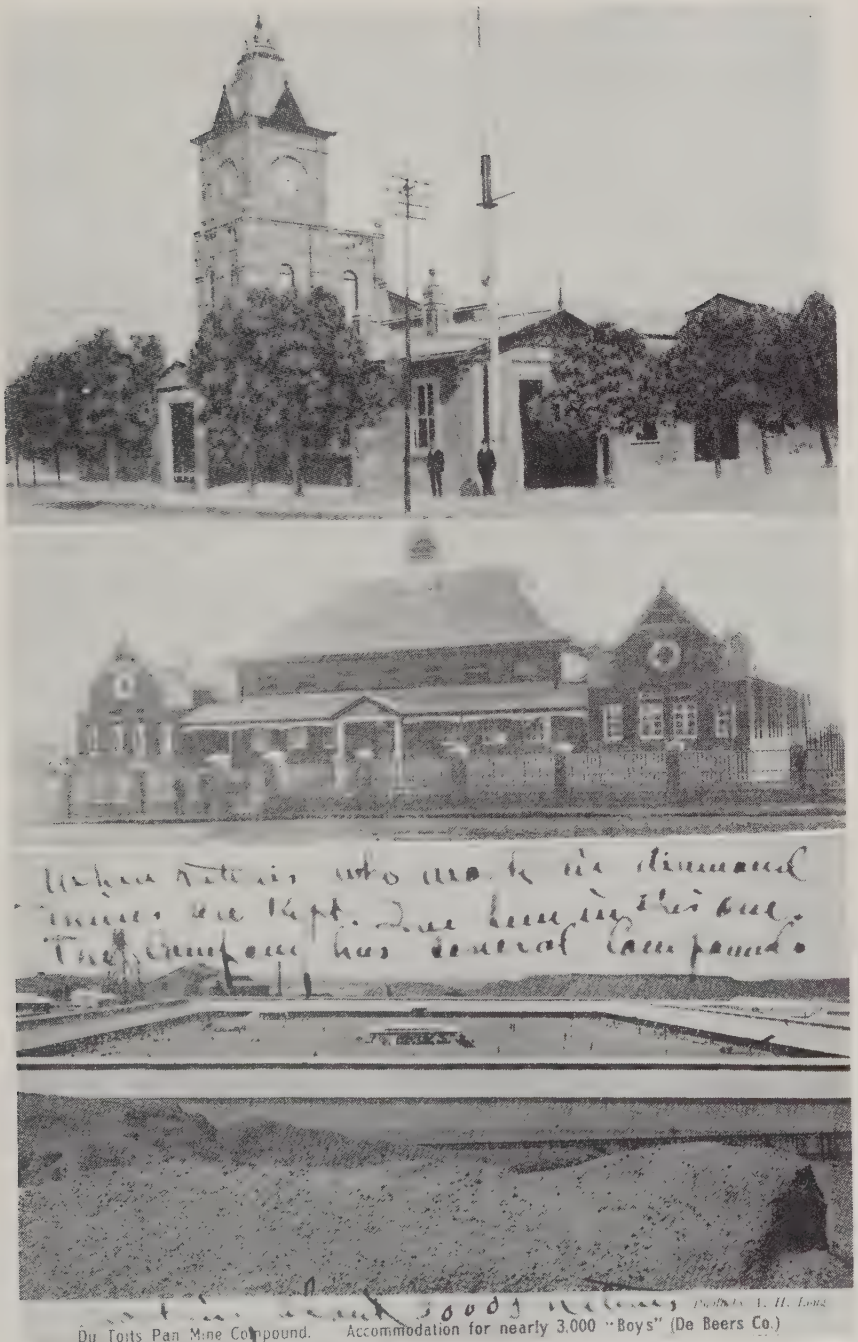
In a letter of July 18—"A pleasant winter day. Can you send me the words of 'On the Banks of the Wabash'? I have requests for this song but can't recall but a few words of it. 'Swanee River,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Black Joe,' 'Massa's In the Cold Cold Ground,' and 'The Star Spangled Banner' are well known among the British population here. I am spending much of my time reading South African history and have read and made extracts from almost ten volumes. To show how other countries govern the Negro, is not to be learned from the 800 or more works on the Negro that have been pub-

lished in the United States." Letter of July 31st—"At 2 A.M., July 5th, we heard the results of the Reno fight (Jack Johnson, a Negro, had defeated Jim Jeffries, a white man who had come from six years of retirement to battle the Negro champion). On last Monday the English papers arrived. The pictures of the fight have been prohibited throughout South Africa. The colonies have been united since I came (united May 31st). My proper address would be Beaconsfield, Cape, Union of South Africa."

Halley's Comet put in an appearance. Its brilliance was sensational and everyone gazed at it. Its movement was such that after a night or so it seemed to have mysteriously changed its direction. This comet appears about every 75 years and I remember making a mental note that I might not see it again.

Many of the Bantu are not real black but I recall one workman who was quite black, so black that the English miners called him "Soot." He was from a remote tribe and had worked often in the mine. This elderly Negro told me that in his youth he thought that all Americans were Negroes.

There was a young Catholic priest with whom I became well acquainted. He was a devoted member of his Faith. We were discussing the extent, at that time, of the white man's domain over other races. The Nordic Slavs had established a domain from Europe to the Pacific Ocean. The Nordic Teuton had discovered and settled the Western World, had political control or dominance over much of Asia, and was now engaged in establishing a control over Africa. My valued friend suggested that Christianity had played a leading part in this widespread dominance of the white race, and waited for my reply. I said that Christianity and *gunpowder* had effected the preeminence. He was not incensed and added that the Japanese resorting to the white man's "gunpowder" had done well in opposing the Russians. The Hottentot and the Bushman fleeing southward before the big black Bantu had reached near the



Du Toits Pan Mine Compound. Accommodation for nearly 3,000 "Boys" (De Beers Co.)

Beaconsfield Town Hall and Public Schools
Du Toits Pan Mine Compound

water's edge when suddenly they were confronted by the big white man unloading his material at Cape Town. My friend and I agreed that these small people were now "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

The daily contacts between whites and blacks in the mine tended to produce some enmities between individuals of the respective races but tended as well to produce friendships that would endure. I heard of a certain white miner who by choice came to the aid of his "pickanin" (young native who assisted the white miners through personal service to them) who was gravely endangered and could not be rescued except by his "baas" (boss) assuming graver danger to assist him. In other instances it would be the native workman who would choose to endanger himself to assist a white man who was endangered. My closest friendship was with George, a shift boss's "boy." George was a big Basuto. He could speak English well and our friendship was such that we corresponded for some months after I had left the mine. Mining has its tragic moments and also amusing ones. I recall one incident that would bring smiles to all faces, white and black, when mention was made of it. A young native from a remote tribe was on his first duty in the mine. He was instructed to bring "steel" from an underground storage to the chamber in which he worked. With some drills on his shoulder he walked down a tunnel that was dimly lighted with electricity. At a point the covering on the electric wire had been damaged and the wire was "raw." One of the several drills he was carrying touched the raw wire, knocking him down and scattering his drills. He looked in both directions through the tunnel and could not see what had hit him. He arose, put the drills on his shoulder and they touched the raw spot again. Down he went. Scrambling to his feet he bolted at a dead run down the tunnel. He told his baas that he could not see who or what was hitting him, but that it was a terrible blow.

Mr. Addams had returned to America to recover from an operation for appendicitis. I had heard that several Americans had been thus afflicted and that it seemed to be the destiny of Americans to suffer this ailment. Tommy Roberts, a shift boss, and the brother-in-law of Mr. Addams, was carried to the hospital and operated on for appendicitis. Mr. Keough suggested that I visit Mr. Roberts at the hospital. I called on him often. He recovered from the operation and went to the splendid climate of Natal for rest. While at the hospital I met a blond nurse, born in Ireland, for whom I quickly formed a romantic attachment, the one and only romance of my stay in Africa.

My interest in this young woman led me to buy a Webley and Scott automatic pistol, caliber of about the American 32. In my younger days I had carried a pistol. I had one in Shreveport in my duties as a collector and my pistol had stopped a man who was advancing with an axe. A gun in hand can stop trouble.

From time to time I would hear of Negroes appearing from nowhere knocking a white man unconscious with club or rock and raping the woman he was escorting. The press, for political reasons, did not report these attacks. But the Governor General of Rhodesia, the representative of an opposing political party, commuted the death sentence of a Rhodesian Negro who had raped a white woman, and the South African press revealed the extent of such crime. The carrying of a concealed gun was practically unknown among the white people and the natives had not acquired the habit.

The nurse and I would take the tram (streetcar) to a tea house some distance from Kimberley. There we could get tea and cake. The house was in a small attractive forest and the grounds in the rear were fenced. In an area outside of the grounds an early search for diamond bearing ground had left a trench some four or five feet deep overgrown with shrub

trees. A number of pits had been sunk, the rains had washed their sides, and at the bottom there would be a good many rounded stones.

Sometimes couples would go to the main trench in spaces where grass had grown out of the ground thrown from the trench. The nurse and I and a couple whom we did not know were resting on the grass. The time was near sundown. The other couple had left. Between us and the low sun some 40 feet away I saw weeds moving. A man was crawling toward us. I feared that he might have an accomplice who might be crawling up the trench for two or more were sometimes involved in a rape. I had removed my coat and was lying on it. My gun was in my holster on my hip but was not showing. I shifted gun and holster to the front with my right arm over them for if a man was also approaching by the trench and he saw my gun he might throw at me. Arising, I stepped back and looked in the trench. There was no one there. I ran toward the man crawling up on us. When he saw that I was almost on him he put his head in his hands and began to snore. I kicked his head. To escape me he rolled back into a pit. I stood at the edge of the pit. He was a big Negro but possibly with a little white blood in him. He looked up at me and said, "No white son of a bitch is going to kick me." I did not speak, but I sensed that he was not a tribal African and that if he could speak English he could understand it. Looking up at me he reached down for a rock. I said to him, "If your fingers touch a rock I will drop you like you were a beef." He had not seen my gun for my right arm was over the holster. While neither of us spoke, three times he reached for a rock but did not touch one. I was alarmed by approaching footsteps and, still fearing a confederate, I jerked out the gun and covered the big man in the pit. When he saw the gun he began to scramble out of the pit and when he had reached level ground he was in full

run. The approaching footsteps were those of the nurse who had heard the conversation but had not seen the crawling man.

I had already sensed that *culture* not *color* probably was the best basis for a comparative study of the races of mankind. All races have a culture that sustains them. If the higher cultures which we call "civilizations" have issued in the main from the white race it would show that this race had cultural genius. We do not know the potential cultural genius of any race save by the cultural contributions of the race. Had the white man's demonstrated cultural genius issued from the germ plasm of the so-called "white race" or from its social organization? Would not also the racial germ plasm determine the racial social organization? Historical records would show that the white man's germ plasm in relation to the white man's culture did not carry with it the capacity to transmit his cultural genius to his off-spring when he mixed with other races. Why? I had read of a Negro general who in his conquests had captured Negro iron workers and had refused to distribute them as spoils of war. He mollified his soldiers by stating that the iron workers were in descent from iron workers and that he would keep them intact for future service to his nation. I felt that if this general could subdue the white race the whites would not be distributed as spoil of war but kept intact for future service to mankind.

My time for a year in the mines was drawing to a close. I prepared to go northward to the copper mines at Elisabethville in the Belgian Congo. In addition to the Webley and Scott automatic pistol I bought a Mauser, a second hand German army rifle, fifty rounds of ammunition for the pistol, 500 rounds for the rifle, and bought also a small camera. I sought out certain of the miners and told them that I had valued their friendship. I said good bye to certain of the Negro workmen. I had a long talk with George, the shift boss's boy whom I

have mentioned. All of them knew that my final destination would be to Cairo, far to the north.

The Mine Manager gave me a statement regarding my work in the mine which made me feel proud of myself and which would have a favorable influence when used in seeking other employment. I reproduce it here:

March 27th, 1911

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

* * *

The bearer, Mr. E. S. Cox, has been in my employ for the past twelve months, during which time he has given every satisfaction. I have always found him sober, honest, willing and efficient.

During the above mentioned period he has worked four months as Cage-man, six months as Lump Blaster and two months as Miner and anyone requiring a man of the above qualifications may be assured of getting a thoroughly reliable man should they employ him. He has my heartiest recommendation.

He left my employ of his own accord.

C. E. Addams
Mine Manager
Dutoitspan Mine

On my final day in the mine I secured the privilege of going into the area where the diamonds had been separated from the blue ground and segregated from other stones. When I was looking around a white man approached me and entered into a friendly conversation. I told him of my work in the mine.

He did not ask to see my permit to enter the restricted area. When I was leaving the restricted area another white man engaged me in friendly conversation. I told him that I had worked in the mine and was leaving. He did not ask for my permit.

My esteemed friend, the nurse, had shortly before left for a position in Pretoria. We were to correspond and I hold a letter from her which followed me overland to Cairo. Securing a railroad ticket for Elisabethville in the Belgian Congo I went

through Bechuanaland into Southern Rhodesia and stopped at Boulawayo. Our train passed through the high hills on the summit of one, "World's View," Cecil Rhodes was buried in 1902. But I did not see his grave. Nor did I see the Zimbabwe ruins, the relic of an ancient mining venture by a people whose identity has been guessed at but in reality remains unknown. There is much valuable land in Rhodesia. The railroad westward to Victoria Falls passed through an alluring country. It had been used by many white men en route to the mining areas adjacent to Broken Hill and Elisabethville. At one station where I was dining I was recognized as an American and was told of one of my fellow countrymen who had stayed a while in this area. The price was one shilling for a meal. The American ate a great amount but merely pointed at the published price when it was suggested that he pay more. Sometime later the proprietor saw the same American approaching and turned to his kitchen help with the instructions, "Food for three! Here comes that damned American."

Victoria Falls is twice as wide as Niagara Falls and more than twice as deep. I went near enough merely to see the mist and hear the falling water. My primary interest was in the African people, their culture and the white man and his culture in adjustment to the black man. At a station on the Belgian Congo border I remember seeing two or three bedsteads and other household equipment abandoned, lying on the ground. Something had gone wrong with at least one migrant to the Congo.

Eight miles beyond the Belgian frontier we came to Sakania, the end of the British railroad from the south. Sakania was new and unpretentious. West of the tracks were the barracks of the Belgian frontier troops, consisting of a white officer and a company of native soldiers. It was not the town but the baggage about the station which attracted most interest. There were tents, blankets, trunks and many boxes of every size and

description. On this baggage sat a host of weary, discouraged, and sickened men. The baggage and the men were not destined for Elisabethville—they had been there and were now trying to get to a fairer climate and better opportunities farther south.

We who were en route to Elisabethville got our boxes from the train, deposited them near the baggage which was en route for the South and here at this depot newly constructed in the heart of a virgin forest was an amount of luggage only to be seen at a Union station of some great metropolis. This excess of baggage is explained by the custom of carrying tents, tables, blankets, chairs and cooking vessels, together with customary equipment, when entering a new country.

The incoming immigrants fell to questioning the returning immigrants as to the condition of the country from which they were fleeing. One man, pale and wan, whose bones appeared at the point of protruding through the skin, made a gesture at his ghost of a frame and said, "This is the Congo." Another, exposed an empty pocket book to the new arrivals, and said, "This is the Congo; sixteen shillings a day for tea and meals and no work available." Then there was a general discussion relating to fever at Elisabethville, of the high death rate among Europeans, of the lack of sanitation, of the exceedingly high cost of living, of the limited opportunities for employment and the inadequacy of wages. Certainly a gloomy gathering was this sickly band returning from the far-famed Katanga.

The journey by rail from Sakania to Elisabethville required 24 hours. Moonlight in Central Africa is valued as a commercial asset. The steamers on the lakes wait for the moon to rise if they are to make a night journey. Here on the Belgian railway a long stop during the darker hours of the night was explained by stating that the train was waiting for the moon. On the way to Elisabethville we passed a great many ant hills, some of them 20 feet high. Such formations begin in the Rhodesias and extend well up into the German territory. In and

near Elisabethville tunnels are sometimes driven into these heaps of hard clay, the interior is chambered and made into sleeping apartments.

Belgium began its government of the Congo in 1885. My first day in Elisabethville being a national holiday I was privileged to see the city in gala attire. The Belgian colors were everywhere present. Richly colored buntings were attached to the buildings, arches of flags and pennants spanned the streets, and here and there the monotony of an overwhelming male population was relieved by a daintily attired European lady joining in the festivities. It was said that there were 1100 white men and 66 white women in the Elisabethville area.

On the following day (Sunday) there was a soccer football match between the Belgians and the British, the latter being present in relatively large numbers in the mining and smelting area for the British were cooperating with the Belgians in the new developments. One hardly expects to see a game of football 2,000 miles above the Cape but this was not the first game for by the time the railroad had reached Elisabethville weekly football matches were occurring.

I received lodging in a native like grass covered hut owned by a Mrs. Dark who had a boarding house near the hut. She was an Australian and served good meals.

The search for minerals was a prime movement in Elisabethville and my first effort to get a job was at the office of a company that was sending out prospectors. Such employment would be in the sun and after a year's work underground, I needed to be inured to sun light in the journey I planned to the North. A case containing numerous minerals was shown to me and I was asked to identify them. I recognized an uncut diamond, a bit of copper, a bit of iron but was not certain of the other minerals. I did not get the job.

Then I went to the Star of the Congo copper mine near Elisabethville, showed my record from the diamond mine at

Kimberley and asked for immediate employment. I was instructed to leave my name and address, which I did. Night had come on and when walking back to Elisabethville on a forest trail I could see that I would meet a man. When closer I saw that he was a native clad Negro. We passed without speaking but each of us had edged over to our respective side of the road, just in case.

The next day I went to the office of the company that was erecting a smeltor a mile or so from Elisabethville. This company had English officials. I told one of the officials something about my mission in Africa, that I had worked a year at Kimberley and wished to be at Elisabethville some three or four months to see the people and get the rudiments of the Swahili language so that I could journey northward without an interpreter. Ki-Swahili is a trade language of Bantu-Arab composition and most villages northward would have one or more persons who knew Swahili. The English official said that I could report for a job and I was assigned quarters in a long one-story brick building on a rise of ground across a creek from the smelter area. I returned to Elisabethville for my baggage and Mrs. Dark gave me a letter from the Star of the Congo saying that I could report there for employment. I answered by letter expressing my appreciation and informing them that I could get work at the smelter and needed work in the sun to condition me for the journey northward.

The fuel for the furnace and the mixture to go with the copper was at hand and talk of a trial run was heard. The frame work for the large two-story building housing the project was up and I have a picture of myself standing high up on the unfinished building. A considerable number of British workmen were employed and at my quarters, in addition to the British, there were two or three Germans and a Belgian. The eating quarters were nearby in a brick building with a lumber trimmed interior.

Something went wrong with the first run at the smelter. The smelted copper settled in the basin of an auxiliary attachment and had to be dug out with chisels.

In the meantime considerable equipment for the unfinished main building was received from Europe and the railroad cars containing the equipment were on tracks within the smelting area. It was decided that this equipment should be unloaded and placed on makeshift platforms which could be covered with tarpaulins (waterproof canvas) if it had to stay out when the rainy season began. I was given the job of unloading the equipment. The platforms were constructed by driving the cut trunks of young trees into the ground with a substantial fork some two feet above the ground. The forks were connected by heavy bodied young trees, stripped of limbs. Smaller timbers laid crosswise on the larger ones would form the platform.

The unloading began. I had eight or ten native helpers. The door of the first car to be opened showed long thick boards with attachments for electric connections. The outward appearance of the boards looked like marble but they were a composition and I feared they would break if not handled with extreme care. They were heavy. I asked for and got sheer legs to assist in their withdrawal from the car and placement on the platform.

The slowness in the unloading attracted official attention and I was removed from the job and given other work. My replacement was a big powerfully built European, gruff in speech and rough in manner. Two days after I had been removed I was reassigned to the unloading job. I saw two broken "boards," one of them broken in three pieces. Also my replacement had had trouble with the native workmen. Physical punishment of erring employees had been standard procedure in Negro Africa for ages past. But there is a code in this as there must be in all such procedures. The boss, white or black, could hit a boy or slap him. The Arabs used the kibogo on the

bare buttock. The Dutch used the sjambock on the back. But in this instance the boy had been kicked in the testes. Such punishment was against the code and all the boys refused to work until a white inspector was brought to the scene.

At the end of railroads and other remote parts where white men gather there will be found men who did not succeed in their former homes and among them there will be found heavy drinkers. Once when I entered the mess hall for breakfast those that were eating were glancing at the ceiling and the capable Belgian woman who ran the mess hall, was in distress, waving her arms, and also looking upward. I looked up and saw a cooked beefsteak nailed to the ceiling. A gendarme had been sent for and he appeared in resplendent uniform. The Belgian woman, weeping, rushed to him, threw her arms around him, talked rapidly, and pointed to the ceiling. The gendarme, holding the woman to him, looked over her shoulder and he too saw the beefsteak nailed to the ceiling and though the situation was tragic, I saw a smile lighten his features. I was told that a European carpenter who had been drinking heavily did not want food and that he had blamed his lack of appetite on the food that was served rather than on the liquor he had consumed. He took the steak from his plate, stepped up on the dining bench, and with his carpenter's hammer nailed it to the ceiling, and then stalked out.

At my quarters I heard a bellowing as if someone was in much pain. I rushed out and saw a small white man with blood running from his thumb. He had punished a native by slapping him. While being slapped the boy bit his thumb. One night while studying in my room I heard the cry, "Buya umfaz" (come here woman). The call was repeated. It was pitch dark outside but I recognized the cry as coming from the exceedingly tall reeds which were in great abundance between our quarters and the creek below, near which a few natives of both sexes lived. The cry was from an European with too

much liquor, lost in the high reeds while looking for a woman. He could not find his way and was calling for a woman to come to him. The most interesting person I met at these quarters was an 80 year old white man, a prospector. He had spent his adult life as a prospector and had been in the rushes for minerals in Australia, the United States, South Africa, and now appeared in the Belgian Congo. He was calm, level headed, and surprisingly agile for his age.

I was among the temporary workmen at the brick living quarters who were moved. Three other Americans had come and the four of us were given tents and placed higher up on the hill. I had a grass hut built around my tent, a tropical procedure for keeping cool. I had carried with me a good-size American flag and we placed it at the top of an ant hill on July 4th. A certain species of tropical ants build "ant hills" by bringing dirt upward into a conical shape. I have a picture of a railroad cut through an ant hill and the lower portions of the hill can be seen on each side of the cut. Grass, shrub trees, and sometimes larger trees grow on the older hills.

Of my three American neighbors one was small with his upper front teeth missing. He said that at Cape Town in a circus act from the top of a high pole he would bite into leather fixed to a wheel that would run down a guy rope and that he held his body only by his teeth. He said that his teeth had failed him and that was why he had come to the Congo. Another was a tall man by the name of Allen who was given to boasting of his sexual power and his many conquests. Allen also had some front teeth missing. He said he was from Texas. The other one was Peterson of Swedish descent from New Jersey. He was nearly as tall as Allen and more powerfully muscled. The fact that I was a teetotaler and stayed in at night may have led to the three of them designating me as head of the American colony. As such I was soon to be tested.

One night a messenger came to me and said that Allen, in a drunken state, was in the building where liquor and beer were being sold and in true Western style with drawn pistol was threatening to shoot out the lights. I went to the building. Several men were sitting in discreet silence. The bartender had disappeared. I walked to Allen and said to him, "Give me your gun!" With drunken eyes he looked at me and replied, "And what makes you think I will give you my gun?" I said to him that he had nominated me as head of the American colony and required the others to second his nomination. "I *am* head of the colony! Give me your gun!" Allen said, "You are right, I made you head of the colony. Here is my gun." He handed me the gun. I took his arm and told him that we would go to the colony together. The bartender now reappeared behind the bar. He shouted vile epithets at me. Later I was to learn that he was not out of the building, that when Allen waved the gun at him he had disappeared behind the bar.

Peterson, like Allen, was given to heavy drinking. They were boon companions but when drunk would threaten each other. Both had become drunk in Elisabethville. Peterson drew a circle on the ground, stepped in the circle and challenged Allen to get in the circle for a fist fight. There were many spectators. Allen refused the challenge. They did not return together. Peterson came in first and was lying on his cot. He went to sleep with a light burning. I was sitting near my tent in early darkness with an outdoor fire to see in studying Swahili when I heard Allen's voice shouting, "If you move, if you bat an eye, I'll blow your brains out." I rolled over backwards into the weeds, fearing if there was to be shooting and the drunken men should lose each other in the darkness I might be mistaken for one of them. I heard distant footsteps but saw no one. After several minutes I shouted that I was coming back to the fire, that I had my gun, that if either of them shot

in my direction I would return the fire and for them to remember that I was not drunk. There was silence. Seeing the light in Peterson's tent I went to it but could not see either Peterson or Allen. I heard snoring near by and found Allen in a drunken sleep. I did not know what had become of Peterson and was looking for him when a native told me that when Allen with a gun in his hand had staggered out of Peterson's tent that Peterson had leaped out of the tent and disappeared down the hill.

Elisabethville was growing rapidly. More Greek and Jew merchants were arriving. I would go into the town occasionally and recall two incidents. A young American missionary whose wife had recently died told me that he feared that legal steps might be taken against him for his refusal to call a doctor to aid his ill wife. They were faith healers and did not believe in doctors. When I first asked for my mail in Elisabethville I had made the request in English, the language which English speaking people felt should be universal and not many of them would take the time to learn another tongue. The Belgian postmaster glared at me and said, "Speak French," then he added, "I will give it to you this time but not again unless you speak French." I took enough time to learn to ask in Flemish for I knew that Belgium was legally bi-lingual—French and Flemish. Again I asked for my mail in English. Again the postmaster thundered, "Speak French." Then I asked him for my mail in precise Flemish. When he gave me the mail he also gave me a smile.

In a letter to Emma, dated May 6, 1911, I said, "I went to work April 12th and have not missed a day. . . . I am well up in Central Africa working for five dollars per day beginning my labors at 6:30 A.M. and working til 5 P.M. I work in the open on a copper smelting furnace which is being erected at the end of the railroad. . . . I am fast becoming used to the sun. . . . I work physically. I only tell you this to give further evidence that in spite of all difficulties I will accomplish that

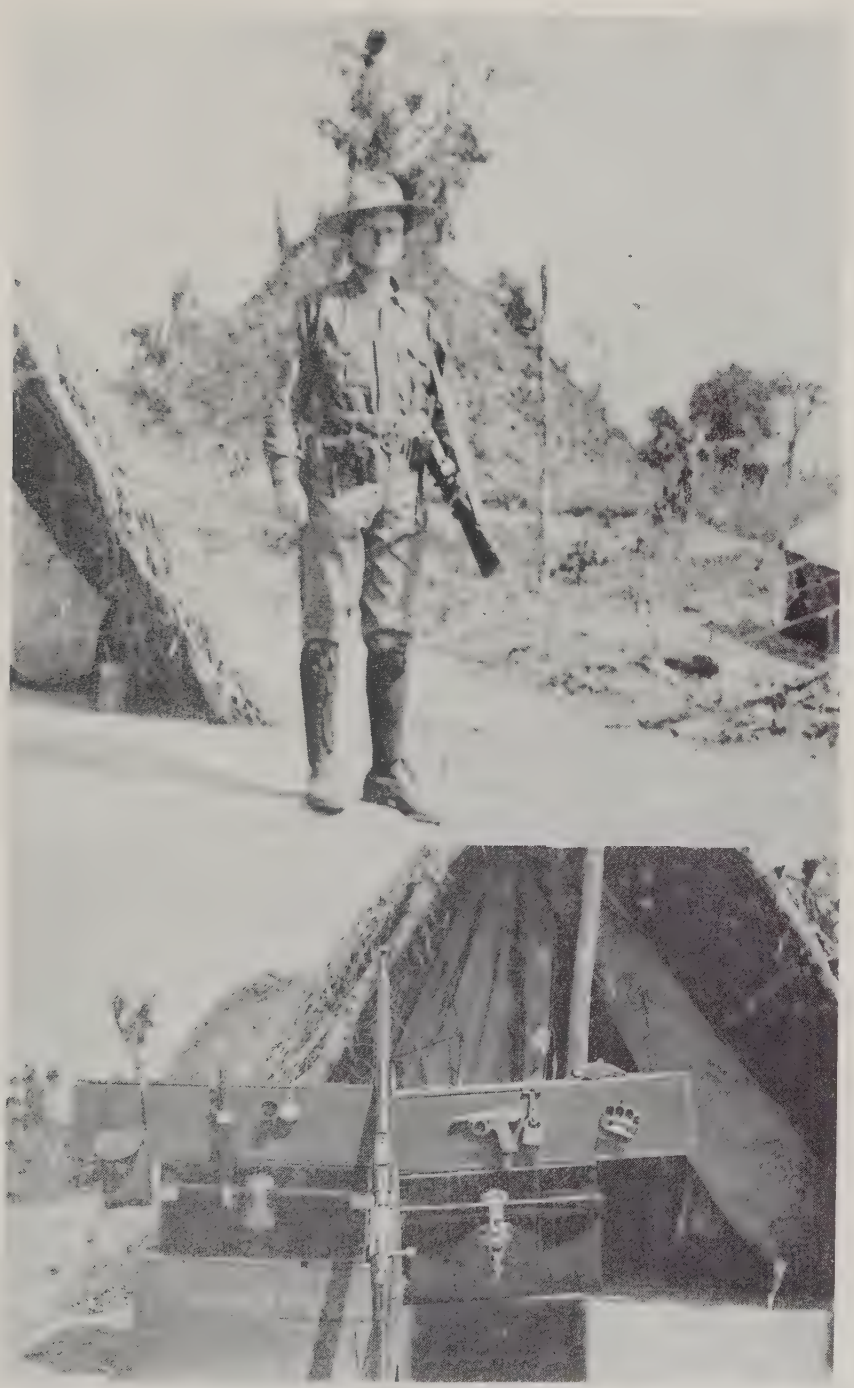
which I decide to do. I have been with all classes of white people and learned much of the many tribes of the Negro." In an undated letter I said, "I am writing all my correspondents not to attempt to communicate with me for a while as I will be out of reach of the mail. . . . I still have six weeks here. . . . From time to time on the journey I will be able to send a message but I will not make a stop before I get to the Egyptian Soudan. My health is good, very good. I am getting used to the sun. Today makes 45 days I have worked—not missed a day."

I had worn a pair of Regal shoes from the United States and with the exception of the underground work in the diamond mine had worn them since my arrival in Africa. They did not appear defective but in view of the long walk ahead I half-soled them, using leather belting. My work on the shoes attracted the attention of certain natives and three Nyasaland workmen came to me and said they had finished their contract at Elisabethville and were to return to their homes. My contemplated journey through the Rhodesias would take them near their home. They wanted to go with me and would go for their expense in travel plus a "basella" (a gift) when we parted. I agreed to take them. Moses, a mission trained English speaking Negro was middle aged. I made him my head man. Jim, was rather small but well made. Jim told me that he was of Zulu extraction and I told him that because of his warlike blood I would make him my gun bearer. The younger one had but one eye and that had led to his English name of "One Eye." He had training as a food server and I made him my cook. The *Star of the Congo* in its issue of July 21, 1911, printed a brief account of my leaving and my contemplated journey northward. In a cunning frame of mind I had calling cards printed, Ernst Xavier Cox. The "Ernst" could lead to a German developing a little friendlier feeling toward me. The "Xavier" would not be lost on the Frenchmen or Belgians that

I would meet and be of real aid at any of the Catholic Mission Stations on my route. "Cox" is a well known family name in England and the English along my way might feel that I was one of them.

When I arrived in Elisabethville in 1911 there were some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants about 1200 of which were white. In 1960, it was a modernized community with 128,000 inhabitants in its metropolitan area. I did not visit the important uranium mining area which has developed some 70 miles northeast of the city, where at the uranium mine there have been tribal fights of much bloodshed reported recently. Nor was I in the copper area of Rhodesia adjoining that of the Belgian Congo where the press has recently (1960) reported violent attacks on a few whites by native workmen.

I had planned to walk to Lake Mweru, use that waterway, walk to Lake Tanganyika and take a German or Belgian boat to its northern limits, walk to Lake Edward and then walk to Lake Albert, whose river waters flowed into the navigable Nile. This line of travel would have led me to walk some 600 miles. But I could not get porters. The Katanga native was not given to heavy labor and not many of them were of powerful physique. The heavy jobs at the mines, the railroads, and the smelter were filled mostly by natives brought from a distance. I was told that if I came south and went through Rhodesia and could get as far as Ft. Rosebery that Native Commissioners could officially supply me with porters from post to post. In getting to Ft. Rosebery I would rely, if necessary, upon the age old African custom of a village supplying carriers to the next village in case of need.



The Author and Equipment

CHAPTER VI

NORTHERN RHODESIA

On August 1, 1911, Moses, Jim, One Eye, and myself crossed from the Belgian Congo by train into Western Rhodesia and came to the village of Bwana Mkubwa (Great Master). This village is located some 120 miles south of Elisabethville near the narrowest portion of the Belgian Congo which extends southwardly for a distance between Western and Northern Rhodesia. My purpose was to cross the Belgian land to the Luapula River which borders on Northern Rhodesia some 60 miles to the east. When I entered the Congo there were three Rhodesias; Southern, Western and Northern. Western and Northern Rhodesia were amalgamated under title of "Northern Rhodesia," August 17th, while I was on this journey.

There were some white families in the village of Bwana Mkubwa and two or three who lived in the woodland not far away. One of the latter had me in for tea. The white men here wore shorts such as were generally prevalent in this portion of Africa and a good many of the native men wore shorts. Such abbreviated costume would be introduced into the United States of America some 40 years later and be known as "Bermuda shorts."

While at tea I was told that if I saw a white man with a withered arm not to enquire as to the cause of the injury as he did not like to discuss the matter. He was sleeping in his tent with arm outstretched over his cot when a lion came in and licked his outstretched arm, warming up for a meal that was to follow. Awakened, the man jerked his arm away from the lion and the lion seized the arm with his teeth. In the blackness of night a short struggle ensued. It ended when the man, using

his free arm, got his pistol from under his pillow and at point blank range fired, hitting the lion in a fatal spot.

In my equipment there was the rifle, and the pistol, with ample ammunition for both. I had a hunting knife which was carried in a sheath on my belt. In a watch pocket affixed to my belt there was an old silver cased key winding watch which had belonged to my father. There was sentiment in my choosing this watch. My father, I believed, would have been pleased had he known that his youngest son, born to him when he was 67 years old, would carry this watch on an African journey from Cape Town to Cairo. The knife and fork used on the journey, the two spoons, the large drinking cup with handle, and the main plate off which I ate are still in my possession. I had a medium sized leather suitcase for extra clothing, shaving material, writing material, trinkets for gifts, notes that I had made from authors dealing with lands ahead, and Ross' Social Control, the only book that I carried. I have this suitcase now, indented by the heads of porters who carried it many days, I also hold the copy of Social Control that I carried on my journeys. My bedding was an English made folding cot and an English made blanket with fringe at both ends like a steamer rug. (This blanket was to follow both the Nile and the Amazon. I now have it in my possession.) I did not take a tent but did carry considerable canvas which could be placed over a rope and give privacy if needed.

The three men who had come with me from the Congo would carry but little of the equipment. I would need four or five porters. Normally the obtaining of porters would have to go through government officials and this would take time. A nearby chief, Chipenbera, said that he could furnish the porters directly from members of his household. I agreed to this. Just before leaving the railroad I saw a white man approaching and suspected it was the Swede which from time to time press notices had said was passing certain towns on a walk from

Cape Town to Cairo. It was the Swede. We had a conversation. He said he was going through the Belgian Congo. I told him my route. He was carrying a light pack on his shoulders and had an excellent rifle in his hands.

The first night we camped at Chipenbera's village and I slept in his guest house on a bed which for mattress had wide bands of leather interwoven from head to foot. "Chipenbera," native for rhinoceros, was of the Mohammedan faith. He had fled from the Congo after a native uprising in which a Belgian officer was killed. He said that the Belgian officer was a brave man.

Chipenbera, somewhat past middle age, had 13 wives. I took a picture of him with nine of his wives. He said it was difficult to get all of them together at one time.



Mohammedan Chief and my Carriers

The first night out we camped near a village where there was a large tree which offered excellent shade for travelers. This tree was near a creek. The information that I had about the dread black-foot tsetse (fly) which brought incurable

sleeping sickness was that it was found only among reeds along waterways. I camped in an open field. The second day we came near a village in the late afternoon but my porters did not want to camp here for they had seen a large tree which had been sawed down and they thought that a white man representing the government would be nearby. They did not want him to ask for papers that would show that they had been properly signed for this journey. On the afternoon of this day I received a messenger from the chief of a village inviting me to camp at their village. This was a courtesy at one time common to most of Negro Africa. Moses, my head man, was interpreter. Being new at such travel I accepted the invitation but chose to camp on a hillside above the village under a large jutting rock. A short while after darkness had settled there was a commotion in the village accompanied by the loud voice of a man. Again my lack of experience in African travel led me to an error in judgment. I wondered if I were the interest which had led the villagers to assemble. I had my men to place the equipment in a half circle in front of the overhanging rock between which and the village there was open ground. We could crowd together under the rock, protected by it. I asked Moses to go near the village and find if we were the subject of the powwow. This he did and after a few moments came back and said that we were not the interest of the village gathering. He said he could not understand the language well but he thought the commotion was over an unfaithful wife.

The next morning before departure I took Moses with me and went to the headman of the village to thank him for his invitation to stop with them. Moses conveyed my thanks. The headman expressed regret for the commotion during the night and told Moses that it arose from the youngest wife of an old man conveying to her husband a venereal disease. A single man had worked in the white man's mines and accumulated some money. When he returned to the village he had, among other

things, some beautiful cloth suitable for a woman's dress. He had used this cloth to seduce the young wife. She said that she wanted the cloth and did not know that its owner had a venereal disease, nor did she know that she was diseased until it was conveyed to her husband. At that time we heard a shout from the hill opposite from our camp. We could see two persons ascending the hill. The headman had sent the old man and the seducer of his wife to the British official that had jurisdiction. The young man had shouted back that he had taken the old man's wife and if the old man did not like it he would croak him. I asked what penalty the British official would lay on the seducer of the wife and was told that he would be fined from two to five pounds (ten to 25 dollars). I asked that under tribal law what penalty could have been visited upon the seducer. The headman drew himself up to full height and said, "Death." At that period venereal disease was being widely spread through Negro Africa by Negroes who had worked in the mines, the railroads, and at the smelter.

As we were nearing the Belgian land there were some bushes along the side of the trail that seemed to have been cultivated. I was told that they carried a substance which if put into water would tend to paralyze fish.

Our journey across the Belgian land was without mishap and on the seventh day we came to the residence of the Belgian Native Commissioner in a well constructed commodius building overlooking the Luapula River. The young official could speak English. I spent the night at his home. My porters returned to their home. The following day my Belgian friend assigned porters to take my baggage to the Luapula, and they rowed us over the river. This river issues from Lake Banguella, the waters of which are the source of the Congo River, the mightiest river of Africa and except for the Amazon the largest river in the world.

Moses, Jim, One Eye and myself had hardly bid our oarsmen good bye when a man from the nearby village approached us and showed a document in official English which stated that this village had been stripped of its working men and that the traveler should not demand porters from its headmen. Taking Moses with me I went to the village and had a talk with the headman. He was old and infirm. There were a few men and quite a number of women and children in the village. Knowing the native's high desire for deer meat Moses said to one of them that it was but the middle of the afternoon and he believed that I would kill a deer or so if they asked me. They said that there was nyama (meat to eat) nearby along the river and they urged him to ask me to kill for them. Thinking that by giving them meat I would get the few porters that I needed I asked for guides to show me the deer. Three or four of the village men went along with Jim and me. At no great distance from the village one of the men pointed to a deer lying on the ground, resting. I climbed an ant hill for a better view and saw two deer lying near each other. I fired at the one the natives could not see. The one the natives saw leaped up and fled. The one that I had aimed at tried to get up but fell down again, prone. I told the men to go and get the nyama. They said it was not there. I sternly ordered them to get the nyama and bring it to the village. When they saw the dead deer there was much excited conversation and many jestures. I wanted them to think that what they had seen departing was the spirit of the deer I had slain and to spread this idea in the village. That night was the only time I was ever irritated with Moses. Without consulting me he gave to the headman almost all the deer without getting a commitment that I would be given porters to carry my things to the next village. This was an age long African courtesy and custom. Moses possibly knew the African temperament better than I for on the following morning porters took up my packs. That day I fired more than once

at deer but did not shoot to kill or injure. My porters had not been officially furnished me and if a deer was killed near their village they could have camped with it or have carried it back to the village. Had I not fired it would have seemed that I was depriving them of food. In simulated anger I cursed the gun as being untrustworthy in time of need.

That night we camped in a deserted village where vegetation was growing in the hut area. It is customary in parts of Africa for the villagers to construct a new village and move to it with its richer soil if the soil about the old village has been depleted. In areas along the boundary lines set up by the European governments operating in Africa some of the natives do not wait for soil depletion before moving. When pressed for head tax, hut tax, or additional laborers, by representatives of the white powers the villagers may move out of their jurisdiction. I was told that this particular village had escaped the British pressure by moving across the Luapula to the Belgian Congo. There they might escape the Belgian tax man for a considerable period.

Moses selected the strongest hut for me. The carriers then chose huts for themselves. We were in a forest but some light still came to us in the late afternoon. I was lying on my cot outside of my hut with my head resting on my rifle which was crosswise the cot. Suddenly a lion roared. So close was the lion that the roar seemed to bring a light quiver to the ground about the village. All except Jim fled to their huts. I asked Jim why he did not go to his hut. He replied, "I am of Zulu blood. I cannot leave my master." I told him that I would go to the top of the ant hill (about 200 feet away) and if the lion was coming nearer I might be able to get a shot, and that I did not need him, to go to his hut. I assumed that if the lion was out for a kill his lioness was waiting for certain animals that would flee from his roar and that if he was pressing nearer to let out another roar that I might see him, for only small bushes and

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shrubs had grown up about the village. I had a good view. I waited on the ant hill some 15 or 20 minutes but saw no movement, nor was there another roar. It was getting darker and I returned to my hut and there reflected that at last I was in the "Africa" of my childhood reading. A lion had roared near me and there were hippos in the river but a short distance away. Also I reflected that while most porters carried light spears it would be a grave risk for them to confront an enraged lion, whether he was a man-eater or not. And for ages past that seeking refuge in huts and trees had saved countless lives. The shoulders of the black man are well developed. His relatively thin legs have muscles of power. He can climb quickly and can sprint at great speed. Are those special qualifications of the black man related to his survival among dangerous animals? I concluded that there was such relationship.

There are a few incidents that I recall on this journey to Fort Rosebery. I wished to take a picture of an old man in his hut door. When I leveled the camera at him he disappeared in the hut. Also I recall meeting the white man with the withered arm, of whom we have spoken, and talking briefly with him. We camped near a village and after darkness several deer, six or eight of them, came to a small meadow and were grazing within a stone's throw of the village. It was dark but I could see the forms of the deer. I fired three times but did not bring one down. I hoped that I had missed for I did not wish to think that an injured one would suffer or possibly later die.

On the following morning we moved at an early hour and soon met the advance man of a caravan much larger than mine. An English surveyor was en route to assist Belgian officials in determining certain boundary between Rhodesia and the Congo. The Englishman and I sat on a log and had a rather long talk. Here, I will insert the fact that when I was much farther north some months later I saw a copy of an English

paper with the press item that an English surveyor who was aiding in delimiting the boundary between Rhodesia and the Congo had been killed by a lion, and felt grave concern lest my chance companion, whose name I could not recall, had lost his life shortly after our conversation.

Mr. H. T. Harrington was the Native Commissioner at Fort Rosebery; he had been in Africa for 24 years. He received me with much courtesy and when he learned that I was on my way to Cairo he told me that George Grey, the only man who had traveled alone from Cape Town to Cairo, recently had been killed by a lion in Uganda. George Grey had been in Africa for a long time. I was told that he was the brother of "Earl Grey," and I am under the impression that "Earl Grey" was Edward Grey, the British official who was to announce that a state of war existed between Britain and Germany in the First World War. Edward Grey made a prophetic statement that would be included in quotations familiar to English speaking peoples. He said of this war: "The lamps are going out all over Europe, we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime."

George Grey's long stay in Africa had inured him to danger, and he chose to use a rifle of very small caliber. In the open country where white men mounted on horses hunt the lion they form a circle about the lion. When the lion charges, the horseman on which it moves, dismounts to fire. Grey dismounted and fired but the lioness came on. He fired again. She seized him. He had hit her with both small bullets. She died on his body. Other hunters, lately arrived from England, witnessed the encounter and said they did not fire for fear of hitting Grey. Mr. Harrington showed me a letter from George Grey in which he predicted he "would not get off much longer."

Mr. T. F. A. Speedy, the Assistant Native Commissioner, was the father of Sheila Speedy, one and one-half years old,

who was the first white child at Lake Banguella and at one time was the only white child in the Luapula District.

Not being experienced in half soling shoes I had affixed the belting to the shoes in such manner that my heels became quite tender. I could wait a few days for my heels to cure themselves or take a mashilla (hammock). I took the hammock with boys to carry me, if needed.

There was an ex-Native Commissioner at Ft. Rosebery, a Mr. R. S. Osborne. We talked together for a considerable time and on my departure he offered me a book, *The Light of Asia,* to read on my journey and to leave at the next Native Commissioner's residence to be returned to Ft. Rosebery. It was an entrancing book. I copied some of the text—

> Sweet is fond life, but funeral flame must kiss
> The Breasts which pillow and the Lips which cling.
> Gallant is warlike might, but vultures pick
> The joints of Chief and King.
> Bounteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods
> Plot mutual slaughter hungering to live.
> Of Sapphires the Skies but when men cry
> Famished, no drop they give.
> Ask of the sick, the mourner, ask of him
> Who tottereth on his staff torn and forlorn
> "Liketh thee life?", these say the babe is wise
> That weepeth being born.

We camped at the outskirts of a village while there was still ample light. Hearing that there were deer of large size across a creek from the village I said that I would kill one or more of them because the headman of the village had received us with much courtesy. The grass area in which the deer were feeding was bounded by the creek on one side and by dense forests on the other. By instinct the deer were not close to the forest from which lions could issue but were in rifle range from a portion of the creek. I chose the creek for my approach and after considerable time spent in keeping myself concealed I was in shooting distance of several of them. I fired and brought one

down. Immediately some natives who had gone to the woodland ran to the deer I had brought down, crying out for me not to fire again. Their issuing from the woodland caused some of the deer to flee nearer to me and I fired at a large grayish one, bringing him to his knees. He arose and moved away. I fired again. He stumbled but did not stop. The natives that issued from the woodland were Mohammedans or else they had the custom of that religion of cutting the throat of an animal and letting it bleed before it died. They told me that they had wished to cut the throat of the deer I had shot. I told them that I thought that the second one was fatally wounded, that the first shot had brought it down and caused much bleeding. They trailed it by the blood and soon came on it. In its weakness it had attempted to cross a branch but the task was too great. They came to the deer just as its head was being lowered into the water and quickly cut its throat. We returned to the village with two big animals, both of which had had their throat cut before dying and we were met by the headman and his attendants dressed in ceremonial robes. That night a porter told me that there was a good sized animal prowling near our camp. He led me to a position where I could see the form of an animal of considerable size. I fired and the animal fled. The next morning we found a small amount of blood in the direction the animal had fled.

When we had reached within a day's march to the next British station we camped at a village near which British road surveyors and their native road workers had built a construction camp. One glance at this camp showed that we were in a man-eating lion country. The camp area, a considerable space, was surrounded by long posts with sharpened tops, sunk deeply into the ground and securely lashed together. The gateway was powerfully constructed. In the middle of the enclosure was a small circular hut built with deeply sunken poles

for a haven for the official. The tops of these poles were bent back to support a heavy grass conical roof.

While we were admiring the road construction camp certain of the porters suggested to One Eye, my boy who did the cooking for me, that having only one eye he would have disadvantage in a man-eating lion country. One Eye replied that where lions were concerned he could see as well with one eye as others could with two eyes and besides he could climb a tree faster than any of them; that the real issue was not how long it took to see a lion but how long it took to get away from one.

At this village the headsman had a musket. Such arms were prohibited generally save to native police and chiefs who were in man-eating lion country. It was midafternoon and I told the headman I would try to get a deer. He sent some boys with me to carry back the "nyama." It took considerable time to locate a deer and when I had killed it I found that most of the carriers had returned to the village. Two sturdy boys had remained. They said the others had returned because lions began to roam before sundown. The deer I had killed was not a large one and the two men carried it back to the village, asking me to remain near them. When we arrived at the village no one was in sight. Moses was in a hut and he cried out to me that the adjacent hut was for me and said that the headman urged me to get into my hut without delay. It was not dark, and being somewhat of an actor, I sat on a pile of wood where all the villagers could see me. I appeared to be cleaning my rifle but I was not. I was watching for any lion that could approach. After producing more agony in Moses I got off the wood pile and walked leisurely to my hut.

The next morning we started early on the day's march to the Native Commissioner's headquarters at Luwingu. Across the creek some distance from the village we were leaving there were three hartebeests grazing. I killed two of them and permitted the other one to walk away. It did not run, but

stopped from time to time to look back. The two that I had killed had scarcely ceased to move before vultures began to arrive. Venison meat was said to be scarce around the British Posts and I wished to present the Commissioner with choice parts of these deer. The headman of the village arrived and said he would furnish carriers for the portions to go to the Post and that his people would take the remainder. My men cut off the hindquarters and some of the native children rushed to the bodies and showed preference for entrals, tugging at them.



Hungry Children

While preparation was being made to ready the hindquarters for the carriers the headman and several of his men held a conference. He came to me and said that he regretted that he could not furnish carriers, that certain of his men were pledged to other work and that others were feeling ill. I sensed that the headman felt that if he furnished carriers he would get part of the meat and that if he did not furnish carriers he would get all of it. I was enraged and gave my men instruc-

tion to gather much wood and we would burn the bodies to a crisp. While they were gathering wood we heard a song, loud and clear, of many voices and all of us recognized the song as that of native laborers who had been recruited for work in the mines and railroads further south. My men stopped gathering wood and looked at me. I said to the headman that he would furnish the porters he had agreed to furnish or I would give all the meat to the singers who would be with us within a few minutes. The headman and his men had a quick conference and before the laborers arrived we were on our way carrying the hindquarters.

Lions lived generally in these portions of Africa but were not greatly feared except in limited areas where they had become man-eaters. We have seen that this was a man-eating area. And on our march this day we were to learn how terrorized the native may become through fear of being set upon by a man-eater. Our march led through a dense forest in which we met a lone native, a young man, who had been visiting in another village and was returning to his home. When he saw that the hindquarters of the deer had been dripping blood he knew that the blood might attract lions which would follow it. Though it was early afternoon the young man bid us a hasty good bye and started running down the trail.

When we arrived at the native village near the Commissioner's official residence the villagers assembled and gave us a welcome. Such welcome is an age old custom in much of Negro and Negroid Africa. After we had been greeted officially there appeared a chorus of young women who in their singing looked at me and flounced in such a way as to show their well developed bodies.

Moses told me that the song was old long before the white man had arrived, one in which each of the singers stated that she was the most desirable and that she should be chosen to entertain the visitor while he was in their village.

It was almost dark when we arrived at Luwingu. Mr. V. R. Sanelford was the Native Commissioner. He was a well formed and well bred Englishman. I told him of the venison we were carrying. He said he did not need it, to give it to the natives. I had neglected one custom—that of giving advance notice of my arrival, and the approximate time. My host talked little at first. He said nothing of me being his guest. He said nothing of having me to dinner. Feeling uncertain I directed Moses to have food cooked for my men and myself. When the Englishman sensed that they were doing this he simply said that he could not allow it. He received me into his well equipped quarters and became more talkative while we were waiting for our meal to be prepared. After we had eaten we talked of England. He said that at Oxford he knew a Rhodes Scholar, John Tigert, an American. Being a Methodist I realized that he was talking of Bishop Tigert's son, who later was to become U. S. Commissioner of Education. Suddenly there was a cry of, "Simba, Simba," (lion) from the kitchen area, a short distance away. I glanced toward my rifle which was leaning against the wall just where the door would clear it if opened. A native pounded on the door, calling out that a lion had been seen. My English host rose leisurely and leisurely walked to the door. I leaped from my chair, seized my rifle, and for a fraction of a moment delayed the opening of the door. My host said that there was a lion outside and that the native wanted in. I replied, "I know." When the boy entered I was standing with my back to the wall ready to fire. Instinct caused this reaction on my part, I believe, for I felt that if the lion should follow the boy into our quarters it would be well if one of us had a gun in his hands.

My host leisurely got his rifle and a light (possibly a lantern) and I walked with him as "leisurely" as I could to the kitchen area. Some natives were enclosed in the kitchen. We were told that when a lion lunged at a boy who leaped inside the kitchen

the lion then had seized a partially filled sack of meal. A native with a musket joined us and we followed the meal trail for some distance. I was alert but my host showed no concern for a possible return of the lion but he showed much concern for the musket carried by the native. He cautioned the boy about how to hold the gun, which way to keep it pointed, and warned the boy not to shoot until he himself had fired first.

The next morning I understood why my host had declined the venison that I had brought to him and had simply remarked, "Give it to the natives." On the northern side of the Post there was a large cleared area in which domesticated cattle were grazing. In this cleared area there was an elevated structure from which lookouts could observe the cattle feeding and sound alarms should lions approach. One variety of the *tsetse* (fly) can give domesticated animals an incurable disease as another variety of it can bring sleeping sickness to man. Like the man-eating lion these deadly flies do not pervade all sections of Central Africa. I had been told that the way to get domesticated animals through the deadly fly belt was to drive them at night when not many flies, if any, would put in appearance. At this Post there was also a well cultivated garden and from it I was laden with all the vegetables that we could carry.

Our destination was Mporokoso, at which was the residence of a Native Commissioner. It was my custom to walk some 12 to 16 miles per day, seven days to the week. Not many events in the normal moving and camping stand out in my memory on the journey to Mporocoso. One incident, however, almost tragic to me until my mind found a way out of it, does stand out in my memory. We had arrived early in a village and after a while Moses asked me to make myself well liked. I did not know why he made such request. More than once he had said to me that I had a personality that would cause the

natives to like me if I sought to encourage their liking. I remembered his making a similar request when we had crossed the Luapula River and had gotten carriers when it was said that none were available. After some pleasant remarks I added that my compass appreciated the courtesy extended to us in this village and that I would ask it to point out to all of us the direction to Lake Tanganyika (which lay to the north). I said that I would demoralize the compass by shaking it and when it steadied itself it should point steadily to Tanganyika. I shook the compass, placed it in an eminence in plain sight to many, and shouted to it, "Ipolo Tanganyika?". When it steadied it was pointing to Tanganyika, and there was much conversation. A young Negro who, I learned later, had worked in mines to the south called two young men aside and after a moment's conversation they returned to me and asked me to have the compass show the way to Zanzibar, which lay eastwardly. I said to the compass, "Ipolo Zanzibara?" The compass needle did not move. I repeated the request, telling the compass that we had been well received by important people. All looked at the compass. It still pointed to Lake Tanganyika. Becoming enraged at the compass and telling it I would destroy it root and branch if it continued to be stubborn, I took out my hunting knife and slowly approached the compass from the east, threatening to destroy it unless it pointed to Zanzibar. Talking steadily to the compass I told it I would cut out its heart if it did not show the way to Zanzibar. Seizing my hunting knife in both hands I pressed it near the compass and the needle swung toward Zanzibar. Fearing that some other direction might be asked I stated to the compass that it had obeyed and that I would not ask more of it.

On one occasion when we had stopped for the night we joined with pleasure the villagers who were being entertained by a small troupe of actors from another village. The mimetic dancer produced the most guffaws. He was excellent in steps

that showed the amorous tactics of the deer family. At one time we met a group of prisoners tied together with a string. They were conducted by a native of some official rank but he paid little attention to them. It seemed to me that this method of conducting prisoners was in keeping with some African custom and that it was not a new concept imposed by the British. I was told that if any one broke the string he would suffer punishment.

We arrived at Fort Mporokoso in the early afternoon of August 27, 1911. Mr. J. Gibson Hall, the British official, received me cordially and I was his guest for the night. In the late afternoon he took me to meet the missionaries at a nearby mission station. At the Mission I saw a good sized picture of Campbell Morgan, an eminent English preacher of evangelistic temperament whom I had heard lecture at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. That night my host told me of a lone German traveler from German Southwest Africa en route to German East Africa where he believed he could better himself. He was traveling without funds. He had disposed of his equipment for money, even to leaving his official Army records for a cash loan. I had met a British miner who told me of this man. Later I would see him in German East Africa and record his marvelous journeys. In Rhodesia I was to pass through native villages that had received this lone traveler and had given him food and sleeping quarters without pay. I mention this to show that in portions of Africa in the time of peace that preceded the First World War that a destitute white man could travel alone and be received and fed by natives whose honorable traditions required that a traveler should be treated with kindness regardless of his rank in life.

My host at Fort Mporokoso told me an unforgettable story of the heroic death of W. R. Johnston, Native Commissioner at Mporokoso in 1900 and 1901. Also I had personal conversation with Makondi, the Capatio (Captain), of the native

armed guards who though armed, abandoned their Capatio and their master and fled to trees in keeping with the instinct for self-preservation long bred into the people when confronted by enraged lions. Johnston was a Scotsman of powerful build. My memory of the incident has remained reasonably accurate but I believe the reader will like the details taken from my Road Notes made at Mporokoso.

"W. R. Johnston, Native Commissioner at Mporokoso . . . traveling with armed guards, several, say 20, saw water buck. Dropped one—Immediately four hungry lions sprang upon the dead animal. Johnston fired killing one. His native guards threw down their arms and climbed trees. J., together with MAKONDI, HIS CAPATIO, followed the lions. (MAKONDI LIVES AT THE FORT—I HAVE CONVERSED WITH HIM). The two came upon lions. MAKONDI fires hitting one in the jaw. The lion seized M. in the center of the body. J. rushed to his servant's aid, standing over the lion and repeatedly snapping his gun but the cartridges were defective. And J. thinking that the Capatio was dead, sensed his danger if the lion should set upon him. But the Capatio was conscious and relating the incident to me said, "I saw my master back away. Helpless as I was I was conscious that he walked into the other wounded lion. The lion sprang. J. saw it and leaped for a tree. The lion leaped and seized him and pulled him to the ground. (J. was a powerful man). He kicked the lioness down —tried the second time to get up the tree. Lioness seizes him the second time, dragging him to the earth. In struggle with the lioness J. got hold of her tongue. With the free hand he succeeded in getting a cartridge in gun and shooting. J. lived 28 days. He had many armed Police with him all of whom ran, even the gunbearer. The gun-bearer came from a tree when the lions were dead. Carried to Abercorn six days journey. J. lived 28 days dying from bloodpoisoning from a small wound under the knee where the lion had lacerated. All the other wounds had been properly attended to. J. is buried at Kimbale Mission, L.M.S."

The next stop would be Abercorn, about 100 miles to the east and near to the German border. On the first day of the journey to Abercorn we passed certain areas and I, who was raised on a farm, was impressed with their apparent agricultural possibilities. I had been told that on this journey we would meet the dreaded *tsetse* (fly) in countless numbers. We

met them. Here, some white travelers had cursed the tsetse. Others would cry. But neither cursing nor crying could remedy the situation. The native carriers would break off tree branches with many small limbs and leaves on them and fight the flies from their bodies. I wore leather leggings. My khaki shirt even in the greatest heat of the day was kept closely buttoned about my neck. The *tsetse* in size is less than the American horse fly but substantially bigger than the American house fly. I soon learned that if the *tsetse* landed on my hands and began to suck blood that not even a rapid jerk or fling of the hands could dislodge them. You have to scrape them off. They are easily mashed but mashing them gets their blood over your hands. Use your right hand to scrape them off of your left hand and your left hand to scrape them off your right hand. Keep this up without intermission. Then you have overlooked the upper part of your neck, your cheeks, your ears, and your brow. Now use both hands quickly for they are countless in numbers and will settle on your hands while you are using them to clear off your cheeks. If you go through this fly belt you will understand why some white men in making this journey have cursed and others have cried. You may do both.

In a village I saw in the headman's home some vegetables, I do not remember which kind, and told him I would like to purchase a few. He arose and left his house. After considerable waiting he did not reappear and we moved on for I thought he had absented himself to avoid the customary courtesy that natives must show to travelers. Possibly an hour later he overtook us with the food in his hands and offered to give it to me. I was still ill tempered but quickly got over my temper when I learned that he wanted me to have fresher vegetables from his garden than were those I had sought to buy at his home.

When camped at another village at night we saw fire and heard voices a considerable distance away. The voices were

those of native travelers who had killed a wild boar. They were cooking the boar at such distance from the village that the native code of brotherhood would not require them to invite the villagers to the feast. The people in the village sensed this and none of them sought invitation to the feast.

Abercorn, the British post near to German East Africa, was better developed than any I had seen. There was an office building, a home for the head official, and homes for the subordinates. There were armed native police. There was a tennis court at which whites were playing when I came up in the late afternoon. I reported to an official and was given quarters for the night. My Notes, referring to Native Commissioners, state that at Abercorn there are Chesney, Gouldsberry, and Barry.

After these many years one person at Abercorn stands out vividly in my memory—Mrs. Gouldsberry. We men speak of the women of our race as members of the frailer sex. Mrs. Gouldsberry was a reddish haired, blue eyed, fair skinned English woman, slender, and of middle height. Her husband, an official at Abercorn, had had two books published in England. The Gouldsberry's had me in for tea. I now present my hostess, but first let us revert to the death of George Grey (page 101). When the lion was mangling him two other horsemen were near at hand. They said they did not fire for fear of hitting Grey. Now, back to Mrs. Gouldsberry, a member of the feebler sex. She and her husband were following a wounded lion which concealed itself on an eminence, possibly an ant hill. As the lion leaped at Gouldsberry he fired, hitting the lion in mid air, but the shot was not fatal. The lion struck Gouldsberry, knocked him down, and was mauling him when his wife rushed to his aid. The lion holding Gouldsberry with one paw, in snarling rage lifted the other at his wife. Mrs. Gouldsberry rammed her gun in the open mouth, fired, and blew out the back of the lion's head.

At Abercorn I saw a chair, and I think also a settee, covered with zebra skin, and made a note saying that such articles would sell well in the American market. Either there or somewhere else in Rhodesia I had seen a lion skin decorating furniture. Also at Abercorn I heard the story of a house cat being chased by a leopard through the household where the cat belonged. I was informed that recently an American elephant hunter without license to hunt had been arrested and his gun confiscated.

It was there that I parted from Moses, Jim, and One Eye who had come with me from the Belgian Congo. They left for their home in Nyasaland. Jim, my gun carrier, had an affectionate regard for me and I returned such regard for him. He uged me to go to his home in Nyasaland and take another route for German East Africa. He said that he had a young sister just coming the age for marriage. That when the people of his village welcomed me that I should pick out his sister, whom he would have shown me, and designate her as the belle of the village. This selection would have effect similar to winning a beauty contest. It would tend to increase her marriage value. But Jim's home was too far from my direct line of travel.

I got new porters at Abercorn who went with me to nearby Bismarkburg. I could not speak their language well and the one I used as a cook may have misunderstood me when I asked him to buy a chicken at one of the villages. There was an official price for chickens which were furnished to travelers. My cook may not have known the price. He told the villagers that I would pay a certain price and they gave him one to bring to me. When the news of the much advanced price was passed around in the village, six more chickens were brought to me. I paid the official price for the first one brought and did not buy another. We met an English speaking native who was returning from Bismarkburg to Abercorn. He told me of the beautiful waterfall on a high hill between the two towns.

He said that the Germans came to see this wonderful sight and so did the English and though they came by different routes they could see each other when viewing the falls. My host at Abercorn had spoken of the beautiful view of the falls and I went with the English speaking native to see them.

On this journey to Bismarkburg my cook was unable to see in moonlight. We were descending the hills adjacent to Bismarkburg, marching in the early night for the distance was not great and we did not wish another march. The cook, who was carrying my rifle, faltered. I went to him. He pointed to the moon. I took the rifle and he followed me, with his hand on the rifle barrel, down the hill to the lowland where there was a native village near the German Post. We had seen telegraph wire and I was conscious that the Germans like the British and the Belgians could communicate quickly with their more important local posts and with their European homeland without much delay.

CHAPTER VII

GERMAN EAST AFRICA: BISMARKBURG TO TABORA

FOREWORD



In 1897 German East Africa became a colony, after 23 years of preliminary efforts which included treaties with inland native chiefs and purchase from the Arab Sultan at Zanzibar of his claim to the coastal strip. It was the only German colony that was economically self supporting. It has numerous minerals, including gold, diamonds, lead, tin, coal and tungsten. There are many cattle, sheep and goats in its eastern areas.

As a result of the First World War the British, by mandate of the League of Nations, took over the rule of German East Africa with the exception of two provinces and changed its name to Tanganyika Territory. The two northwest provinces, Ruanda-Urundi, were mandated to Belgium. The Belgium ministry of Foreign Affairs has officially stated that these provinces would be given independence in 1962. The British plan to give independence to Tanganyika Territory at an early date and they are placing an increasing number of Africans on the ruling council.

The next day I reported to the German headquarters at Bismarkburg. I had not given advance notice of my coming, such as was customary. I told the official that I was on my way to Cairo and showed him the brief account from the Congo Star which stated that I was leaving Elisabethville for a journey northward. Also I presented for his reading the letter of introduction from Dr. Charles R. Henderson, Chaplain of the University of Chicago, and the one from Dr. W. I. Thomas of

the same institution and told the official that my purpose was to make a first hand observation of one or more colonies of the several European nations operating in Africa. I was treated with courtesy and consideration. I asked for porters to carry my baggage to Tabora, some three hundred miles to the north. It required a day or so to get the porters. The Germans had a boat on Lake Tanganyika. Certain parts used in the construction of this boat had been carried by porters from Tabora, the head of the railway which came up from the East Coast. The Belgians also had one or more boats on the Lake.

Apart from the German officials there were two other white men at Bismarkburg. One was a German labor agent who also did some trading. He had a mulatto housekeeper and they lived in a relatively large tent. There were many mulattoes at Cape Town and a number at Kimberley. I had seen none in the Belgian Congo and none in Rhodesia. This one was about thirty years of age and she was an efficient cook and housekeeper. She had come by the way of Tabora from the German East Coast and may have received her light skin from some fair Arab or a European traveler.

The other white man was the American elephant hunter of which I had heard in Abercorn. He was quartered in a large native-like rest house for travelers and I was given quarters in this house. The elephant hunter was tall, dark haired, and dark eyed. He said he was from Missouri. He gave me his name but requested that I not use it, that he was not proud of the life to which he had descended. He had just returned from the Belgian Congo with a considerable amount of ivory. I asked him how he had obtained an elephant gun after his gun had been confiscated at Abercorn. He said that he had had two rifles. One he had presented to the British when they demanded it. The other he had concealed in his canvas bath tub by affixing the stock to one of the wooden beams of the tub under the canvas, the barrel under the canvas of the other

wooden beam. That the British had not turned the bath tub upside down and that was why they had not detected the gun. He had also secreted some ammunition. German East Africa, Rhodesia, and the Congo are near to each other at the southern tip of the Lake. The elephant hunter took out license to hunt in the German territory and resided there. He would make forays into Rhodesia and the Congo, hunting without license. He had a young native girl who was his cook and housekeeper. He also had another young girl in his charge. She had been obtained by an Arab trader for a white man who had not yet come for her. At night I heard a mild commotion in the sleeping quarters of the elephant hunter and on the morning he told me that his charge, in payment for bed and board, had had sex relations with him and that on last night she had refused to cooperate and that he had thrown her out of his bed.

The porters furnished me at Bismarkburg were to carry my baggage to Tabora by the shortest route. When ascending the hills above Bismarkburg, we met two Negro soldiers in uniform. There were two companies of soldiers at Bismarkburg and two more companies were expected. The soldiers that we met were big men. Their uniform included heavy shoes, something highly unusual for natives in this portion of Africa. I had been told that the Germans selected big and able-bodied men for their army and conferred upon them special privileges which set them off from the rest of the native population.

They were assigned carriers for their loads on march and alloted extra women if they wanted them. They were excellently drilled and under rigid discipline. A German discipline that was exacting but probably not more so than the discipline placed by Negro captains during tribal wars. This Negro soldier class formed an aristocracy among the natives and was looked up to and feared. (Later, Negro troops in German East Africa under German officers maintained the First World

War for a period after the Germans had lost the war in Europe).

When we came to a junction of roads, my porters took a road which my road sketch indicated was in the wrong direction for a direct route to Tabora. I had seen them buy some "americano" (calico) and some trinkets before leaving Bismarkburg. My only language contact with them was through Swahili. I knew that "americano" was used for calico in eastern central Africa long before the Europeans had sought to establish colonies there. I could not frame sufficient Swahili to ask them why we were taking a road differing from my road sketch, but I stopped them and pointed to the road to our left. I knew enough Swahili to have asked why they were bearing to the right, but the suddenness of the movement had reduced me to sign language. In return, all of them made sign language accompanied by big grins which would have assured any traveler that they were on the right road.

When later we came to a relatively large and important native village, my carriers were greeted as relatives or close friends by the villagers. I knew that the divergence from the short route to Tabora was to enable them to see their home folks. I knew why the calico and the trinkets had been bought. The chief of this village was of some prominence. The tribal drum was imposing. It had been hollowed out from a big tree and stood on legs above the ground. The rest house for travelers was quite satisfactory. Under German rule, the old tribal custom of having a well kept rest house was enforced. The bringing of necessary food to the traveler and offering it as a gift was enforced. Under the tribal custom, while food is offered as a gift, a gift must be made in return. If a traveler accepted such a gift and did not make a return gift, the incident would be reported to the German officials.

Let us return to the imposing drum. A drum can be heard some seven or eight miles, and the message relayed by other

drums. Soon the villages within a hundred miles will have the drum message. It is a native form of "telegraph" and has been used for thousands of years.

You will read that the domesticated plants and animals used in Negro and Negroid Africa were brought to them by other peoples. Apart from cattle, the domesticated animals and plants are gifts from others in relatively recent times. The Portuguese brought the peanut and some other vegetables some 400 years ago. Other Europeans brought grains and vegetables in more recent days. I would like to think that the drum was indigenous to the Africans but if I made such assertion, others would tell me that the drum had also been used anciently in Asia, a country which in part borders on Africa. It is probable that all peoples have used sounding boards for a form of communication but in our time few, if any, have higher efficiency in this matter than the African Negro.

My porters had brought me to their native village. I knew a considerable number of key words in Swahili. The next morning, while we were preparing the packs for the day's journey, one of the porters referred to me as an animal that could not speak the language of men. He was bending over the pack he was preparing. I shoved his rump with my foot and, as he fell over his pack, I said to him in Swahili "shut up, dog" and all were amused. He had reflected on my ancestry, and I had reflected on his.

When leaving the village each one of the carriers was accompanied by a woman. The women had a few cooking vessels, some sleeping mats, and some extra food. I called a carrier to me and pointed to the women. He was a big black boy and had a big grin. He motioned toward his woman and said "bibi" (bee-bee), which was Swahili for "lady." The bibi's equipment was limited, and I assumed that they would accompany their men but a day's march.

In the early afternoon we came to a large rest house that had two smaller ones very near by. My equipment was placed in the large house. The women took possession of the other two. My well constructed straw hut was on a small semi-barren hill not far from a cool spring shaded by trees which thickened in number into a forest with dense undergrowth. I went to the spring and continued my study of the Swahili language. After some time I sensed that I could hear movement in the forest and feared greatly, for I had not brought rifle or pistol with me. Then there was a peculiar cry. I hurried back to the rest house, got my rifle, and told one of my men the nature of the cry. He said, "big monkey," that the cry came from a small type of baboons. He went with me to the spring and we saw a rather large type of the monkey family, but if they were baboons they were considerably smaller than baboons I would see later. When their outposts discovered our approach, a cry went up and all scurried away.

The next morning we started early and all the women except the one with the porter who had cast aspersion on my ancestry returned to their homes. I did not orally object to this porter's bibi accompanying him, for I thought she might be going to visit relatives or friends. We had passed the crest of the mountains and were descending steep hillsides when we met a caravan of natives who were carrying grain to Bismarkburg. Their grain sacks were made of whole pig skins which at a distance caused me to think that they were real pigs and that possibly we had met a party of successful game trappers. Later, I would see many such skins and also see the native use of hides of calves and other animals in which grain was carried.

I was ahead of my caravan and quietly resting by the side of the road when I saw some small boys bringing a herd of goats in my direction. All were riding goats and each rider had a small stick with which he could belabor his goat. The nearer boy caught sight of me and a look of terror came into

his face. He fell off the goat, gave a cry of warning to his mates, whereupon all dismounted, held a hurried conversation, and shouting wildly ran to their village which was nearby. In a white man's country black men scare white children, and in a black man's country white men scare black children. The opposite color can be frightening. I had heard that, when the English appeared, a remote and backward tribe in Australia fled in consternation. The only "white" men that they had seen were of their kind roasted for food, and they thought the white English were their victims returned to life.

I suggested to my carriers that we go to the Simba station of the White Fathers which was about 4 miles away on our right. The carriers insisted that Simba was far away and that in three days journey we would pass another mission at Mpimbwe. I now knew that my carriers had not followed the instructions of the official who had directed them to take the shortest route to Tabora. My notes stated that Mpimbwe was seven days journey from Bismarkburg. We had traveled seven days, and the carriers had stated that Mpimbwe would be reached in three days. My porters, in order to sleep two nights with their women, would cause me to walk an extra three days under a pitiless sun. I decided to go to Simba to get my bearing, to know where I was.

At Simba there were two well built spacious tile covered buildings, one a chapel, the other a cloister. Throughout Central Africa the Roman Catholic Missions are spoken of as hospitable, and I was received with much kindness here. I was given a room in which to sleep and partook of substantial food prepared by a trained native cook. Through a mixture of French, Flemish, English and Swahili we carried on a conversation. I said my plate of meat was excellent "nyama" (deer). A Father replied, not nyama, goat. When morning came these two devoted Fathers who were giving their ability and time in this out of the way region wished me a pleasant journey but

not before filling my provision box with Irish potatoes, beets, carrots, a large loaf of wheaten bread made from grain they grew on the plantation, and a good supply of butter.

We started northward for the mission station near Mpimbwe, and I had revenge for being taken out of the shortest way to Tabora. Had these porters been furnished by a native chief, they would have been punished for not following the prescribed route. The German officials would have punished them. This I knew, and I also knew that the porters were aware of their fault. I forced them to travel from eight to twelve hours per day. (Five to seven hours are usually required of porters). They made fantastic efforts to delay. The foreman was a big man and he was the only native that I struck with a stick in all my days in Africa. I hit him and hurt him. For a moment he looked at me in a threatening manner. With my pistol in my hand, I walked close to him and struck him again. He sensed that he was helpless and bowed his head. He had killed time for near an hour by tieing and retieing the load he was to carry. He was a bit groggy and when he reached for his load I aided him in picking it up, a gesture which was not lost on the other porters who sensed that I sought only to be the head of the caravan.

We had crossed two high ranges of hills and were now in a valley which showed the agricultural care of the White Fathers near some of the villages along our road. We came in sight of the Mission on the third day, but I did not want to call at a late hour and encamped by the side of the main road.

On the morning of September 18, 1911, I went to the Mission and met the Fathers, there being four at this location. The Mission buildings were unpretentious if compared with those at Simba. The location is good. It has the morning sun, but in the afternoon there is shade from two giant hills. From these hills flow an unusually cool stream of water which does not dry up as the water at Mpimbwe two miles farther north, the

former location of the Mission. "The Father Superior" was a powerfully built Teuton of the aggressive and able type and from his position where he was directing a crowd of native workmen who were extending the public road to the Mission, he saw my approach and advanced to meet me with a cheery welcome. Throughout German East Africa there are good public roads kept up by the natives as their contribution to the government and who do not pay a hut tax such as British and Belgian natives pay.

I believe the reader will be interested in the portion of my Notes which deal with the most memorable man I was to meet in my many travels in remote parts of the world. In the brief account of my stay at Mporokoso, I spoke of the lone German traveler from German Southwest Africa who had passed Mporokoso en route to German East Africa. I will give the record of him that I made at Mpimbwe.

Soon after the midday meal another white man arrived, a man of German extraction but born in Brazil. I had met him first in Rhodesia on the way to Abercorn. He was leaving a village when I came to the village. I passed him at Abercorn but was overtaken by him at Bismarkburg. Here, at Mpimbwe, we met again, and I shall not forget the story of his hardships. He came to South Africa from Brazil, where many Germans live, during the Anglo-Boer war. From South Africa he went to German Southwest Africa and after some years there, when failing to get on well, he determined to come to German East Africa as his experience as an engine driver encouraged him to hope that he might secure work on the railroads then under construction. Having more time than money, he decided to walk across the continent. Going northward from German Southwest Africa, he passed into the wilds of Angola, Portuguese West Africa where, by reason of a snake bite, he was for six months unable to make progress, and during his illness he was cared for by natives. Here he bartered his blankets for

food and was from this time without covering from the cool night winds and dependent upon the charity of the natives to whom he could not speak save in sign language. When the native hospitality failed, he either went hungry or subsisted on tender leaves or tuberous plants.

At night he kindled fire and placed nearby a good supply of wood. When wild animals approached, he frightened them away by building a better fire and when this would fail to frighten them, he would take a torch and approach them armed only with a long knife. His shoes gave out and by means of bark sandals he walked many days. Getting at last into Belgian territory and wishing now to come East, he was confronted by a marshy lake, on the banks of which was a marshy undergrowth. Vainly searching for a crossing, he had at last attempted to wade through the marsh, which effort required six hours time. Here in the Congo he passed through a forest and seeing signs of human presence searched and found a European lying on a bed of leaves covered with some blankets. The European was unconscious. Going in search of help, the German found some natives, returned to the spot, and carried the white man to the camp of a European prospector. The ill man had been deserted by his native helpers who had thought him dead. The lone traveler was now in the western portion of the Katanga Province of the Belgian Congo and occasionally heard of or saw a European prospector. Heading East, he passed to the North of Elisabethville and finally crossed the Luapula River. At the Rhodesian bomas (forts or posts) he was well cared for and when at last reaching Bismarkburg, the Commandant and other Germans fitted him with shoes, with clothing and provisions; these things being placed in two boxes. An armed native soldier was detailed to accompany him and a requisition was made upon each village en route to Tabora to furnish two carriers for these boxes. Natives from Bismarkburg carried the boxes to the first village on the way and here

the loads were taken over by local carriers. He told me that the Rhodesian officials had sent an armed guard and provided carriers during the latter part of his journey through Rhodesia. On my own journey, just after crossing the Luapula, I had met a prospector returning from the Congo who told me of the lone traveler, and I had, myself, overtaken him near Abercorn, saw him again at Bismarkburg, but it was here at the Mpimbwe Mission of the White Fathers that I heard his story.

I saw his maimed leg, the result of the snake poison, and saw several large scars caused by accidents encountered in his two years of effort to get to German East Africa. He speaks Portuguese and German fluently, has a fair command of English and Spanish, and understands several native dialects. At Bismarkburg the German officials had taken photographs of this remarkable man, saying that none but an exceptionable human could have undergone these hardships. But here he was at the Mission with a good dinner and a good cigar provided him by the White Fathers, a gaunt, lank German emaciated in body and probably affected slightly in mind, but still aggressive and competent. His body bowed but his will unaffected, a concrete expression of the spirit of his ancestors, the North European, who overthrew the mighty Romans, swarmed over Europe, placed their posterity on every throne of Europe, settled a New World and pauses, but with unsatiable longings for Worlds to conquer.

Having secured some vegetables from the Mission, I instructed the carriers to get ready to move on. I still had the grudge against them for taking me so far from the main route and was determined to make up for the lost time. They were reluctant to start for it was 4 P.M. It was at this time that the last desertion occurred. I had had several desertions in Rhodesia before reaching Fort Rosebery but there were no deserters from porters furnished me by British or German officials. I had secured a cook at Simba who had agreed to go with me to

Tabora on condition that he would not receive physical punishment. He had been an assistant cook at Simba where his duties were light, and his food bountiful. Our forced marches were not to his liking and also he may have been homesick, for he knew none of the porters. When we were ready to start from the Mission, the cook was missing.

We arrived at the village of Mpimbwe and the carriers, being very sulky, did not offer to cook my supper. I had not engaged them for such service and could not demand it of them. The village chief brought food which included bananas, the second time I had seen bananas in a native village, but they were the result of the White Father's labors with the natives. The native women succeeded in getting two pots of water for us after having spent a half hour dipping it from a depression which would become a gushing spring when the wet season arrived. I gave one pot to the refractory carriers who now had two women in their company, one being the bibi from the encampment in the mountains who did not return to her home, the other bibi had been acquired during the day. The porters had been paid in advance for their services and were supposed to have "posho" money available for their food but, being in a sulky mood, they had neglected to secure food before we started the march and there was none at this village. I inquired for a boy who would go with me as a cook but was told by the chief that he and another man were the only male residents. I had plenty of food but, under the circumstances, did not divide it with my carriers. I fried bananas in meal and fat and put sugar on them. They were delicious. Complimenting myself as a cook, I decided to make a rice pudding. I put in rice, a handful of flour, some sugar and baking powder. The rice boiled over, and I had no way to save the overflow. The baking powder was too much in amount or not of the right kind. The product tasted like a baking powder pudding. When morning had come, and knowing the carriers were short of

food, I told them I would give them "American rice pudding." There was a hurried scramble for the pudding and within moments the gallon stewpan in which I had made the pudding was empty. The carriers did not have water to wash the stewpan, and they cleaned it with leaves and sand and then made a hurried preparation of the baggage for what proved to be a most difficult day's journey.

We hurried along the way and by 2 P.M. we had reached a village which was the residence of a native official and fenced with long poles set upright. We were beginning to get into the "lion country." The village was built on both sides of the road, and the traveler had to pass through gateways in the fence. The chief of the village was a capable man and one of importance, holding tributary tribes that cover a wide area. My boys were still recalcitrant, and I decided on an extreme measure. First I would make a close friend of the chief. I began to tell him about America, and he called some of the young male members of his family to hear me. I told him of the house on house fifty stories high, giving the fifty stories additional interest by opening and shutting the fingers on my two hands five times. If I used key words in the Swahili language and spoke slowly all could understand me. If I spoke rapidly, they would scratch their heads. When they spoke rapidly to me, I would scratch my head. After half an hour conversation we were close friends. I then told him that I would journey ahead of my carriers to Kasandalala and that he should see that they did not remain in his village, but follow me. The carriers heard me and they secreted themselves.

The chief told me that the day was nearly finished and the way was long and urged me to stay at his village for the night. I moved along the way. He followed me quite a distance. I joked with him. I then took both his hands in mine and bid him a farewell telling him that myself and carriers would sleep the later hours of the night at Kasandalala.

It was getting late, and this night was to be the most unusual one that I would spend in Africa. It was customary for porters to be in advance and to be followed by the master of a caravan. This custom I frequently violated. Nor did I send a representative ahead of the carriers to notify my prospective hosts that I would soon arrive. My porters had hidden themselves from me. But my friend, the chief, could find them. It was late and the distance to the last village with water near at hand was some fifteen miles. I did not believe the porters would desert for the imposition which they had made on me had caused the conflict between us, and they could not excuse themselves at their own home or to the German officials. But my main trust was in my new friend, the capable man who was paramount chief of many tribes. He would compel the porters to follow me, for I had told him of their taking me three days off the main route to be with their women. They would follow me, and they would know that I and I alone was commander of the caravan.

When night came on, I was on a sandy road twelve feet wide. The darkness was not complete and I had no difficulty seeing some distance ahead. What is that form crouched low in the middle of the road? If it were by the side of the road it might be a small bush. But it is in the middle of a well kept road and the form crouches low as if stalking game. Pride will not permit me to retreat to the company of the carriers though we are in a lion area, and the roar of the lions are often heard. With a fast heart beat and a steel-like grip on my automatic pistol, I approached my enemy and lo an enemy it is not but two small palm bushes, one behind the other, giving an appearance of the elongated form of an animal crouching to spring.

Occasionally on this long walk I would sit down to rest, for I did not want to be too far ahead of my carriers. I had passed through the forest near the village and was well into an area

of many palm trees. Once, while resting, I heard the approach of huge bodies through the palm trees. I made no noise and soon I was surrounded by a herd of giraffe. They were grazing and with much interest I watched the nearer ones stretch their long necks to incredible heights in their search for choice foliage. I feared them but little but some of them were getting close to me, and my presence had not been detected by them. I gave a shout which caused all of them to stop short and listen and some of them, in confusion, began running toward me. Then I stepped into the road and shouted again. Greatly frightened, they made off at a rapid pace, their huge tall forms crashing through the dry palms making a noise like that of a small hurricane.

But this lonely walk through a desolate region was to bring me a capital experience—meeting with a lion, and I did not have my rifle for it was strapped to the bundle of one of the porters. I had reached the game regions near the mountains. Here I passed a herd of deer, of what species I could not discern, but they ran a short distance and looked back after the custom of the hartebeasts. These deer were just at the edge of the forest, the road now passing through a sandy waste and objects could be seen at a considerable distance. Some four or five minutes after seeing the deer I saw a creeping form making its way among the small palms and sand dunes on my left. This time I was not mistaken. In the better light, I could see a large head held close to the ground, following the trail of the deer. I wet my finger to catch the direction of the wind and decided that I had not been detected. Had there been a suitable tree I would have climbed it, but only scrub palms were near. The animal was still silently on the trail of the deer, but it paused and I feared that it had become suspicious of human presence. My nerves became tense. I would be the aggressor. I seized and shook the branches of dry palms which make a considerable crackling noise and at the same time I

literally bellowed in a high voice ending the procedure by discharging my pistol in its direction. Now "His Majesty," the King of Beasts, the symbol of power on the arms of great nations, what did he do? Keenly intent upon the hartebeasts and taken unawares by this sudden demonstration he paused for a split second, turned at right angle to his trail and with one wild leap after another, accompanied by gutural sounds, fled.

From the number of hours traveled, I believed I was now not far from Kasandalala. There are two things to be kept in mind when looking for a rest house at any village. The village may be off the road and approached only by a narrow path for the location of a village is usually determined by the water available, and the main roads often are cut in straight lines. Also, the village may consist of different settlements all known by the same name but only one of which maintains a public rest house. I heard some voices to my right and soon saw two or three fires burning in that direction. Not seeing a road leading to the fires, I sought to attract attention by blowing a whistle which I carried to waken porters from slumber. After two or three loud blasts on the whistle, the voices which were engaged in high pitched conversation, ceased, and I was surprised to see the fires disappear. Then I shouted "Hodi, Hodi," the polite native expression when wishing to enter a village or house, but again received no answer. Unable to find the path, I wandered across the open ground in the direction of the village and came upon a small grove in the midst of which I could see the dim outline of native huts. Again I spoke in native dialect but not a sound came from the huts. I then entered the grove and, coming to the huts, cried out in a polite voice "Hodi, Hodi," and added that I was not a foe but a friend who did not know the way, and did not wish to spend more time begging for the customary admission of a traveler. Whereupon, an old decrepit man with bowed back and head came out of the dark-

ness and laboriously approached me striving to make progress by leaning heavily on a cane. He told me that he was old and poor, the only male resident of the village and, while speaking, tried vainly to penetrate the darkness beyond me wishing to see my companions, if any. Observing his suspicion, I informed him that I was alone, preceding my porters, and being weary wished food and shelter, and I again assured him that I was a friend and that my only purpose for stopping at his village was to use it as a way station on my journey to Tabora. He appeared more at ease, and I asked him to get me some eggs and bring a pot with water to boil them. He called in a language I did not understand and immediately several native women came from the dark underbrush beyond the grove and, seeing my disposition toward them was friendly, they hurriedly set about cooking the eggs and relighting the fires. Later some men came out of the darkness, two or three at a time, and approached cautiously. Within a half hour after my arrival, the village folk had all returned and most of them were closely inspecting their white guest who had so unceremoniously imposed himself upon them. The aged and "decrepit" man was now walking upright, running about, and giving directions to those who were preparing my food and bed. (This village was on an old slave route from the interior to the East Coast. The enslavement of Africans had been suppressed by certain European powers on the West Coast for a hundred years before the Europeans came to the East Coast and tried to suppress it there. The older natives in this village could remember the slave raiders and knew that when returning eastward that they would often seize for sale individuals from tribes nearer the East Coast. My hosts were not lacking in intelligence. Had I actually been at the head of slave raiders or of some raiders who slew for ivory, what they did was evidence of high intelligence).

A hut was provided for me in which was a substantial bedstead with strips of hide to support the body after the pattern of the English and American old fashioned corded bedstead. There was no covering furnished and none needed for a fire started on one side of the hut was provided with extra fire wood. I bid my host good night and without removing clothing, leggings, or shoes went to sleep. Soon I awoke from the clucking of the chickens that were housed for the night under my bed. The chickens seemed disturbed by the big rats that were running to and fro about the room. Also the hut was getting hot. I arose, removed the defense used as a door, threw wood on the fire to increase the light, began a warfare with the rats, and made a mental note that if the rat is a carrier of disease the natives had acquired some form of immunity to such disease for many of their villages swarm with rats.

It was now 12 at midnight, and I was thinking of my carriers when the familiar "Hodi, Hodi" sounded without and the carriers came up weary and worn, having carried the baggage with but little rest since seven o'clock the previous morning. They were not mad at me. Our feud was over. They knew that I was the head of the caravan and that there would be no question as to whom would give command. After getting quarters for my carriers, I took my rifle and slept on my cot outside of the hut without a fire burning. We were in a lion country and the huts were strongly built. I went to sleep hearing the roaring of lions and dreamed that I had devised a way to exterminate them. The meat bait was placed on a metal base charged with electricity and when the lion came for it he was electrocuted. He killed himself.

I have said that the ill feeling between my carriers and myself had passed. All of them volunteered to cook for me. I selected two, thanked the others, and lightened somewhat the loads of the two selected. It was a short journey to the village near the mountain pass, but my lunch was delayed an intoler-

able time by the nonarrival of the box containing the cooking vessels, this box being in the custody of the porter whose "bibi" was still in the caravan, and it was said that she had taken sick. I gave instruction that the bibi go no further with us. There was a palisated house within sight of our camp and the bibi was either sent there or back to Kasandalala.

The rest house here is a long grass structure divided by grass petitions into rooms but these rooms have nothing to serve as doors. My "boys" had had plenty of time to gather fire wood, but they did not and when, after darkness, a lion was heard near by there was a hurried scurrying to get branches to place in doorways and more fuel for the fire. The next morning we made an early start and were soon crossing the mountain. This mountain pass had recently been reconstructed under the supervision of trained Germans who had taken advantage of the conformation of the hills to make ascent comfortable, but even with the new way open it is difficult to cross, there being several steep grades to make. Here we had the unusual experience of witnessing a tree fall by force of its own weight. While ahead of the carriers. I heard a popping, cracking, noise above me and observed on the ridge farther up a tree of good proportions, which, leaning down the hill, appeared to be insecure at its roots. I hurried by, calling for the porters to beware of the leaning mti (tree). They stopped and as they did so the tree, which was very tall but not thick gave way at its roots causing much dust to arise and leaving a great hole in the ground, came crashing to earth, its tops resting in the roadway.

Climbers of this mountain will be well rewarded when surmounting its heights, for here in a craggy valley just at the summit is a copious stream of the coolest water to be found probably in Central Africa in areas other than mountains with snow upon them. For two days there has been thirst slackened only by a thick grayish colored liquid used as water and if one is aware that from this time on, for a distance of a great many

miles to the north, with the exception of Tabora, he will not have another chance at good water, he will camp nearby and be loth to forsake that which soon will be longed for with a great longing—a drink of pure water.

Being jealous of the passing of time, I did not stop here but pressed on to Kimoto, a village recorded in my advance road notes as the proper camp after passing the mountain. Arriving at Kimoto (moto means fire, heat) a village deserving its name, being situated on a sunblistered hillside, we found the place deserted. It had lately been moved. This moving of villages is not uncommon in Central Africa. While in the Congo, I saw the remains of a village of importance, though at the time of my passing there was not a human habitation within twenty miles.

Finding Kimoto abandoned, we continued our journey to the second village beyond the mountain. Here there is a newly constructed rest house and we had hardly taken possession of it when an old chief in custody of several big strapping bucks arrived and presented a paper which, being written in German, took me some time to read. The paper stated that this old man was a chief and cited the extent of his possessions. Whatever at one time the character of the old man had been, it was plain that at present under the domination of these well fed loafers, black and sleek, who had him in charge, that the old fellow was but a tool in their hand—a beggar used to extract gifts from Europeans. This custom of expecting gifts is prevalent among the natives, encouraged by the occasional passage of a European with more money than brains or a judgment weaker than his emotions. The eagerness on the part of the courtiers to bring the old man to obtain gifts was so hurried that they had neglected to see that food, water and wood had been provided for the traveler—a native custom ordinarily productive of a gift of money or commodities far in excess of the value of the services rendered. I called a Swahili to interpret and in-

formed the old man who had been reduced to the status of a beggar by the huge bucks that had him under their control that I had received no services and was not indebted to him. That it was an ancient custom for a free gift to be made upon the departure of a guest that had been well treated. His escort sent him back to me two or three times begging for a gift, repeating that all white men that passed had made gifts. I refused and the old fellow went away mumbling and now the sleek young bloods who had all but carried him to my camp went away without giving him aid.

The next marches were to be signalized by lack of water together with persistent attacks of the tsetse (fly). There are few people who from time to time have not felt sufficient thirst to grasp the meaning of a lack of water. It is the dry season here, and you are not assured that at the end of a long and weary journey, however pitiless the sun and persistent the tsetse, and however weary your feet, that you will find good water when the day's march is over. The water you will get is a soapy, grayish liquid, hot from the burning sands which has found its way to the surface and impregnated, possibly, with germs of a dozen diseases. But water it is and whether you be patrician or plebian you want it. You will not wait to boil it. Defy the warnings of the scientist. When he told you to boil the water he was not perishing with thirst. Boiling would destroy most germs. Digesting the germs would also destroy most of them. The natives digest them and live. Let the white man also digest them. Drink such water daily for three weeks. It will make you sick but by the time it sickens you too much you will be in the presence of Europeans who kindly tell you that you ought not to have partaken of that vile stuff, and you reply that water you must have and that you have partaken of the best and only supply of water from Kimoto to Tabora.

One morning I met a little old man, kindly looking, whose only outward adornment was a long frock coat—A Prince

Albert of ancient lineage. He appeared in the road just in front of me, bowed quite low and clapped his hands in salutation as do the well bred and informed me that he was the chief of a village near by and invited me to stop and rest. This queer small fellow who had discarded the tribal symbol of royalty, the Kaross, to don a second hand European coat, was so sincere in his manner that I, not having time to stop, invited him to accompany me on the highway, that he could return when he pleased. We walked together and I observed him closely, the thin fingers, the kinky gray hair skirting a head bald and aged. The benevolent expression of his countenance and the kindly gleam from his deep set eyes were calculated to render a stranger well disposed toward him. Upon the features of chiefs I have observed craft, cruelty, or in some cases, weakness, but here was perfect poise, perfect dignity, combined with features of courage. A man by nature endowed to lead his people and whose command would not be opposed.

Is it a pathetic commentary on the lowly African or is it a sign of hope that in many parts of the country the proud and regal of their race lay aside the ensignia of rank and social distinction and don European garments? That a battered helmet and worn waistcoat is more prized than the Kaross and the Ostrich Plume? That the insignia of high lineage is cast aside for a second hand coat of the great Usungu (white man)?

Is there portent in this native desire to appear as a white man? The relatively higher culture of the white race causes the native to look upon white men as possessed of a power which is mystically connected with might and wisdom. He wants the white man's raiment, and is this want a prelude to a desire for the white man's power? And will such want lead the native to abandon his life of relative ease and diligently labor with hand and mind to create for himself a higher culture of his own? He will need a system of education basically native to the soil and expressive of the genius of his race, and not one

planted by European Missions or European Governors where the tendency of the teaching will be to perpetuate European control. Eventually he will need an industrialized society not copied too much from European sources for the native African is a black man, not a white man. Will he be able at last to fight his own battles, man his own ships, direct his own industries, and govern his own soil? Such questions force us into the realm of speculation, and we are insecure for the records of history show that the African native has long abided at a low cultural level. But the invasion of his domain by the white race has proved that he longs for a higher culture. Whether the native can lift himself by his own bootstraps is a matter which history will record.

On the fifth day after crossing the last range of mountains, we made a long march and throughout the day the tsetse was present in great numbers. Also lion tracks were present in the road, as later would be tracks of elephants in Uganda. I asked if the people were terrified by man-eating lions and was told that here as elsewhere the lions occasionally carried off an individual but that the greater number of signs we saw was because there was but one watering place in the vicinity and many lions came here to drink.

At the end of this taxing day's journey, I came upon the camp of a white man, a German labor recruiter for the Dar Es Salaam-Tabora railroad. He was resting in the shade of his tent and partaking of afternoon tea. Another cup was provided, more tea was made, and soon was forgotten the taxing East Africa sun, for my host was telling me of the Southwest German colony in Africa where he had spent several years and also of Australia in which country he had lived. I think that of all people, the Germanic Teuton is the greatest wanderer. In all places that I have been, there the German wanderer is to be found. But the grip of the Fatherland lies heavily on these travelers, they are soldier subjects of the

Fatherland and will return to the Fatherland at any time from any place. They are subject to military call. This they will tell you.

I spent the night on my cot in the tent of my host. There was a lion fight a short distance away at the watering hole. I looked anxiously toward my rifle. My host told me not to be disturbed, that the mutterings, the snarls and snaps were not those of angry fighting lions but came when one crowded another at the water hole.

On the following day I killed my last deer. Chickens were getting scarce, and it looked like a meat famine was on us. We had had a long walk and I was clad in pajamas and shoes lying on my cot when a native boy told me there were deer in sight. I could see one not far away. I was standing by a tree which had been partially uprooted and its incline near me was about breast high. This would be the only shot for which I had a rest for my rifle. I placed my arm under the tree and grasped the rifle barrel. The deer, noticing me, was standing head on and raised its head a bit to look at me. I fired. The deer disappeared in the reeds of a small eminence, possibly an ant hill, and I cursed myself for lack of aim. Almost at once a deer appeared on the other side of the small hill, and I shot quickly at its shoulder bringing it down. I retired to my cot and when the deer was being dressed a native came to me and said, "Bwana, you hit the deer twice." I told him no, that I aimed at its nose, had the shot gone up it would have hit its skull, if down it would have hit its chest, if on either side of the nose it would have broken a shoulder. I said that I had missed the first deer and brought down another one. Then he said that the first shot had gone down the deer's throat, the second one had shattered its shoulder.

Now that we had meat, the porters begged to stop and rest a day or so. They reminded me that the exceedingly long marches had paid their debt to me for taking me from the

direct route to Tabora. Now they wished to rest for the next three days would be across country following only a path and where water was notoriously absent. I saw a way to rest the porters and at the same time not lose a day. At least I would make such effort. The body of the deer had been brought to our camp and the villagers had gathered around. In an angry tone, I demanded of the headman of the village why he had not provided me with a gift in the form of food when I encamped at his village. He said that the white travelers had diminished his chicken supply and that he could not offer me meat for food. I told him that I had always given to my hosts more than the value I had received from them but that he had not played the part of host and that he would pay me for any meat that was in my possession. Then I demanded that he furnish carriers to carry all my baggage one day's march for which service I would give him three-fourths of the deer and that if he did not furnish the carriers he should not have any of the meat, that I would proceed to a nearby village, ask for carriers, and make a gift of it there. He said he would furnish the carriers but prayed that the meat be given that evening, and if so he would personally answer for the carriers in the morning. This arrangement pleased my worn out men and they became elated at the idea of walking without a load and expressed how pleasant it would be to see other porters carrying their boxes for them. They slept well, with a light heart, the prospect for the morrow being bright.

The following morning the men sent by the chief of the village came early and we soon had forsaken the public road and headed across country to get to another public highway leading to Tabora. When we had gotten to the first village an incident occurred which recalled my early marches in Rhodesia. All the new carriers objected to marching where there was no road and all of them wished to return to their home. I had anticipated such event and to claim the friendship of the chief of

this village—who is paramount lord of a good sized territory—I had brought the heart of the deer which I now presented to my host with my best wishes. Having received the gift, he directed the new carriers to keep their contract with me, which they did.

Heretofore I had passed through waterless regions but always had followed a well defined public thoroughfare. Now we were dependent upon guides and followed poorly defined footpaths where for fifteen or sixteen miles there was neither habitation nor water. The guide usually is obtained at the first village and serves until the caravan arrives at the second village, where a new guide is obtained. This way of obtaining guides is followed generally throughout the less known parts of Central Africa and is a satisfactory means to secure men who are well aware of the way. There need be no fear that the request for a guide will be refused for such is the immemorial custom.

I had seen natives overcome by heat when they were in a feverish condition but today a big black fellow, one of the new porters, staggered queerly for a few steps and fell. I feared it to be a case of sunstroke, but if so it was of milder form than usual. A carrier poured water on the stricken man's face, and we got him into the shade where pretty soon he came around again and apart from a temporary weakness was none the worse from his sudden collapse.

That night when we had reached a village and encamped, I was enabled to explode the often expressed reason given by natives, that they did not have chickens because white men had eaten them. Now here in this out-of-the-way place where white men do not appear, I asked for a fowl and was told that there were none. There are many variant tribes in German East Africa and most of the backward tribes have been pushed into the less desirable areas by more powerful tribes. In the village where we were now encamped there were no domesti-

cated animals, not even the dog. Rats there were, big and gentle, but as this tribe, unlike some much farther south, does not eat rats, it is safe to conclude that the rats were looked upon rather as hard to get rid of and not relied on to augment the family larder.

The three days we were following this trail across country were the most disagreeable of my travels. Without outlook, seeing neither to the right nor left, going steadily on, the water carried becomes hot, the flies greedy, and the long marches appear endless. On one occasion I sent my guide ahead telling him to let the folks at the next village know that I wanted fresh water on my arrival. The water in the village would probably be warm, having been brought in during the early morning; and to get fresh water takes time to go to the spring, if you can designate a hole in the ground in which the water rises by slow seeping process, by that very revered name. I was rewarded for my precaution for I was met far from the next village by a young black girl of excellent physique bearing on her head a pot of water. In my memory of individuals during my African journey, this girl, and a young Negro man, whom I shall mention later, are the two individuals to whom I would want to send Greetings and Presents.

At last we arrived at a village on the main road leading to Tabora. We were now in a more developed portion of the German territory, a portion south and west of Tabora which for a long time had felt the influence of the Arab and Swahili settlement at Tabora and for the past twenty years has been advanced, aided and commanded by the German government having Tabora as a center. This newer influence is seen not only in the demeanor of the people but in their possessions of some vegetables of European origin which will occasionally be seen. The people are better clothed and better housed, the tendency of the more successful being to construct houses of a square or oblong pattern. Also there will be seen a few dukas

(stores). These native stores are little else than depositories of native food to barter to passing carriers and also a few yards of calico are kept for trade. When the change is made from the prevailing African type of housing to a more commodious form the native seems to feel somewhat advanced in manners and intelligence by the new architecture which has restandardized his comfort.

I have seen at some of the Mission Stations natives living in large, well ventilated square shaped houses, resting on deck chairs, and eating from tables. The Arabs introduced the larger type of residence and the presence of the European has increased the native ambition to acquire European culture. The native will cast aside the most valuable of his own creation for the products of European labor. Take for instance the water jar evolved into some degree of perfection by the best workmen of a thousand generations. The jar, not lacking in beauty, will be cast aside by the native for a tin can such as is used for the shipment of kerosene and it is safe to predict that the native who has the tin can will feel that he is more socially elevated than his neighbor who has the jar. I have heard Europeans rave over native art, crediting to the artist the spirit and technique of an Angelo or a Praxiteles all because they were observing a native water jar. Yet, in Africa, I have seen those who were compared to Angelo and Praxiteles cast aside their high art to become possessed of a tin can.

I was informed that there was an important sultani ahead from which we could obtain milk. As we drew near the august presence of royalty, we saw men and women, old and young, returning from their day's labor and going to the city of their king. Also some were bringing tribute and those who had not gifts would bring them in due time. Soon we were upon the sultani located among royal houses where the air is best and the view most entrancing. We continued our course and met this paramount lord and a king it was not but a queen, who

brought me milk. The queen was light colored, broad of girth, short of statue, and unburdened by shoes but with all a true queen with an assuring manner and smile.

When I saw the Sultaness and certain of her female courtiers approaching the rest house bringing me milk in a gourd I was gravely concerned for I also must make a gift. Then I remembered the belt. Among the things I had brought from Elisabethville for gifts along the way was a wide and shiny black belt of considerable length. It was provided with a large bright buckle and on its spacious sides had two leathern pockets each of which had closing attachments kept in place by means of three bright push clasps. With a bow and a beaming smile, I placed it around the Sultaness. It was just the right size. She was now my friend and after again welcoming me to the village returned to her home clad in the new belt, an object of much interest to the younger maidens who accompanied her.

This sultani is on the main road and also at the cross roads of one or two minor roads and often large caravans encamp here. This traffic is considerable and a good many professional porters rely on such occupation for livelihood, frequently making trips of one hundred to three hundred miles.

I, as a white man, was no longer attracting attention. There were Mohammedans publicly kneeling in prayer. We were getting near to Tabora but how near were we? "Boom, Boom, Boom." What was that? The carriers think it the evening salute of cannon at the boma (fort). But a man who has worked in a mine knows sounds like that. It is dynamite. Tabora is near. The new railway is approaching the town and that booming is not three miles away.

CHAPTER VIII

GERMAN EAST AFRICA: TABORA TO MWANZA

By daylight the following morning we were under way and by seven o'clock we were approaching the German settlement. First we passed a native settlement, then came the Indian location, then the Arab, and finally the settlement of the Europeans in the center of the town.

I had a note of introduction to a German hotel keeper and in looking for him went by mistake into a large hotel-like house. This was a fortunate mistake, for the owner of the house, a Swede, whom I aroused from slumber, spoke German, English and Swahili fluently. With much consideration for my comfort, he directed me where to go and gave me needed local information.

After getting breakfast in the hotel, I went over to the market place which was composed of numerous dukas, or stalls. The articles for sale in most of them were arranged on low frames or lying on the ground. Overhead was a high and spacious grass roof. Two coverings such as this protected the two lots of stalls placed opposite each other in the center of the town.

Of the articles for sale, the most showy ones were brightly colored loin cloths and robes. Among the foods were vegetables and meat. The peanuts and the potatoes were separated into small amounts in squares or circles on a mat, each square or circle containing a hellers worth of the commodity. Soap was set aside in small particles which were worth five hellers. Soap of a blue mottled variety was in an increasing demand, even the Arabs were beginning to use it. A few second hand European clothes were for sale and a perfume of a cheap French

make was very popular. Many stalls kept this neutralizer of natural odor and hucksters holding a small bottle of this perfume in their hands circulated among the marketeers praising in clarion tone the superior benefits of the brand in his possession, uncorking the bottle and giving you a sniff to prove conclusively its high merit. Soap and perfume were declared to be complementary, what soap could not do, perfume could effect.

In all this trading, which is a daily affair, and the market a social resort, there is much talking and salesmanship. Not only do the sellers use many words but they have many prices. The seller states a price and comes down, the buyer states a price and goes up; the seller praising the article, the buyer decrying its value. They finally come to an agreement. In the transfer of all articles, the seller would think you a fool if you gave him the first price he had asked. Also the seller; say he is an Indian, will have one price for an article if sold to an Indian, another price on the same article if sold to an Arab, a different price if sold to a Negro, and still a different one if sold to a European. He invariably claims more from the Europeans than from the other races. This principle of preying upon the European is considered just and in kinship it also operates among many merchants of Southern Europe who charge the American and English travelers a higher price than they do their homefolk.

Tabora has not only an advantage of being at the railhead and thereby being in touch with the European population on the East Coast, but it has local establishments of importance such as hotels, a large mission station, government buildings and government officials and is, and has been for many years, the chief town of the central interior and under the new prosperity produced by the Germans it has every prospect of becoming more important than it has been in the past.

I arrived in Tabora on Saturday and was forunate enough to witness a Saturday night in this frontier city. I had been told that militarism in Germany under the Kaiser was cold and lifeless, that the Germans were warlike by reason of being dutiful subjects of their government whose policy was conquest but which engendered not the spirit of war. I had been told that the "machinery" of the German army was stiff and that the men were little more than automatons in drill. Now I had my first opportunity of seeing German soldiers and German citizen soldiers meeting together and engaging in their racial pleasantness of drinking beer and talking racial patriotism. Also, I had been among Germans from time to time for several weeks and had talked with German colonials, both civilians and soldiers. I had talked with German travelers and with German sailors. I saw nothing of the cold and lifeless militarism imputed to them by certain British and American writers. And soon I held the Germans as peer and possibly superior to the British, French, Austrians, Italians, Portuguese, and Scandinavians in the individual glorification of country and of pride in their army and their navy. The German has an unlimited faith in the prowess of these arms, and he has an ebullition of genuine patriotic spirit. No people talk so much of "Our glorious country" with evident sincerity unless it be the Americans. At Tabora, where I make this estimate of the German soldier and civilian, I am not passing judgment upon the effectiveness of the German armed forces but warning those who fancy that the German soldier is a mechanism and that his war spirit is simulated. I believe that a fair estimate of the German will reveal him now as he has been for many centuries in history, a warrior by instinct, a patriot by training.

At Tabora I lightened my loads by selling some of my equipment to an Indian trader. Among the things sold to him were my camera, my rifle, and my automatic pistol. The journey northward which confronted me had been made by many

people and I could purchase pictures at the larger towns. I would not need to kill deer for food for there would be cattle along the way and meat was cheap. There would be but little more lion country, and that not a man-eating area. However, I am of a cautious nature and when I had sold my rifle and automatic pistol to the Indian trader I bought from him a good 45 six-shooter, just in case that danger should be incurred.

Two of the porters who had come with me from Bismarkburg volunteered to go with me from Tabora to Mwanza on Lake Victoria some 175 miles to the north. This pleased me much. I would need to recruit fewer carriers at Tabora and would have the services of two capable men who had become my close friends.

Before recording our journey on the Tabora-Mwanza highway, I will insert from my original notes comments that I made on public highways; on the aggressions of the white man against the native; on the white writers who portrayed "Darkest Africa"; and my personal estimate of native ability to absorb the higher intellectual culture of the white race.

This straight road (constructed by European engineers) through the mountain forests showing in bold relief as it surmounts the hills, disappearing from view as it sinks downward through the valley but soon to appear on a further peak, is depressing to contemplate. It gives a vivid realization of forthcoming effort. It is suggestive of weary climbing and equally weary descent. I prefer to have the prospects veiled in such regions. When the traveler sees a road stretching to immeasurable distances ahead and when the eye encompasses range after range of mountains to be crossed the contemplation of the exactions of the way depresses the spirit. I am willing and able to walk 25 miles daily, but I do not like to see 10 to 15 miles ahead. A short view is refreshing, but an immeasurable one taxes the spirit equally as much as the actual effort in reaching its limit. I will add that the highways nearer the larger towns such as

Tabora were not in as good condition as the newly constructed highways which covered some 300 miles through the interior to Bismarkburg.

The upkeep of the roads rests upon the natives and this seems agreeable to the male natives. The government does not require each male to labor a specified number of days but divides the highway into sections giving each section to a definite village or community. This policy works well for the men who send their women to work the road and any road policy is wise in the estimation of the ruling males which does not require too much personal exertion on their part. It is a sight of tragic interest to come upon a company of road workers. A horde of women and girls at work, a few bucks loafing about and occasionally giving orders. Two-thirds of the female workers are old women whose skins are wrinkled into serried folds; whose breasts, unsupported by apparel, hang down to an incredible length, who walk with feeble gait but whose hoes are going ceaselessly—and such hoes, the crudest tool used by man since the beginning of the age of iron. Modeled somewhat like the gooseneck type of hoe but crudely made, consisting of a flat triangular piece of iron with a hole near one corner, and it does not matter much which corner, through which a stick is placed. This stick, though quite short, is used as a handle while the strip of iron, unsharpened and untempered, serves as a hoe. This crude hoe is not effective in the matter of speed but the native philosophy is that if you cannot cut through a weed at one blow, try a second time. . . . The using of small axes and dull hoes reflects the native attitude to the question of time.

It is a significant fact that the hands which have wielded the lash and the nations that have enslaved many Africans have also elevated them culturally. The Hamite gave them cattle. The Arab pillaged and plundered vast regions and sent many into slavery, but he barbarianized many who were semi-savage

and who, themselves, had not domesticated plants or animals. He oftimes stole their ivory but he carried to many of them some vegetables, some domesticated animals and, in the grass lands south of the Sahara, added greatly to their knowledge of the horse. The Portuguese, the Spanish, and the English took the African captive and transported him to the Western World. But they brought to Africa maize (corn), potatoes, peanuts, and other domesticated plants. The modern Europeans have introduced the wheel and methods of keeping time. In their African colonies they do not rely upon slavery to obtain the labor of the native. They have devised a system of enforceable contract to labor. They have sought to make labor necessary and enforce it when contracted.

I was incensed by the writing of certain European travelers in Africa who became authors in Europe and dwelt upon the "darkness" of Africa and the dangers of journeys there when no part of their journeys were made except on well built roads with telegraph wires overhead. I was resentful because such authors did not give the white man credit for some 20 to 30 years of effort during which he had brought peace to the warring tribes, had built railroads, had constructed many highways upon which an automobile could travel, and had so effectively dominated the central portion of the continent that naked tribes on the shores of Lake Victoria could look out on splendid modern steamers traversing this great inland lake.

I held that the whites who for 30 years had been building up the interior should be featured in any writing about Africa and that Europe and America should know that the Congo River and certain of its tributaries are used as mail routes and that boats on the Nile carry mail and commercial freight. I write of the year 1911. Of course there is some danger from wild animals but the life of white people is safer in Negro and Negroid Africa than in Europe and America. Let the writer record the heroic pioneering efforts of those of our race which

have preceded us and discuss the effect of the sun and disease. There are not many white men in tropical Africa who would not prefer to meet a lion than endure the torture of the sun when malarial fever is on them. After a description of the sun and fever let the writer speak of other maladies, some of which remove flesh from the bones. Let them speak of the dreaded tsetse (fly) which kills domesticated animals and gives to man all but a fatal illness. Let them speak of the spirillum or of other ticks, of the high death rate from tuberculosis, and of the burrowing matakini which enters the flesh without causing pain or itch.

One hundred years ago it was often expressed by white men that the African, as a race, was inherently incapable of reaching the high state of intellectual and material culture attained by the yellow and white races. This theory seems to be disproven. Individual Africans under Arabic influence have shown a mental status practically equal to that of the Arab. The American Negro, and those in South Africa, under white guidance from time to time have risen in philosophical reasoning and advanced in the practical sciences to such an extent as to discourage the theory of mental impotence of the race. The African can learn from the white man. History will record whether he can stand on his own feet and advance by his own genius.

The road to Mwanza had been often used by the Arabs and the Swahili who are a mixbreed people formed by crossing the Arab with the Bantu. The highway was not as good as the newer government roads over which we had been but was quite satisfactory for porterage. To escape the tsetse and the noon day sun, I had been accustomed to breaking camp near midnight and arriving at our destination in the early morning for it is not the morning sun but the midday sun which plays havoc with the traveler.

We had not heard a lion roar for a good many days. Now, for a distance, we would be in lion country, but the lions in this area were not reputed to be man-eaters. We camped in a woodland near a native village and I had gotten the porters awake and ready to travel at about 2 A.M., when a lion roared not far away. We had a bright fire burning, and fire is considered a reasonable protection from lions. The lion roar was so near that all the porters stopped and looked at me. I kicked out the fire and told them we would proceed on our way. They moved on without replying. Within a minute, from our left, came the roar of another lion. Then a third lion roared. The porters stopped again. If the road through the forest should lead us a little to the left we certainly would be near the second lion. I affected more courage than I felt, laughed at the carriers and informed them that they were such a miserable lot that lions would not harm them. I walked ahead of the porters and they kept close to me. From the first roar I had made sure that my 45 caliber revolver was in proper condition. As we passed through the forest, I held the gun in my hand and could quickly have leveled it and steadied it by placing the barrel over my left fore arm. I was never more alert than when on this dark trail through the woodland and before daylight was pleased to see that the forest was receding and that we were entering an open country. But the open country was to give me a nerve tingling as the forest had never done. We had entered a reed area. Immense reeds, some of them eighteen feet high, were on each side of the road and their growth was so thick that no animal could well walk through them. My mind had been playing with the idea that if a lion had come from the forest at night to the open country where cattle were found and was returning to the forest it would certainly walk in the roadway rather than try to squeeze through the thick reeds. It was still dark. I dimly saw the movement of something pressing against the reeds and im-

mediately in front of me I saw the form of an animal about the size of a big lion stop in the road. I dropped to my knee, placed the barrel of the six-shooter over my left fore arm and awaited developments. Almost at once a voice came—nini? nini? (what is it?, what is it?). I sensed that a native would not be that near a lion, and responded, "shut up." We had met a small group of natives bringing cattle to the Tabora market. The advance guard had seen my helmet, and had pressed into the reeds. A calf was near him and had stopped when he stopped.

It was about four days north of Tabora that I experienced my first touch of malaria. A long march proved unusually irksome, and I could not sleep well. The following morning I hurried to get an early start as I feared the sun in my weakened condition. We had traveled about three hours when we came upon a comfortable looking rest house. I decided to encamp and was soon lying down when a temperature arose and there was intense perspiration.

A Catholic Mission Station was near, only a few minutes away. Expecting that there would be a priest there with medical knowledge, I sent a native to the Mission, asking for the doctor. A short while afterwards a most kindly mannered priest came to my bedside, having hurried over on his bicycle. He gave me some powder to induce rest and later sent me a bottle of wine. The next morning the fever had gone, but it had left me somewhat weakened. There was no chill in this attack. The most disagreeable feature of this first appearance of malaria was intense perspiration which lasted more than twelve hours.

One night our rest was disturbed by a prowling animal, possibly a hyena or a jackall. These animals are not dangerous but one of them was bold enough to pinch the face of a porter who was sleeping under his unfolded loin cloth. I was awakened by a naked porter running about with his hands to his

nose and speaking painfully in a language I did not understand. An interpreter told me that the porter's face had been pinched by a prowling animal. I assumed that the porter's breath coming through his head cover had invited the pinch. Very soon there was a cry from a porter in another outfit encamped nearby who had been similarly pinched. The porters, fearing such a pinch, would certainly tend to stay awake and I decided to watch for the disturber of our rest. The moon was full, and I judged that I would be able to see the animal. I arose from my cot and took position behind a large tree just outside of the camp area. I had not waited long before I saw a somewhat doglike form approaching. To get a position from which to shoot I made some noise and the animal stopped and sniffed the air. He, however, was not frightened but decided to circle around me and reach the other side of the camp. I got a full view of him and fired. He leaped high, yelped, and started away. Thinking that he was crippled, I rushed after him but this thoroughly frightened him and soon he was lost in the woodland.

The next camp was near a sultan of some prominence. The chief who appeared to be about three-fourths Arab interested me by a remark he made concerning my hunting knife. He examined it and asked me how much it cost. I replied that in South Africa it cost 12 shillings. He said that it cost 12 shillings in South Africa but cost only 8 shillings six pence in England. He was right. In his family there were four young girls. I do not know how many wives he had but took note that though these girls were very youthful in appearance that possibly they had experienced puberty. They came together to my camp and asked me a good many questions. One of them was either half Arab or of some European mixture.

The following day a native told me that we would soon pass a butcher's shop. I was becoming used to surprises but when informed that nearby there was a shop from which fresh meat

could be purchased, I asked him to repeat what he had said. He again said that he was speaking the truth. I gave him two rupees and told him to bring me fresh meat and that if he did not I would turn him over to my men who were hungry. Soon he returned after having purchased the heart of a beef and also other choice pieces for the sum of one shilling and five pence. When I looked at the meat purchased for such a small sum I could not but recall that when I left America that some substantial citizens were economizing on meat because of its exhorbitant price.

By the next day my fever had returned and it was with considerable difficulty that I managed to get to the camp. At this point there was an Indian merchant and two white men. Soon after arriving I received a note from the white men saying that they had heard that I was ill and they offered some medicine to allay the malaria. Shortly afterward one of them came to my camp and invited me to dinner, an invitation which I gladly accepted. These men were manufacturing soap and cooking oil from the peanut. They were Germans. They were among the few of that race which I had heard talk rationally of the impending struggle between Germany and Great Britain. It is usual for the German to remind the foreigner of the omnipotence of the German army and in the past few years since possessing a few good naval vessels they as loudly declare the invincibility of their navy. I had been told that the English navy was old and rotten, that the German navy was new, and the more powerful of the two. Here, my German hosts held that ship for ship the German navy was the more powerful but it was vastly outnumbered in tonnage and that this factor might determine the outcome of a sea battle between the two navies. On this occasion we were speaking of the strained relations caused by the Moroccan Affair when one of my hosts remarked that German greatness was in her commerce and that Germany at the present time could not afford to fight and

risk that commerce being swept from the seas. I told him that I believed that the rapid rise of the German commerce in competition with the British would be the underlying reason for war between these countries, if war should come.

The next camp was reached by 11 A.M. At this camp we saw probably 100 or more porters coming from Mwanza with Ujiji and the Belgian Congo as the destinations of their loads. Also here we overtook a large number of carriers who like ourselves had come from Tabora and were en route to Mwanza. These Tabora to Mwanza porters were carrying hides of cattle. This trade in hides is important in Eastern Central Africa but here as elsewhere, in the outlying districts, the Indian traders usually come first in possession of these hides and there is in the hide industry, as in all other industries, considerable feeling between the white man who wants the hides for export and the Indian trader who first gets possession of them and will relinquish them only on terms of his own dictation. While the Indian in German territory is not as powerful as the Indian in British East Africa yet he is of sufficient strength to practically monopolize native trade in the interior. I am not familiar with the Chinese trader but doubt that he could survive competition with the Indian trader in Africa. The white race has the Jew, the Armenian, the Syrian, and to some extent, the Greek, as trading stocks. But these white traders, and put with them the best of the British and the German, would be hopeless in competition with the Indian in Africa, unless special favors by government were shown to the white traders. The Indian, if need be, can live on lentil and rice and sleep on a mat. He lives in his store and is ready for business eighteen hours per day, and if there is an urgent customer he will attend to him during the "closing hours." He is shrewd and capable at all times. Under equal privileges in competition, he will bankrupt the white trader with ease, but as I have said, I do not know how he could come out in competition with the Chinese trader. But

he certainly would force the Chinese to use his family as clerks, and eat, sleep, wash, iron, and become ragged in a one-room shop.

There is a vigor engendered by the topography of this section of German East Africa. The monotony of innumerable hills and that of endless plains is not found here. Not only is there a variety of natural scenery but there are certain rock formations which develop great interest in a study of their origin. Consider a wide plain covered with rich green grass. In its center is an accumulation of huge rocks, house-like in size, piled on each other. On each side of this aggregation of enormous stones the country is level as far as the eye can see. Such phenomena you will see more than once on the way to Mwanza. Great stones are poised delicately on the top of other great stones and it looks as if it would be easy to topple the monsters over by a mere push of the hand. Look up when passing these giant formations and instinctively you hurry on or draw back for the great boulders seem to have uncertain hold and appear to be intent on toppling down on you. Some of these rock heaps are natural fortresses and occasionally a native house or kraal will be within the group. I will add that numbers of giant rats will be seen on some of these formations.

Two days south of Mwanza there were naked natives walking about in comfort and at ease. The naked ones, however, were the exceptions; nine out of ten were clothed either by a loin cloth or a robe. The few unclad ones were evidently reactionaries who oppose change of custom. The significant element in this change to clothing is that those of the tribe who are wearing clothing seem to have a sense of shame when the unclothed exhibit themselves to travelers. The unclothed sense this feeling of shame as evidenced by the clothed. Being patriots, they feel it their duty to retain ancient customs and they take pains to thus appear and show courage in keeping with their convictions.

I will insert here a brief summary of an archeological discovery which was to reveal a man who died 600,000 years ago and the subject will not be wholly alien to my text for the location of the discovery was relatively close to the road we were traveling, and the year of the discovery was 1911.

Herr Kattwinkel, a German entomologist, trying to capture a butterfly, descended into what is now Olduvai Gorge and saw fossil bones of giant prehistoric animals. He took some of them to Germany and other Germans came in 1913 to make an investigation. The First World War intervened, and the German scientists entrusted their information to Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, a noted British archeologist in Niarobi, British East Africa.

Dr. Leakey, assisted by his wife Mary, spent what time they could allow over a period of many years looking for the remains of a human being who had lived in a camp site surrounded by pigs as big as rhinos, sheep six feet high at the shoulder, giant birds, and immense baboons. The Leakeys uncovered many ancient stone tools used by man. After a search of twenty-eight years they found a human skull.

The National Geographic Society, in its issue of the National Geographic of September, 1960, hailed the find of Dr. Leakey as sensational and ran an article by him, "The World's Earliest Man." Archeologists know the age of the giant fossils, that they date back some 600,000 years or more. The title of zinjanthropus or "East African Man" was given to this primate who lived 100,000 years before the famed Peking man and Java man.

We came to Msungu, meaning white man's camp. This place, apart from Tabora, had the largest number of dukas I had seen since leaving Elisabethville. There were no white men in this "white man's camp." I was told that a white labor agent was a resident at the town and that nearby there was a white prospector who had discovered tin. A line of In-

dian stores on each side of the main street speak eloquently of a principal reason of the absence of the white man from the town which bears his name. The white man cannot compete with the man who uses not a chair but sits cross-legged on the ground, whose counter is plaited straw lain upon the earth, and whose food does not include meat. (I write of the hinterland of the German colony but later, as we shall see, I was to be on the coast and notes made there state that in my belief I had underestimated the importance of the Indian proper and the Genoese in particular in the German colony. On the coast there are Indian telegraphers, Swahili typists and interpreters, Genoese higher clerks some of whom live with white women, and Indian labor is as highly paid or nearly so as is German labor).

In the interior the Indian can live off of 25 hellers daily (eight cents) and there are competent Europeans wanting work. I talked with a German who could not obtain employment. He said "The government has no need of me now. If war comes, the Germans who are hungry here will return home, the Genoese will hide out. I shall be of value if war comes. The government will then demand that I fight though she now denies me the right to labor. The Germans give two years to their government at home and are trained and sworn to defend the Fatherland but the Asiatics ousts us here. I have given two years to the government, and I, a German, am not ignorant of the needs and requirements of colonial life, but here I am unemployed while the Asiatic who has given nothing or done nothing holds the job I ought to have and is paid a price which many like myself would gladly accept."

From the village of Msungu to Mwanza is the best public highway we saw on our entire passage through the continent. Both in design and construction, the road shows the hand of the European. The territory has been subjected to a careful survey and the road adjusted to the conformation of the land

which is less likely to lose soil by the heavy downpours of rain to which this region is subject. Rock and gravel form the road bed in the more depressed sections and a concrete sand is used in the elevated portions. Much attention has been given to draining. This prevents the cutting of the highway by quick storms. Also, in those portions more liable to strain from water there is a substantial curbing along the highway and at frequent and regular intervals there are trees planted by the government and although, at present, these trees are young and small, at no remote date they will give to this most perfect country highway the appearance of a Boulevard.

On the last day's march, I was very thankful that my long journey was over. Not only had I come 1200 miles but during the journey had not given myself a day's rest. I had lost six days but this time was spent in getting porters and hunting game for food. Today, October 10, 1911, we arose at 2 A.M. and by daylight were in the neighborhood of Victoria Nyanza. Myself nor carriers had as yet seen the lake and we hit upon a friendly rivalry as to who should first see the water. I was walking in front and, of course, had the advantage, but as I had "discovered" Lake Tanganyika I thought it best to let my boys "discover" Lake Victoria. In an opening through the hills I saw a thick fog and was sure that at the bottom of the mist there was something more substantial than fog. I said nothing, but pretty soon a Swahili porter cried out "Tazagama hapa (pointing to the opening in the hills) tazawa bwana, Maji Ma Kubwa, Nyanza, kweli." Porters usually claim a short rest at moments of such importance but as the view was neither extensive nor perfect we continued the journey for about an hour and at which time we could see from the crest of a hill a large body of water in the distance and could observe the numerous armlets, small bays and islands, which are characteristic of the southern portion of this great inland lake second in size only to Lake Superior in North America.

From a duka we obtained some bananas which, from their appearance, were grown by the natives or else found on wild trees. These were the second lot of native grown bananas we had seen on a journey of more than a thousand miles. From this time for a thousand miles or more toward the north bananas would be seen daily, green bananas but not ripe ones. For even in Uganda where bananas grow wild and where there are numerous plantations of them you will seldom see a ripe banana. The natives eat the banana green but usually cook them first.

Where these bananas were sold we found meat at the market, also sugar, tea and coffee. The traders were Indians and Arabs. It arouses much interest when observing these Indians trading with the natives. The proprietor so far as work is concerned merely receives the cash. In many dukas he receives the cash in a most aristocratic way, similar to the stewards in a fashionable church, who, standing in the aisle, reach a long handled collection plate half down the pews. The Indian merchant has a similar instrument and when the native comes to make a purchase, the Indian, from an easy seat reaches out the collection plate. In this plate the native deposits the money, usually hellers. The Indian counts the money carefully and if the amount is correct, instructs a Swahili servant to give the native the desired commodity. By the side of the Indian trader is some trusted Indian, usually a relative, and this person recounts the change and from the mass of hellers he separates lots of 25 of them and rolls them more or less adroitly and these rolls, purporting to contain 25 hellers each, are received at the bank at their nominal value without being subject to a recount. I would not leave the impression that the Indian, in his effort to save, overworks himself, or dispenses with native aid. I have seen more Indians carried in hammocks than white men, and when it comes to avoiding the sun the Indian is nimbler than the European.

We are now getting near Mwanza and occasionally met a man riding a donkey. Later many such riders would be seen around Khartoum and lower Egypt, but here they were sufficiently rare to warrant special notice. Indeed this lowest stage of locomotion reminds one of the highest stage. To observe a small donkey in rapid gait bearing a large Arab suddenly come in sight around a bend in the road, the Arab's legs held horizontal, the long robe and his other various cloths fluttering wing-like in the breeze, resembles to a considerable degree a biplane gaining a wheeled impetus in order to mount into the air. Not only does the rider of the donkey, urge, coax, and spur his steed to fleeter effort but there is a native boy employed to follow in the rear in striking distance who, by means of a whip, incites the donkey to still greater efforts. Thus considerable distance may be covered in a short time.

I have mentioned the young trees planted by the side of the public highway and extending 15 miles south of Mwanza, but near the town, while the road is equally good, the shade trees and their beauty are far better. Here, as you enter the outskirts of the town, you follow a road of great trees which for decades have grown by the water's bank. These trees appear to be essentially shade trees, for while they are of enormous proportions at the trunk, they are not very high. Their tops have a conformation not unlike the umbrella and their dense leafy branches furnish a most cool and refreshing shade.

This road by the lake front will soon lead you to an evidence indisputable of the presence of the white man—The wireless station, that high platform from which the natives aver the white government officials go to watch the actions of the natives who have become subject to the officials.

Across the armlet of water from this point can be seen some houses and a carrier informs me that he has "discovered" Mwanza, but a strange Negro walking near interrupts the carrier and says that the houses are not the town but only a

part of it. Then we turn with the road slightly to the right and see the real town, Mwanza on the southern shore of Victoria Nyanza, 2½ degrees S. L., 33 degrees E. Longitude, in the very center of Central East Africa. The houses well built, well kept and well appearing, set against a range of hills with the splendid lake as a foreground, a boundless view of water to the north, and here and there rising from the depth of water are craggy peaks of gray wave-washed rocks, a beautiful town and a noble view. I said the houses are set against the mountains. I would make exception of one house, the home of the governor. This is located well up on a small but high and steep hill which rises from the center of the city. At Tabora I was informed that Mwanza was a lovely place and this too is my opinion since seeing it. In the years to come when railways and electric lines connect these two rival towns and competitions become sharp I expect the Commercial Club of Tabora will paint their city in glorious colors. If the palm goes to space, to room, to agricultural possibilities Tabora will win, but if judgment is given on natural beauty, splendid scenery and commerce, Mwanza will be the victor. Tabora may become a "Paris"; Mwanza, a "Liverpool."

I arrived early in Mwanza and was directed to a hotel, a large frame building near the water front which serves substantial meals. The lady in charge did not speak Swahili or English and she aroused the proprietor, a much traveled German colonial, who conversed with me in English as if it were his native language. The proprietor was not well, having had an attack of malarial fever. He had spent a long while in the colony and this was his first attack. Such are the vagaries and uncertainties of this malady. I have known men to contract the fever and die within three weeks after arriving in the tropics. On the other hand, some spend years in residence free from this disease and when they congratulate themselves on their "immunity" they awake to find themselves laid low.

During the breakfast the proprietor brought in a young English merchant and introduced him. I was most pleased to run across an Englishman here in the German territory for not only could I speak to him with ease but could get a view of German East Africa from an Englishman's viewpoint, and further, if I tell the truth, meeting an Englishman is usually like meeting an old friend, for the community of interest of the American and Englishman, the common tie of language, blood and ideals, prevents an Englishman being a stranger as other people are. This young merchant was engaged in the hide business and represented one of the largest English firms. He had been long enough away from an English speaking community to welcome me by reason of my language alone. I accepted his invitation to spend the day and evening in his quarters. First we went to the steamer in dock, and I secured a second class passage to Port Florence. Then we returned to the home of my newly made friend. I obtained information from him concerning his business, both in the German and English territories and of its competition with or dependence on the Indian trader.

In the afternoon we walked along a street which passes near a graveyard. A lonely looking place and certainly located too near the water. Graveyards appear better when located on high ground. At Msungu I had observed one solitary grave, a German of the age of 24, and I recalled that further south I passed a place where the natives said there was a white man buried. Here, we were looking at many graves. Indeed Africa has been the burial ground of many hundreds of whites; to those like Livingstone or Gordon there are fitting monuments erected and to them is given a secure place in the memory of later generations, but to the many who have labored in this continent no statue has yet been erected and the memory of them has passed away. But it is certain that if the efforts of the great leaders had not been supplemented by the united efforts

of hundreds more that the lives of the leaders would have accounted for naught. To see a solitary grave anywhere gives one a sober feeling, and to see a solitary grave of a white man in Central Africa intensifies this feeling.

I had dismissed my porters as soon as we had arrived at Mwanza, and they had begun their homeward journey without rest. In paying an extra porter acquired en route and who had attempted to desert I deducted 2 rupees, one as a reward to his captors, one for my own trouble. Two of these porters had come with me from Bismarkburg, a six weeks journey. There was a friendly parting with these two men. They knew that I had an affectionate regard for them, and I knew they held such regard for me.

After dinner my English host took me to the cinematograph show. This amusement was promoted by Genoese showmen and considering the complexion of the audience; natives, halfcasts, Swahili, Genoese, and Europeans; these showmen temper the wind to the shorn lamb. They charged three shillings for the whites, two shillings for the Indians, and one shilling for the native, the halfcast, and the Swahili. These pictures are shown for about fifty cents in Europe and America, but the added price for whites is paid without grumbling in the distant colonies. They were not of much educational advantage but inclined rather to the mysterious and mystical such as, "The Witches Wand" and the "Golden Egg." These showmen had a lucrative field for their operation; Port Florence, Mwanza, Entebe, Jinja, and other points about the great lake.

During the cinematograph entertainment my fever returned in a highly aggravated form. My eyes were afire. Every muscle in my body was jerking in an uncontrollable chill. Every bone was a torturing ache. Being present with a new found and valued friend, I hesitated to disturb him by a reference to my malady. But shortly I became unbearably cold; so cold that I could not speak without chattering teeth. I then suggested

that I would go for a coat. My friend saw something was wrong, went out with me and refused to return to the show. We then went to my cabin on the steamer, and by this time the chill was past and was followed by the most miserable sickness and most profuse perspiration that I had ever undergone. I record these various attacks of malaria to give the inexperienced an idea of the most prevalent of tropical diseases, to prove its uncertainty of tenure, sometimes lasting three hours, sometimes three days; and its various results, sometimes not hindering travel, though making it disagreeable, but at other times making rest absolutely necessary. It exists in so many forms, attacks in so many manners, and is manifest in so many different symptoms that it is difficult to predict in what form the next attack will appear.

CHAPTER IX

BRITISH EAST AFRICA AND UGANDA

FOREWORD

The British East African Association, a private enterprise, set up a government over the inland area of British East Africa and acquired the coastal strip from the Sultan of Zanzibar for annual rental. In 1895 the British government took over the area as the East African Protectorate. In 1905 the administration was conferred to the Colonial Office. In 1901-2 the British government sought to encourage white colonists from Europe and South Africa. The name of the colony was changed to that of Kenya in 1920. The colony has many types of wild animals. The natives generally are farmers and their domestic animals include cattle, sheep, goats and donkeys.

Uganda was formally established as a British Protectorate in 1894. To the Kingdom of Baganda on the lake front the British added other provinces. The Bahima peoples of the kingdom of Baganda are not Negroes. Their skin is reddish brown, not black. They are tall and thin with narrow face and nose. Basically they are a Hamitic pastoral stock but they are touched with Negro blood. They came from farther north and had maintained their kingdom for some 400 years before the arrival of the British. The wild animals of Uganda include elephants, lions, leopards, antelopes, and hippos.

On the following morning when I awoke I found that I was the only occupant of the cabin although the baggage of another passenger was in the room. This missing passenger was some official who had sent his baggage aboard in the afternoon and had expected to follow it later but had remained for a farewell dinner and farewell dinners both in Germany and her colonies are not quickly finished. On this occasion the banquet and its aftermath lasted until after moonlight and as moonlight was what the steamer was awaiting, my fellow passenger was left ashore.

Our vessel was one of a number of steamers owned by the British East African Protectorate which were operating on this great lake. These steamers usually have three white officers; master, mate, and engineer. The purser, the cooks, and stewards are Indians; while the natives serve as deck hands. Beside this fleet of steamers there are some privately owned steam cutters, one German boat, and a number of smaller ones.

We had the advantage of moonlight and were enabled to travel for several hours in the night. The ship would ride at anchor from nightfall until moonrise, about 2 A.M. The ship's passenger list consisted of several German agriculturalists who had been investigating agricultural possibilities in the German colony, an American who was the superintendent of a silk plantation on the western shore of the lake, and myself. The other American was formerly a resident of South Africa and had served with the British in their occupation of Rhodesia. He had taken part in the "Jameson Raid" (1895) and was captured by the Transvaal Dutch. My time aboard the vessel was spent in chilling, sweating, and convalesing. Three times in twenty hours the chills came upon me. I would gradually return to normal feeling but would receive another attack about the time I imagined myself to be well.

We dropped anchor at Homa Bay. We could see the Indian dukas at a small village and from the village were paths leading across the hills into the interior. After Homa Bay the next stop was at Port Florence. The custom of whites in renaming a native town serves to confuse the traveler. The maps mark out "Bismarkburg" but not many natives know Bismarkburg, though great numbers of them would know, Kasanga, the native name of the village at Bismarkburg. Even the local whites speak of Port Florence as "Kisumu" and the native name for this location bids fair to prevail. It was almost customary for the earlier whites to give European names to places they "discover" and this habit is carried to such extent that

seldom is a native known by his own name. "Jim" is applied to most of them and when there are too many Jims the resourceful white applies John or Joe to a score or more "boys." There seems to be a tendency now-a-days to use native names for places in existence before the coming of the European. Victoria, Queen of the British, received a full set of namesakes. Victoria Falls and Victoria Lake are two of the most important of her captures, the largest waterfall in the world, and the second largest lake. But these two "Victorias" had names and were known by their names by many people over thousands of miles of land.

The deepest impression on this voyage was made by the appearance of the Kavirondo natives. The traveler knows not a malady that will not ease up a bit when viewing this tribe which lives on the northeastern shore of the lake. These black men aver that the wearing of clothing is an indecency, and when their women wear them they are shunned by the orthodox females as well as the males. While the wearing of clothing is considered immoral, skin scarifications, strings of beads, and nose rings are permissible; indeed such is quite good form. Also the married women are marked as such by what is sometime termed as an attempt at apparel. A badge or decoration of the size and shape of an ordinary coon tail is suspended from a string about the waist and hangs to a length of eighteen inches down the back. This badge of marriage can hardly be considered clothing in the sense of avoiding the "indecencies" of the white man's civilization for its breadth would not answer that purpose, and also the lower end of the decoration is unattached, permitting it to bob about at will. While the string around the middle and the emblem of marriage flopping around the lower portions of the hips serves the women as a "wedding ring" there is no such evidence of marital status in the string around the body of the male to which is attached a piece of pliable leather some eight to ten inches square. When the nude

male wants to sit down, he shifts this piece of leather to where he can sit on it. If he did not take such precaution, his skin would become scarified and reddish from blood as that seen in certain of the monkey family which sits upon sand, gravel, and rock as well as upon the grass. Also in this general area a stool is used for a sitting rest by the more cultured, but a stool would be cumbersome for a workman to carry while the string and the leather flap are carried with ease.

It should not be considered that "savages" who do not wear clothing are more immoral than races which are clothed, nor can it be predicted that naked tribes are more virtuous than the tribes which are clothed. The naked Kavirondo have a high average in female virtue. The Zulu is well clad and demands strict virtue in his females. The matter of clothing seems to play but a little part in determining virtue. As far as virtue in women is concerned, there seems to be a direct relation between female virtue and the attitude of the men of any group, white or black, towards such virtue. The tribes which sell their maidens into matrimony have a strong tendency toward demanding virtue in their women, for a virgin will bring a higher price. Also the "selling" into matrimony seems to have a social advantage of high merit. It places the selling family into an obligation to see that the bought wife performs the trabal duty of a wife lest she be returned to the seller with a request of a refund of the purchase price, as white people bring back merchandise to the seller of it if the merchandise is not in keeping with its proclaimed merit.

Port Florence (or Kisumu) owes its importance to its being the lake port reached by the Uganda Railway. Practically all the consignments of goods from the ocean ports to the interior of Eastern Central Africa, including portions of German East Africa and the Belgian Congo, all of Uganda, and even some of the French Congo and southern Abyssinia, find their cheapest and best entrance through this inland port. From Port

Florence goods are transferred to the lake steamers which in turn convey them to other towns on the lake where many of those consigned to the interior are transferred to the heads of the original African "Common Carriers," the professional porter.

Being the distributing point for its own vicinity and for goods carried over the great lake Port Florence assumes a rather business like appearance. The European's homes and offices are well up on the hill bordering the lake, and here as well as elsewhere in Africa the natives get the worst location. The ever present Indian has a tendency here to mingle their residence areas with that of the Europeans. At least I would judge this the case for I saw some of their homes high up on the hill next to the hospital. The wharf, custom house and the railway station, are the center of business activities. Next to these come the post office, the bank, and the railway hotel. There is one white store on the hill which is well stocked. The usual complement of native dukas are on the hill side.

Port Florence is notably a port of exit for ivory. Having rail and telegraphic communications with the coast and with the thriving young city of Niarobi about a third of the way to the coast, prevents the feeling of utter isolation inseparable from the usual inland village. British East Africa in some respects is the most inviting to prospective white colonists of all the Empire's lesser known possessions. Here, there exists a healthy area of many thousand square miles and not only perfectly healthy for Europeans, but includes a bracing climate and rich soil. Even the omniscient English who have the best of ideas as to the location of the earth's best lands, and the most successful way of possessing them, are hardly aware of their treasure in the hinterland away from the historic and long known coastal regions. The uplands of the interior are as different in climate, temperature, and general natural environment from the coastal plains as if they were not only of

difference of altitude but more like a difference in continent. Niarobi, in the uplands, is a center for the Europeans in British East Africa. Probably this town is most typical of the aspirations of the colony. Also it is from this center that the strongest outcry against the Asiatic is heard. A writer had said that in Niarobi "the Coolie (Indian) is stationmaster, the Coolie is telegrapher, the Coolie is engine driver, the Coolie is stoker, the Coolie has the public baths. There are no white ordinary clerks. There are six white shops, the rest are Coolies." He might have added that they also tended to become bankers, bank clerks, typists, and bookkeepers. That they were becoming established in these positions of labor and trust leaving only the highest appointive offices for the European, and that they compete with the natives for the positions of cooks and table boys. However, the native may look upon the economic struggle between the whites and the Indians it is certain that he will oppose the Asians when it comes to surrendering his time honored, lucrative, and well fed occupation as cook into the hands of the Indians.

Winston Churchill in *My African Journey* (1908) notes that the colour question is the most important question in Niarobi and considers the white settlers hope to make the colony a white man's country. This to be achieved by getting rid of the Indian, as it is the Indian, not the native, who competes in the occupations desired by the whites. He recognized the difficulty in this matter for competent Indian troops aided in obtaining the colony for Britain.

The remedy which saved South Africa under similar circumstances was the escape of that country from control by the Home Government. Under our form of political and racial development, there has been a white laboring class and a white middle class, neither of which can well develop in British East Africa. I again say that in the struggle between the European, German or English, and the Indian for financial dominance in



Ivory Aboard Ship

East Africa that the European man is hopelessly beaten from the start. Just now as I am recording this self evident impression, there are Indian traders within ten steps of me who are not only barefoot but the purchase price of their clothing was not more than 18 pence. Within an hour they will eat a penny's worth of rice and a lentil or two for their midday meal and tonight they will sleep on a mat. At the same time, this Indian has a good brain, is cunning in disposition, and is a born trader. Let this man confront the Englishmen at home and every man in England will become a politician and most of them will be leaders of parties as are the English in British East Africa.

In the nearest approach that the Asiatic has had in competing with the Englishman at home, the success of the Asiatic has been equally as signal. I refer to the employment of Lascars in the British merchant marine. A number of these Asiatics are employed by British shipping companies. The British sailor costs more. The British law designates the minimum of food, of air, and sleeping space for the British sailor. Such law is not held to apply to Asiatics. Consequently the Lascar who eats less food, works for less pay, and requires less sanitation than the Briton will win over the Briton. Especially does the Lascar cost less, usually 1/3 or 1/4 as much as a British seaman.

Even the Germans who ordinarilly pay less to their seamen than do the British have found it profitable to employ Lascars as stokers. A German sailor told me that eighteen Germans could do the work of 40 Lascar stokers, but a ship on which he worked employed these Asiatics. There is another custom of the German colonial government which seems to favor the Indian immigrant. The German immigrant to the colony is required to deposit with the shipping company a sufficient amount to pay his way back to Germany if he does not find work in two months. The Indian may come or go at will. He may bring money with him or come without it.

The implanting of Asiatics in Negro land is based on economy. It is justified by asserting that the Indian is a better worker than the native African. But from the standpoint of race, it is unfair to the Africans. If these colonies do not become overwhelmingly white, they will revert to native control in the distant future and the natives will need to expell the Asiatics as well as the Europeans, or else mix his blood with them. In our next chapter we will see that the Caucasian groups that entered Negro Africa in ancient days have become negroid.

As soon as our steamer arrived at Port Florence, I made my way to the Post Office but there was no mail for me. I had advised some of my correspondents to address me at Gondokoro in the Sudan to which point I had intended to walk. Here I will say that mail I expected at Port Florence followed me on my journey and was received by me in South Africa. Among the letters received, was a letter from Dr. Charles R. Henderson of the University of Chicago. I had asked him to communicate with Dr. James Henry Breasted, the Egyptologist, who was engaged in an excavation in Egypt, and request Dr. Breasted to give me three or four months of employment if I should ask for it. Dr. Henderson's letter which followed me from Cape Town to Cairo and thence back to South Africa told me that the work of Dr. Breasted in Egypt had been completed.

It was said that the Uganda Railway had one distinction that could not be duplicated. The construction work on the railway was stopped for three weeks by man-eating lions.

J. H. Patterson was the engineer who built the bridge at Tsavo. The main working force was a large number of Coolies imported from India. Two man-eaters began to prey on the workmen. All efforts to protect them from the lions failed. Striking at night, the lions grew so bold that they would eat their victions in hearing distance of the group of the workmen from which they had taken them. In December, 1898, the

Coolies refused to work, throwing themselves on the track and when the train stopped they boarded it with their possessions. For nine months Patterson had spent many days searching for the lair from which the lions issued, and had been up many nights watching for them. The camps covered a distance of sixteen miles and the lions would shift from one camp to another.

I was later to read Col. Patterson's, *Man-Eaters of Tsavo,* the chapters on the lions being a breath-taking and hair-raising account of his killing them. In both instances the lion he was to kill had spotted Patterson where he was waiting for them at night, and in both instances they stalked him. One of them circled him for two hours before he got close enough for Patterson to see in the darkness. The Coolies came back to work and held a ceremony calling Patterson a "saviour." The African natives danced a weird savage dance throughout the night. These lions had killed and devoured twenty-eight of the Coolies and many of the natives.

From Port Florence I took steamer passage to Jinja, a village at the source of the Nile. I confess to an interest of no little magnitude when I saw Ripon Falls, the point from which issues the most famous of all rivers. One cannot stand at this historic spot without recalling the centuries of ignorance concerning the source of this half known, half fabulous, stream and the decade or so in the last century of feverish interest in determining its origin. Of the wandering of Livingstone farther south in search of the source of the Nile, and of other explorers, all eager to learn from whence cometh the Nile until the year 1858 when J. H. Speke, an Englishman, came to the lake and named it Victoria. Speke, accompanied by another Englishman, J. A. Grant, returned in another expedition and in 1862 they stood at the falls from which the Nile issues. They followed the river over its northward flow until they had reached its mouth.

Jinja is a small village located in the hills overlooking Ripon Falls. It is made up by a few rather pretty homes of Europeans while, as usual, there are the Indian and native homes more or less in a well determined area, the Indians occupying the hillside, the natives located on the lower ground. Not only does Jinja, the village at the source of the Nile and Ripon Falls, attract the traveler, but on the borders of Jinja there are native banana groves. When coming from the south these groves are the first the traveler will see. Missionaries, explorers, and government officials have made Uganda world famous. They have told of its clothed people, of its splendid native highways, of its great banana groves, and the eye is quick to detect the presence of these things which have given the inland Kingdom of Uganda a reputation above all other Central African possessions. But things of interest and importance stop not here, for since the white man has become well established he is completing a railway from Jinja to Lake Kyoga, making Jinja the railhead and place of transhipment for northern distribution and has, even now, the great water power of the Falls under his consideration as to how best to conserve such energy and quicken the progress of a fast developing country.

The railway to Lake Kyoga was under construction, the railhead being about thirty-four miles north of Lake Victoria and about fifteen miles from Lake Kyoga. This railway is an important step in securing rapid inland transport between Mombassa and Cairo. And it will hasten transit between Cape Town and Cairo. Much had been said for a decade or so about a Cape to Cairo railway. But the movement of the railways from both north and south tend to open up new territory rather than establish a through route, such as is seen indicated on some maps. The directions of the rails from the south were turned westward by opening of the mines in the Congo, those from the north turned to new territory. The originally contemplated Cape to Cairo railway would have been laid on

one side or the other of Lake Tanganyika, the German side or the Belgian side. This would have been a straight line and would have tapped the productive lands of the lake region. But such straight line is not economically justifiable at the present time. African trade is not internal as much as it is foreign. African raw material goes to Europe to be manufactured and until the European population in Africa is greatly increased and the tastes and economic condition of the native people heightened the rail connection between north and south can well take secondary importance.

Through the courtesy of the chief engineer, I was permitted to take passage on a construction train from Jinja to the present railhead about 15 miles south of Lake Kyoga. I was traveling with light baggage for my long walk was nearing an end. A stretcher, blankets, and clothing was a load for one boy; cooking equipment and a small amount of European food was load for another. A box with nonessentials, but of things of which one does not dispose, including the only book I carried through Africa—Ross's Social Control—and the hand made notes I had made from many volumes which dealt with Africa, would be a light load to be carried by a boy who would serve also as a cook.

After reaching the end of the new railway, I spent the afternoon and night with the local director of construction. At no time during my entire journey was I received more cordially or treated with more consideration than here by this well-built, clear-headed, Englishman who had but recently returned from a visit to England. Both in the afternoon and the early morning I took the opportunity to consider the English way of rapid railway construction. I had heard much of the remarkable rapidity of their rail construction, such as the extension of rails in the Sudan, of the little used temporary lines in British East Africa, and the great speed up on the Uganda Railway to ensure that it would reach Victoria Nyanza before

the German line reached Tabora. When observing the work at this place, I thought I could sense the essential spirit of the British colonial policy as manifest in this commercial enterprise—the expenditure of force and energy just enough to serve the immediately desired purpose; no more, no less. Like the extension of Imperial authority over a quasi subject state, like the establishment of suzerain obligations over new territory, the cleared way in which the rails are laid through the forest here is just wide enough to permit the railroad to be built; no wider than absolutely necessary. Again the number of crossties used is like the guiding and restraining hand of British authority over all subject people, just sufficient to answer practical purpose. Like the merchant who cares but little if his goods are reviled as long as the sales are increased, so does Britian disregard the insults to her own representatives if such insults do not threaten British influence or authority. The colonial representatives of the nation which has been dominant in western Europe since the battle of Waterloo and whose navy now dominates the seven seas must meekly endure insulting words and menancing glances from the people they "govern." Theoretically, the Briton is lord of much of the earth and to him millions of people are subject, but practically the British government seems to hold political sway for the same purpose for which the American Democrats advocate a protective tariff—for revenue only, and the Briton must submit to personal affronts from his "subjects" such as he will not permit from one of his own race. This gentle touch of the sovereign hand, this meek spirit of those who have every right to command, this holding in leash the dogs of war is, to use an Americanism, like "walking in political gum shoes."

The soft pedal principle in the exercise of authority may be best. I do not know. Great Britain has had much experience and in her departure from former policies, lordlike and dominating, she has gradually adopted the present system. This

system seems to yield the highest returns from the least expenditure of money and energy. This fact alone will justify the policy in the eyes of commercial conquerors. But I will point out that if the modern system is best from the standpoint of politics that at the same time it is galling in its results to those individuals of the race who have built the British Empire in foreign lands and who by choice or necessity are compelled to spend part or all of their life in close contact with subject people. There is no doubt that the British trained native is the most impertinent, arrogant, and boisterous of all "subject" people in Africa. Compare the docility of the Portuguese natives, the respect and obedience of the German, the awed attitude of the Belgian, and the willingness of the French natives, with the products of British Imperial rule and you will see the result of British policy. But as I have said above, I do not advise the British.

The late Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President of the United States, was in this region of Africa the year before my journey. He adversely criticized certain British colonial policies, and the late W. T. Stead, a British editor, told Roosevelt "to teach his grandmother to suck eggs."

On the following morning as I was preparing to leave for Lake Kyoga, a native boss brought a young native workman to the white boss with a list of offenses committed by the workman in defiance of his contract and the native boss recited the code governing workmen. He suggested a certain number of lashes by the kibogo and the white boss agreed.

The "kibogo" (Swahili for rhinoceros) is a whip made from the hide of a rhinoceros. It is about the size, shape, and length of a normal walking stick but would not serve for walking for it is easily bent. The Dutch *sjambock* is of thick hide but it is longer. It could be used in lashing. The kibogo is of Arab origin and is said to be more feared than a long whip. The offending workman was laid on the ground with his loin cloth

lifted above his bare rump. The native boss, the wielder of the kibogo, standing, drew the kibogo through the closed fingers of his left hand, gave it a flourish in the air, and struck the extreme tip of it on the bare flesh. The workman flinched in pain but there was no blood on his flesh nor puff in the skin. I watched three strokes and then looked away, fearing that the presence of an onlooker might lead to the kibogo wielder wishing to show that he was an expert in his art.

The fever was on me again, but I would not mention this to my host for fear that he would suggest that I go to the East Coast, a suggestion usually made to a person with malarial fever. The day by day travel notes all but cease here. The fever attacks were to be almost continuous during my journey through Uganda. I hold the preliminary notes which state that Lake Kyoga could be reached in one day from my departure from my host who was supervising the construction on the railway, and that after a journey on Kyoga a three days land march would bring me to Lake Albert and thence by water to the navigable Nile, and that I would walk for a certain number of days to Gondokoro head of steamer navigation on the Nile. I do not recall reaching Lake Kyoga, but I have distinct memory of the boat upon which I was a passenger passing closely to overhanging limbs of the tropical trees on this voyage. I do not recall disembarking for the journey to Lake Albert. But I distinctly recall that on the land journey my porters were forward with other porters going in the same direction and that a young sub-boss of porters, who was a stranger to me, came back and earnestly inquired about my condition. He had been trained in a Mission School and spoke to me in English. I remember passing a government outpost under the direction of an English official who had a pretty young English wife sitting outside of her bungalow talking to another Englishman. It was near this post that I saw a snake, black in color, about six feet long. This was the only snake I saw in Africa. One night,

because of the excess of fever, I kept one of my porters in the rest house with me. The next morning an Englishman, traveling with porters, came up and severely reprimanded me for keeping a native in my sleeping quarters, saying that I was violating established rules governing whites and blacks. On that day, or possibly a day later, my porters deposited my equipment at a grass rest house on the shore of a lake. A boat which plied the lake was due the following morning. When we arrived, it was midafternoon and my carriers bid me a goodbye, saying that they could return one march to their homes before it would be too late to travel at night.

There was no door to the rest hut, just an opening to enter. When darkness came, I worried about the open doorway and put the two large metal boxes that I had in the doorway, one on the other, and put my water bucket on top of the boxes. A large animal could not get through the doorway without moving the tin boxes, nor leap over the top of them without bringing down the bucket. I placed my blanket on the sandy floor, strapped my 45 pistol to my waist so that in the darkness I would not lose contact with the gun, and went to sleep.

When daylight came, I heard natives approaching, saw them pointing to the sandy ground, and heard them say that a lion had passed. They were coming to the boat landing. Looking in at me, one of them greeted me courteously, pointed down and said that a lion had passed. Winking at the speaker, I replied, "Yes, I know! I keep him with me. We are old friends." He smiled, and turning to the others, he told them what I had said but did not tell them that I had winked. This led to a rapid conversation among them and one by one they looked over the boxes at me and addressed me with admiration.

I cannot recall the size of the boat or how it was propelled. But I do recall that after we were under way that English passengers forward had their servant bring me food, some of which was rice. I do not recall the port at which I got off. My

next memory is that of Philizot, an American elephant hunter with whom I would travel several days. He showed high resentment when I told him of the Englishman who had condemned me severely for having a native sleep in the rest house with me when I was under fever attack.

Philizot was from Chicago and lived near the Moody Bible Institute where I had been a student. I have related my meeting with the Missouri elephant hunter at Bismarkburg who had a license to hunt in German East Africa and from his headquarters there would make forays into the Belgian and British areas. Sometimes elephant hunters would operate without license and, if pursued by agents of one government, they would move into the limits of another government. And we will soon relate the tragic end of an American elephant hunter who was killed by the British, though he was out of British jurisdiction. Philizot had quickly detected my condition for I would vomit the food I had forced down and often vomit the water I drank. He had some pears and peaches in tin cans which I ate. His caravan passed near a British station which had a doctor, two doctors at the time, for one had just come back from a visit to England and he told us of the attempt, a successful one I believe, of an air plane pilot who had flown the English Channel. Philizot had suggested more than once that I turn back. He had a private talk with the doctors and they invited me to their office. They laid me on the table and after a careful examination stated that my condition was serious and approaching a critical stage. They suggested that I should get out of the fever territory by going to the Coast. I told the doctors that I was going "on or up." They must have mentioned this remark to Philizot, for he jokingly told me that I was more likely to "go up than on."

This meeting with the doctors was in 1911. I believe the reader will be interested in a sequel to it, though it does not belong to the text. After the end of the First World War,

while on military leave in Italy, by sheer chance I met one of these doctors who was then an officer in the British medical service. By sheer chance we talked about the interior of Africa. He said that he had been on duty in Uganda. I told him that on my way from Cape Town to Cairo I had passed through Uganda and had been well received by two doctors, one of whom had returned from a "Home" vacation in which he had told of the air plane crossing the English Channel. My new acquaintance was the doctor who had returned from vacation. He recalled the feverish remark that I had made to the effect that I would go on or up.

Philizot would pass close to Nimule, my destination from which by boat and by rail I could reach Cairo. I had planned to walk to Gondoroko in the Sudan, but the fever was almost constant. From the medical station I continued with Philizot. Sometimes I would lie down on the road for ten minutes with my father's watch under my eyes. At no time was I too weak to rise. I pointed this out to Philizot and told him that I had a reserve strength that would carry me through. I had come near 400 miles since the first attack of the fever.

We heard a rumor that John Rogers, an American elephant hunter from Detroit, Michigan, had been killed in the Belgian Congo by "shinzi" (irregular troops) operating under a British officer and that Rogers had died an heroic death. We met the safari which had accompanied Rogers. They were returning from the Congo. We stopped for a considerable time for conversation. My attention was drawn to Roger's "housekeeper," a middle aged black woman of commanding presence to whom all seemed to defer. The fact that Rogers, a citizen of the Untied States of America, had been killed in the Belgian Congo by irregular troops acting under British instruction led to an official American inquiry into the matter. Later, in Cairo, the U. S. Consul took an official statement from me as to my information about the death of Rogers. I said that members of

the Rogers safari had confirmed what the rumor had been before the arrival of the safari. That Rogers, fleeing from the British troops, had reached some seven days march into the Belgian Congo. He was resting in his tent when informed that two armed shinzi were seen near his camp. Roger's men had learned from them that they were scouts for an advancing British contingent. Thoroughly aroused by the irregularity of having armed natives prying around his camp, Rogers had shouted to them to be off or suffer the consequences. They had fired, hitting Rogers in the stomach. That night, fatally wounded, he lay on his cot and waited for daylight for he knew that the British officer who had sent the scouts would appear. When the British officer came to Roger's tent, he saw him covered with a blanket, his arms under the blanket. Rogers said to the British officer, "Did you come here of your own accord or were you officially sent?" The officer replied, "I was sent." Rogers pushed back the cover and in his hand was a pistol of large caliber. He said to the officer, "Had you stated that you came here without the direction of a superior, we would have gone together." Rogers dropped the pistol and died.

On my last day with Philizot I was lying down some distance in the rear when he set up camp. I saw approaching a young Negro of excellent physique whom I knew to be among the best of the men working for Philizot. I gave him a friendly greeting. He gave me a big grin, spoke to me in a language I did not understand, picked me up, placed me astride his shoulders, trotted with me for possibly an eighth of a mile, put me down near Philizot, salaamed, again gave me a big grin and disappeared among the porters. In my walk through German East Africa, I described the Negro girl of excellent physique who brought me fresh water before I reached her village, and I stated that she and a Negro youth whom I would describe later were the two people I met on my journey to

whom I would like to send "Greetings." The powerful young Negro that trotted with me astride his neck is the youth to whom I referred.

Our camp was but a short day's march from Nimule. The next morning I parted from Philizot and with one porter to carry the remnant of my equipment, I left for Nimule, the head of shallow craft navigation on the Nile.

I had heard that a Greek merchant had a store at Nimule, that it was not a village but held only the merchant and the natives employed by him. The forest through which I was passing gave way to an open area a short distance from the merchant's home and store. His quarters were a relatively large wooden building, and I believe it had a porch on the side from which I was approaching. On the porch, or it may have been in the shade of a tree near the building, a white man arose and walked toward me. When we were nearer each other, the white man shaded his eyes with his hand at his helmet and said in English, "My God! You are a dying man!" I said, "Not dying. Only hungry." I gave him my name and told him that I had come from Cape Town. He told me that he was Major Henry Dailey, and Englishman trading in ivory, and that he had just arrived with ivory from Abyssinia to sell to the Greek merchant. I had told him I was hungry for I had determined to eat when I reached Nimule. Had I told him that my condition was the result of many attacks of malarial fever, neither he nor any other person would have served me solid food.

Major Dailey said that he would see that I got all I wanted to eat, that he was to be the guest of the trader at the noon meal and that he would take me with him. I said that though the Greeks were known for hospitality that possibly the merchant would not want two guests. He replied that the merchant nor any other person would object to giving food to a man who had come from Cape Town, and that in any case the

merchant wanted his ivory and that he would welcome me to the table.

At the dinner table I was served first. My plate was filled with large squares of meat, something like a beef stew. While our host and Major Dailey were being served, I jammed a fork into the largest lump of meat, forced it into my mouth, chewed quickly and swallowed it. Then a second big bite. A heavy sweat broke out all over my body and as Major Dailey noticed the sweat on my face I remarked that I was a bit warm. I ate a full meal. Shortly after the meal I suggested to Major Dailey that I would lie down at the nearby rest house. This I did.

Soon after lying down, I heard the voice of my friend Philizot who, riding a bicycle, had left his camp and come to Nimule to see how I was getting along. Major Dailey told him that I had had a full meal. Philizot was gravely concerned, and so was the Major when he learned that my skeletonized body was not the result of hunger but from malarial fever, and that for days food and often water would not stay on my stomach.

They came to see me. I was lying on my blanket which was to have the distinction of following both the Nile and the Amazon. I assured Philizot that the meal had stayed down and would stay down. I told him that my feeling was dizzy and that occasionally I could see insects and crawling creatures on the wall, which were not there, but that such insects had appeared to me before when the fever attack was on. When Philizot went away, he was still berating me for eating a big meal when my stomach had refused food for many days.

CHAPTER X

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN AND EGYPT

FOREWORD

We have been among a Bantu speaking people on our journey from the distant south. Here, in this lake region at the source of the Nile more than 2,000 miles south of the Mediterranean Sea, there is found a change in language and a change in racial type. The Bantu may be an ancient fusion between the Negro and the Hamitic branch of the Caucasian race, but the Bantu is more Negro than Hamite. Here, in some of the tribes, we will see a blending of the two races in which the Hamitic blood predominates.

A great number of centuries before the Dutch settled at Cape Town, Mediterranean branches of the Caucasian race, Hamites and Semites, issuing from the northern and northeastern coasts of the continent, had begun an invasion of Negro Africa. Racial evidence of the southward movement of this early Caucasian invasion is seen here at the source of the Nile. The ruling aristocracies of pastoral origin such as the Hima and Watussi at Lake Victoria, the Fula and others farther westward and several tribes eastward, show at a glance that they are neither Negroes nor Caucasions but a mixture of these two races. Some of the mixbreed tribes show a preponderance of Negro blood, a few of them show a preponderance of Caucasian blood. In America these mixed stocks would be looked upon as mulattoes. Here, they are called negroids or half-castes. Here, the whites are bringing their modern culture to their mixbreed kin at the source of the Nile.

The true Negro is not as tall as some of his mixbreed descent, particularly some of those of Hamitic strain, but he has a strong body which is heavily muscled. His legs and arms are relatively long and slender but of a muscular texture which gives to him the capacity for an extraordinary burst of speed in running and climbing, a capacity which may have preserved him from many of the dangers he has encountered.

I have kept the extracts from the works of historians who dealt with the early Caucasian invasion of Africa which I had with me at the source of the Nile in 1911. I will say that this information is strikingly consistent with the information on racial mixture in Africa that has appeared in certain

of the press of the United States this year, 1961, fifty years later. The magazine, *Look,* in the issue of March 28th, 1961, has an excellent map on Africa and on the page with the large map there is a small racial map showing in outline the large areas in which there has been racial blending. Some of the English historians would class the "true Negro" as what was left of the original Negro stock which had been forced back into the hilly and rain forest coastal strip from Guinea on the west to the Cameroun on the east, and would refer to the dire cultural condition of this people. The *U. S. News & World Report,* of April 10th, 1961, has a map of the "Fever Coast" of Africa and an excellent article dealing with its inhabitants whose cultural status is such that they will need much aid from the white race. The "Fever Coast" map is almost identical with the "true Negro" area of Africa, the principle variation being that the "Fever Coast" map includes Senegal whose basic racial strain was held to be that of a modified form of Negro and for this reason not included in the true Negro domain.

The principle route of the early Caucasian invasion of Negro Africa was by way of the Nile River and the first invaders appear to have been of the Hamitic branch of the Mediterranean peoples. Much later elements of the Semitic branch of the Caucasian race coming from the east pressed down on the early Hamites and forced them farther southward into Negro land. The Mediterranean peoples living on the sea shore north of the great desert formed another line of Caucasian invasion. At an early date they knew their way across the desert to the grass lands on its southern borders where they could herd their horses, cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys, and later, their camels. It was across the desert that they led the Romans some 2,000 years ago to Lake Chad where there had long been trade between the white invaders and the Negro, the whites bringing manufactured goods and taking back with them ivory, gold, and slaves. But the earliest contact of the Caucasians with the Negro came from ancient Egypt.

The records of Egypt date back some six thousand years. They carry information of the slow southward movement of the Egyptian into Negro land. The invading forces were strengthened when the Egyptians cut canals in the Nile cataracts through which boats could be moved. From the Sudan area on the Nile the Egyptians pressed westward along the grasslands south of the desert and recently it has been found that Timbuktu, far to the west, where whites and blacks have met for many centuries in trade, has a base of early Egyptian design. The Moors who, from their home on the Mediterranean Sea pressed southward into Negro land in the extreme west, were relatively late invaders and their carrying captives to

their Moorish homeland led to the English referring to Negroes as "black-a-moors."

The many centuries of pressure by Caucasian invaders from the north gradually led to the expulsion of the true Negro westward from the Nile and pressure from the grassland Caucasian led to his retreat southward into the rain forest area where he was relatively safe from the Caucasian invaders who had raided his lands and enslaved many of his people.

When the Mohammedan Arabs had conquered many lands in a short period were defeated in France and brought to check in India, they turned to Negro and Negroid Africa for an easy conquest. For more than a thousand years before the modern Europeans took possession of the continent, the Arab and his influence was dominant in all the vast area we here consider, save possibly Abyssinia (Ethiopia).

Among the extracts from historians which I carried, there were copious notes from Sir Harry Johnston's, *Africa*. Johnston was a distinguished explorer and a political official who had been governor of Uganda. He believed that the original domain of the Negro had extended from Abyssinia (Ethiopia) to Senegambia on the west coast of the continent. He advanced the theory that the Negro race had not undergone the hardships of the "Ice Age" which had sharpened the wits of the Caucasian and the Mongolian and for this reason the Negro had continued to live without domesticated plants or animals as had the Bushman in Africa and the Australian aborigines. He cited the domesticated plants and animals of Negro and Negroid Africa, stated that none of them were indigenous to Africa and told which branch of the Caucasian invaders of Africa had brought in the several grains, plants, and animals. He held that the Negro had suffered much at the hands of the Caucasian invaders but that he had been culturally advanced by them.

Races that dwell together tend to mix their blood. The early Caucasian invaders of Negro Africa have become negroid. With the exception of a few Moors and Tauregs in the desert area and of Arabs who have more recently arrived, few of the later invaders are without mixed features. It was the mixbreed tribes that forced the true Negro into his present forest home. The mixed groups from time to time have maintained "empires" which extended southward into the forest home of the Negro. Some mixed tribes, as the Fula, have moved into the present Negro area and maintained themselves there.

In an earlier chapter we took note of the tragic fact that when the Bushman and the Hottentot, little folks fleeing southward before the ad-

vancing big black man, had reached the southern limits of the continent they were suddenly confronted by the big white man, who, coming by sea, unloaded his material at Cape Town. We observed that the Bushman and the Hottentot were between "the devil and the deep blue sea." The Negro, pressed into the coastal strip by his mixbreed kin, also was suddenly confronted by the white man, who, coming by sea, began to unload his material at the ocean's edge. The true Negro also was between "the devil and the deep blue sea." Northward he had long been carried as a slave over the desert. Now the main movement would be westward over the sea and a great many of his people would be transported in servitude to the newly discovered lands of the Western World.

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan which we now enter has an area of 960,000 square miles. Its middle and northern portions are occupied mainly by a people of mixed Hamite, Arab, Negro ancestry. Its southern provinces are almost exclusively occupied by a Negro population ranging in blood from some true Negroes to mixbreeds of heavy negroid ancestry who speak a Sudanic or Hamitic language.

The northern portion of the Sudan was known to the ancient world as Ethiopia, Cush, or Nubia. Its southern provinces were unknown to the ancient world. Egypt had conquered the Sudan and had sought to find the source of the Nile, but the Egyptians had been expelled. Great Britain established a military occupation of Egypt in 1862 and efforts were made to reestablish the Egyptian occupation of the Sudan. Local opposition to the first British effort led to a defeat in which the British general was slain at Khartoum in 1885. In 1899 the British and Egyptian forces retook Khartoum and the Sudan was known as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. When gaining independence in 1956, the Republic of the Sudan was established. The national emblem of the country is that of a charging rhinoceros.

I do not recall leaving Nimule. Major Dailey, the ivory trader, or else the Greek merchant, probably saw that I was aboard the vessel. Later I had correspondence with Major Dailey but we did not discuss my entrance to the boat. I am sure that I walked to the boat for at no time was I unable to walk. I remember that our light vessel had difficulty with sudd, the thickly matted vegetation on the upper Nile which has to be cut for steamer passage. I remember that some of the dry sudd was burned. I saw from the boat deck possibly 20 elephants whose backs extended slightly above the reeds but saw

no birds on their backs. I knew that Winston Churchill had seen white egrets on the back of elephants some three years before in Uganda and that Theodore Roosevelt had seen egrets on the backs of Rhinos in this area a year before my passage and that I made the comment that possibly the egrets were out in honor of these two gentlemen of high distinction. I recall that Nilotic Negroes with long spears from time to time would be seen standing while watching the boat go by and that on the boat's deck were native passengers, some of them without clothing.

My next memory is that of the military hospital at Mongalla. I do not remember reaching Mongalla nor entering the hospital. But I distinctly recall that from a comfortable hospital bed I could see insects and other queer forms of animal life crawling on the hospital window. As a fact there were no insects or other form of life on the window. I had been hit hard by an attack of fever before arriving at Mongalla.

The Governor of the Province or his representative came to see me at the hospital, showed concern for my condition, and said that he had heard that I had come up from Cape Town. We talked briefly about my journey. I told him I had walked through Rhodesia, through German East Africa, and much of Uganda, and that I had walked many miles after the first attack of fever. He said that with my consent he would send me on the next boat to Khartoum and that there I would be out of the fever area. I do not remember taking the boat to Khartoum but, as always, I traveled the cheapest class and I remember that some English hunters in first class sent me three quarts of champagne with good wishes for my recovery and compliments for having come up from distant Cape Town. The fever attacks were not as frequent as in my later days in Uganda but they were quite severe. I was gaining health because I could eat. It had been more than a week since I had vomited either food or water and not only could I eat, but I forced myself to

eat more and more. Ample fare was served me as a passenger. In a recessed portion of the deck there were bunches of bananas, still green, held for ripening. A bunch near the wall was beginning to become yellow. I examined this bunch and found that the bananas nearest the wall were reasonably yellow. I ate one and then afterwards took others nor could it be seen save by examining the back of the bunch which was against the wall that any of the bananas were missing.

When Kitchener had defeated the rebellious natives at the bloody battle of Omdurman in 1898, the British followed the Nile southward to reestablish Egyptian control and found the Flag of France flying at Fashoda (Kodok), defended by both white and black soldiers under command of Marshand. This clash of interest brought Britain and France near to war. I had marked Fashoda, some 400 miles south of Kartoum, on my route notes with the comment that the vast African possessions of France had been won by a few soldiers and compared the French commanders with the Spanish conquistadors who with few troops had gained a great empire in Latin America.

I do not recall disembarking at Khartoum, but my memory is clear as to the main part of the town, its buildings, the relatively large proportions of English and other Europeans, and of Arabs and others smoking the long stem pipes through water.

I called at the Post Office but there was but one letter for me, and I had expected several. The letter was from a relative who sought my signature to an agreement to sell mineral rights on land we held in common. I went to a proper official to have my signature attested, and being weary and displeased, by not receiving mail that I had expected, I made comment in the presence of others that I was hoping to get considerable mail but that all I received was a letter concerning mineral rights. I wished to stay a few days and not arrive in Cairo in my condition. Also my expected mail might arrive. I went to the Presbyterian Mission at Khartoum which was under direction of Dr.

Kelly Griffin and asked him if he could put me up for about a week, that I was not without funds but that they were running low and that I would send the Mission ample amount to pay for the stay. I showed him the letters of general introduction from Dr. Henderson and Dr. Thomas, and told him that I had come from Cape Town. He and his wife received me with affection, placed me in a comfortable room, gave me a bountiful amount of food at their table and spoke with admiration of the long journey that I had made. The fever attacks did not prevent me from eating well.

More than one person farther south, on learning that I would be in Khartoum, had suggested that I see the battle site at Omdurman where heroic Dervishers famed for their battle fury had been hopelessly defeated by Kitchener who commanded disciplined troops with more modern equipment. I went to Omdurman which is near Khartoum. The part of the town at the battle site was not imposing. I do not recall having seen battle markers if they were there. But I remember that I knew that it was here that Winston Churchill had received his baptism of fire.

My abiding purpose was to make a study of the white race in contact with colored races and when funds for such study could not be obtained in America I had boasted that I could pay my own way. I have recorded having sent back to my sister, Emma, $35.00 from Cape Town and $55.00 from Kimberley. The amount that I had sent back had been more than I now needed. The original estimate of the cost of the journey was based on the assumption that I would leave Elisabethville in the Congo and go by way of Lake Mweru to Lake Tanganyika and thence by minor lakes to Lake Albert from which the Nile is navigable This would have required about 600 miles on foot. I could not secure porters in the Congo. When I arrived at Bismarkburg after a walk through Rhodesia, I found the German boat was not scheduled to go northward for about three

weeks. This led me to walk through German East Africa. I was not a walker by instinct and, though I was to cover many miles on foot, it was because I could not readily secure transportation and the journey had to be made during the dry season.

I remind the reader of my present circumstances because I will now resort to a novel method of getting transportation. I could have paid my way to Cairo, but I would have arrived there without funds. I had written to Dr. Henderson asking him to write to Dr. James Breasted and say that if I appeared at his excavations and asked him to give me a job to give it to me, at least for awhile. I had not heard from Dr. Henderson whose letter to me, however, was on the way and was to follow me back to South Africa. Nor was I of physical appearance to ask for a job, anywhere. Knowing that destitute, or about destitute, unemployed whites in the African colonies had been assisted to get out of the colonies by being given free transportation on government owned boats or railroads, I went to the headmaster of the railroad in Khartoum and said to him that my funds were so low that if I paid my way to Cairo I would be without funds and asked him for free transportation. He was opposed to giving me free transportation and reminded me that I was not a British subject. I reminded him that the Sudanese and the Egyptians did not know that I was not a British subject and if I stayed at Kharteoum without funds all would think I was a destitute Englishman. He knew of my letters of introduction and may have known that I had sent to America an agreement to sell certain mineral rights. He called in a British banker, talked to him in private, and I heard him tell the banker that I had come from Cape Town. The banker came to me and said that he would cash my check for any reasonable amount. I told him that I was not helpless, but that it was impractical for me to obtain funds quickly. I asked him to tell the road official that I was not borrowing money from the government, that

the train to Cairo was going anyway, that I would merely occupy one of the vacant seats, and that if the official would send me and give me an official statement as to the total transportation, I would return the amount at a later date. I got the seat on the train, and a statement of the cost of transportation. To this statement I pinned a note to Emma asking her to pay the bill if I did not and placed the note and statement in my pocketbook where it would be found in event of ill fortune to me.

I knew that the ancient Egyptians had canalled the cataracts (water falls) on the Nile but did not know whether they had reached near Khartoum. My map showed the 6th cataract but the train did not pass near enough to see it. The Nile bends eastwardly, then runs southwest and bends again toward the north from which direction it does not depart much in reaching Cairo. The railroad runs closely to the Nile on its eastern bend and thence through a semidesert to the town of Wadi Halfa at the Egyptian frontier. From the large area in the western bend which we did not follow came the last of the Pharaohs, Taharka, a man of "unmistakable negroid features" who had inherited the throne of the Pharaohs.

The attacks of the fever had become more widely spaced and less severe, and I complimented myself but without knowledge of the nature of malaria, for while the attacks lessened in number I was to receive an onset as terrible as any that I had known after I reached Cairo.

A clear memory that I have after we had traveled well up into Egypt was that of a white woman on a little boat that was flying the American flag. I assumed that the woman was an American and, as I had not seen an American woman for a long time, I looked at her as often as I dared.

I went to the American Consulate when we arrived in Cairo and was received by Paul Knabenshue, whose card he handed me included the description "Secretaire de l'Agency Diplomatique." I showed Mr. Kanabenshue the letters of introduc-

tion from Dr. Henderson and Dr. Thomas. I also showed him my highly valued statement from the Diamond Mine in Kimberley where I had worked for a year and which stated that I was efficient in all my work at that mine. I told him that I had paid my way through near six years of university training in the United States and that I was paying my way in a lengthy study of the white race in contact with the colored on every continent. I told him that my physical condition was such that I wanted to get back to the mines of South Africa where I would have good health and good pay. We discussed the probable cost of a third class passage down the East Coast to Natal. While in his office, I sent a letter to the United States and asked that an amount slightly less than our estimated cost be cabled to me, care of the American Consul General in Cairo. It would take about 2 weeks for the letter to be received and a day or so before the cabled amount should reach Cairo. I asked Mr. Knabenshue to suggest a cheap boarding house, where English was spoken, at which I might stay while in Cairo.

Had I had the power, I could not have selected an individual of more value to me in my circumstance than Paul Knabenshue. He told me that he knew of students that had paid their way through school and some who had worked on cattle boats from the United States to Great Britain. He was much impressed by my long journey from the distant South. He walked with me to a home run by an English woman and I told him of the death of Rogers in the Congo. He secured lodgings for me at the house of the English lady and requested that after I had gotten rest to return to his office, that he wanted to add my statement to that he had prepared in relation to the death of Rogers.

Here, before I relate details of my stay in Cairo, I want to tell the reader about my paying the cost of transportation to the Anglo-Egyptian authorities. In Chapter XII I will publish the letters received by me from them when I paid the trans-

portation bill. And the reader, being a high class human being, will sense the fact that all concerned valued me more highly for sending the cost back after I was 4,000 miles away than they would have valued me had I paid it on the spot.

I had made studies of all the countries through which I would pass and I knew that the glory of the ancient Egyptians was based on their culture, which could be traced back some six thousand years. Some authorities, I write as of 1911, had supposed that the founders of the Egyptian civilization had issued from the Sudan. This theory had been abandoned by reason of additional historical knowledge and particularly from the uncovering of a great number of well preserved bodies buried six thousand years ago which showed less than 2 per cent of the African negroid type. Other writers at that time were beginning to connect the Egyptian culture with the discoveries being made in Babylon and adjacent areas. Some writers held that the early Egyptians were Hamites. Later, some of the authorities have said that there was no proof that they were Hamites. We may err in assuming that any definite prehistoric culture was the product of the ancestors of the peoples who now occupy such cultural areas. Let us assume that South Africa be cut off from historical records and that in a distant future its present culture be discovered in the midst of a negroid people. Those who held that it was an indigenous culture sooner or later would be corrected by those who could show that the higher culture of South Africa was essentially the same as that of Europe at the same period. There has been an interval of two thousand five hundred years since Egypt was ruled by an Egyptian. Hamites, Semites, Europeans and whites from near Asia have contributed in some measure to the present Egyptian population. It is a matter of prime importance to know that the Copts, held to be the oldest of the Egyptian population, are the most negroid of the population.

This would show that such racial mixture had begun a long time ago.

The latter days of Old Egyptian engineering skill was marked by their cutting canals through cataracts on the Nile to establish and maintain an economic and political control over peoples in the area now known as the Sudan. The earliest evidence of their engineering skill was in building magnificent Pyramids first near Cairo and afterward southwardly along the Nile. I had seen the cataract area and now went to see the Sphinx and the Pyramid near Cairo. Many tourists from Europe and America were in Cairo and I think about all of them would see the Sphinx, which has the head of a man and the body of a lion, and the great Pyramid tomb to Cheops. There the tourists had a chance to ride a camel trained by an Arab. Also, I would drop in occasionally at the splendid Sheppard Hotel, the cost of living there being far beyond my means.

Many of the people at Cairo were poor. Some slept on the sidewalks at night. There were many beggars. And to show you that begging, of a kind, was not confined to the native population, I will introduce a beggar extraordinary.

At my lodging house there were a few British, several Germans, and a few other Europeans who spoke English. With one exception, all were young, the exception being an Englishman of middle age of aristocratic appearance and demeanor. A day or so after I had arrived, this high class appearing gentleman came to my quarters and asked me about certain areas in Rhodesia and in Uganda. It seems that the boarders to a man had questioned whether I had come overland from Cape Town. After his conversation with me, the distinguished appearing gentleman told the others that I had come from Cape Town. He said to them that he had come up from the East Coast to the Uganda lake front and that he had been in a portion of Northern Rhodesia and that I knew the points where he had

been and knew also the villages and some of the tribes both north and south of the regions that he knew. This gentleman showed me three printed articles he had written and sold to different newspapers all under title of "Siege of the Flaming Arrows," dealing with an exciting situation in Rhodesia in which arrows aflame were shot into the hut he occupied.

A day or so later I saw this gentleman leaving our quarters about 8 P.M. and was powerfully impressed by his appearance. Wearing ordinary clothing, he looked to be an important individual. Now he was wearing an elegant suit with long-tailed coat, high white collar, stove-pipe hat, gloves, and spats. I commented to a fellow lodger that his appearance was most impressive, and that I wondered where he was going. The lodger told me "that is the suit he uses to earn his living." That he would wait outside clubs where he knew that well-to-do Englishmen patronized and that when they came out after a full meal and liquids that went with the meal most of them were feeling kindly toward the world and the human beings in it. The distinguished appearing Englishman would approach the well fed one, make a casual remark that could carry with it the implication of former acquaintance, tell him that his remittance from "Home" had not arrived and that he was embarassed, could he advance a reasonable amount and be repayed when his funds arrived. The well fed man would usually hand him one to five pounds (five to twenty-five dollars), sometimes more, and when the question of the time of repayment was mentioned he would often hear the remark, "at your leisure, or you may forget it." The distinguished appearing gentleman was not a gambler, nor did he drink. One evening a month was all that was needed to keep him going. After some days he remarked to me that he was not well qualified for employment and that his method of earning his living was lucrative during the tourist season but apart from such season it was sometimes difficult.

Two of the unemployed young men at the lodging house became interested in my six-shooter, 45 calibre, and I sold it to them for ten dollars. They did not say why they wanted it.

The fine English lady who ran our lodging would give food to an Arab when he appeared near the kitchen. I noticed that when he reached for the food he would pull his big sleeve far back on his arm. One of the lodgers told me (I did not verify it) that his Mohammedan religion did not forbid him from accepting food from an "infidel female" but that he pulled back his sleeve to keep it from touching and being defiled by the infidel woman.

Within two weeks a cablegram from America to the American Consul General had brought the money for which I had written. Then came two weeks of restlessness on my part waiting for a boat to South Africa. I was gaining back my weight. In waiting for the boat, the English lady told me she had received many people at the lodging but never one as restless as myself.

I had been well entertained in Catholic Missions in central Africa and hearing from some of the lodgers that they could get a free meal from Catholic Charities in Cairo, I went with them to get a meal. Heretofore I had been served under direction of jolly priests. Now I was to be served by silent nuns. The meal was not served as bounteously as had priests who had set the table for a traveler, but it was a soup and bread combination of ample nourishment. It was served by nuns with downcast eyes. One of them was good-looking, but she did not look at us.

I had kept in touch with my valued friend, Mr. Knabenshue at the Consulate and when the money from America was received he had informed me. I left it there until I had obtained a third class passage on a German boat which would carry me along the East Coast to Durban in Natal. It was near time to take the German boat and after bidding farewell to Mr. Kna-

benshue, my landlady, and a few other new found friends, I left Cairo by rail for a port on the canal. My baggage was light, in a suit case which had accompanied me from the United States and which showed indentures of the heads of a good many porters was a suit of clothing which I had carried with me but not used. My Regal shoes were in the suitcase, for I had worn them through Africa and planned to wear them across equitorial South America. Also apart from shaving equipment and such matter, it contained my travel notes, my notes taken from a good many authors, and the one book that I had, Ross' Social Control. I had valued this work for I was to be in many countries, and a study of their system of social control gives the student an insight and an understanding that would be difficult to equal by any other form of approach. My blanket was fitted into the suit case, filling it but not adding much to its weight.

I will insert excerpts from my letter to my sister, Emma, dated Cairo, February 2nd, 1912, which will give the time of my departure for Durban, South Africa, and my state of health in Cairo. "After a most unendurable delay I am at last to get away from Cairo . . . There are three opportunities each month to secure passage to South Africa, the 3rd, the 8th and the 17th. I missed the 17th outgoing ship but will take a German vessel at Suez on day after tomorrow. The vessel will be 27 days getting to Durban . . . Since being in Cairo . . . I have done much writing. During the past ten days the fever has returned 5 times beginning with a chill and ending with a sweat, lasting from 5 to 7 hours. This takes much of my time. You see I have not the fever out of me but it is held down by medicines such as quinine. Its final eradication will be the matter of many months."

I had not gotten out of Cairo before an unpleasant incident occurred which I will relate because the incident had overtones of amusement. In entraining, I had carried my suit case almost

to the coach door when a strapping porter reached for it, and I declined with thanks, saying it was not heavy and I had less than a dozen steps to go. I entered the coach, set the suit case down, and took a seat. I was alone in the compartment. After a short interval the same porter entered my compartment, reached down, moved the suit case about six inches, and held out his hand to me saying "baksheesh" (a gift or a tip). I looked at him without speaking. He stood in the door a moment and then departed. Almost immediately from outside of the coach he stuck his head in the window, extended his hand, and demanded in exacting tones, "baksheesh." I scratched my head as if to understand and repeated "baksheesh." He nodded and talked. I arose slowly, put my left hand in my trouser pocket, and walked slowly toward him still scratching my head under the brim of my heavy Stetson hat. He watched my left hand to see how much I would give him. With my right hand I gave him a powerful blow full in the face with the heavy hat. He reeled backward, and I heard loud laughing outside and saw other porters extending their hands to the discomforted one and saying "baksheesh" with other language I did not know.

A well bred appearing Egyptian who had witnessed part of the incident and had talked with the porters came to me and in almost perfect English expressed regret for the imposition I had suffered and asked me not to remember it, that the insolent one was not liked by the other porters and that was why they were deriding him. It would be some time before the train would depart, and I walked out to the platform with my English speaking friend. The razzing continued. I asked what the other porters were saying to the aggressive one. He replied that they had told him that the aggressive one had said that I was a "tenderfoot" and that he could force a gift from me. I asked him to please tell them that I had reached Cairo but recently on a trip overland from Cape Town and that the suitcase which the porter had moved bore the indent of the heads

of porters who had carried it more than a thousand miles. He translated this information and it produced loud guffaws from the other porters who again advanced on the aggressive one shouting loudly the equivalent of "tenderfoot" in their language and demanding with outstreched hands that he give them baksheesh.

CHAPTER XI

BACK TO SOUTH AFRICA

Turkish conquests led to their dominance of the overland trade routes between Europe and Asia and they could lay tribute on traders. In 1492 Spain sent Columbus westward over the ocean to find a new trade route to India. This venture failed. Portugal, seeking a new trade route to India, rounded the southern tip of Africa and reached India in 1498. De Lesseps, a French engineer, in 1869 completed the Suez Canal which connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea and immensely shortens the sea route from Europe to India. The canal is sea level and about 100 miles long. Suez, where we will take ship, is on the Red Sea which is a branch of the Indian Ocean. The Red Sea gets its name from floating blue-green sea weeds with pigments which sometimes give a red color to the surface of the water.

My quarters were comfortable in the third class portion of the German ship. From the first, it was evident that there would be good food and that it would be well served. My table steward was a young German out of Hamburg who spoke English quite well. In fact, several of the German crew spoke English without much difficulty. Third class passengers have the lowest of the passenger decks but we had an advantage of a location assigned to us for recreation and rest. This was forward on the winch deck, and in climbing the steps from the well deck to the winch deck we were on the elevation with the second class passengers. On the winch deck there was the usual winch machinery, two large ventilators, and a high coil of large rope placed in conical form. There was a canvas roof over a portion of this deck and it was there that we had our deck chairs

under the canvas covering where a breeze could be felt even when the ship was at anchor. I had not indulged in the luxury of a deck chair from Southhampton to Cape Town, but the effect of the fever had not fully departed so I rented a deck chair from a strongly built blond German non-commissioned officer and this description of him will enter our record at a later date.

From the first days on the Red Sea I was aware that we were traversing an historical area. To our west was Egypt which in early times had produced a sustained civilization the culture of which would be known to many historians. On our east was Sinai and Arabia from which mighty religions had sprung. Ancient Egypt is known only to the historians. The religions continue; that of Moses, that of Jesus, and that of Abraham which was reinstituted by Mohammed. These are revealed religions, founded by God who orally revealed his purposes to certain human beings. All of them assumed a theocratical form of social control. All were exclusive of other religions and intolerant of human conduct not sanctioned by their priesthoods. In order to summarize their polity, I designated them as of the essential nature of oriential despotism in priestly form, and wondered whether Ross, the author of *Social Control*, would agree with this summation.

Among the third class passengers there was a German dental technician returning to his work at Cape Town, a capable middle aged Jew woman who lived in Cape Town and had been on a visit to her early home in Germany, a Portuguese youth who was being sent to the army in Portuguese East Africa, and a non-commissioned English army official who had seen service in India and who had a special deck chair of his own upon which he could lie down, full length. There was one German woman passenger who had developed a powerful romantic attachment to a German cook on third class and who paid no attention whatsoever to any of the male passengers. At

Zanzibar we would pick up a well built and intelligent Zulu who had accompanied a merchant shipment from South Africa to British East Africa and who would board our ship from nearby Mombassa.

Information on ship has a way of traveling by "grapevine" and within a day or so after our departure the first class passengers knew that an American, who had made his way through the interior from Cape Town to Cairo, was in the third class returning to South Africa. I received a visit from a capable, well educated, New Englander by the name of Sewall who was of the family which had produced the Vice-Presidential candidate running with William Jennings Bryan in his first campaign for the Presidency in 1896. Young Sewall, with whom I was to spend many hours, was the representative of cotton manufacturers and was enroute to Zanzibar from which center over a long period of time American cotton cloth had reached the coast and hinterland of eastern Africa. Swahili porters had carried this cloth far inland, and I had been intrigued by hearing loin cloths and robes referred to as "Americano."

A glance at the map will show that the Red Sea coast of Sudan is just across narrow waters from Mecca, the holy city of the Mohammedans, and that Arabia is well located for the colonization of north and eastern Africa. The conquests begun by Mohammed in the 7th century A. D. quickly extended northwardly to the Persian area and westwardly through Egypt and northern Africa into Spain. But long before Mohammed (and since his time) Arabs came from their homeland into Africa. Any history of northern Africa will have to deal at length with Arabian conquests and settlements.

From their coastal strip of Eretria, the Italians had sought to extend their domain over Abyssinia (Ethiopia) but met a heavy military defeat in 1896. In 1936 the Italians tried again and conquered Abyssinia with the view of connecting that country and Eretria with Italian Somaliland. Great Britain

quickly came to the aid of Abyssinia and that country regained its independence. Eretria was federated with Ethiopia in 1952. The population of these two countries is mainly that of Hamites, Semites, and Negroes. A limited number of the Negroes are pure Negroes. But there has been much racial mixture. The ruling class is of Semitic origin.

At the southern exit from the Red Sea, on the west, there is French Somaliland, a small area acquired by the French in 1874 and in 1947 transferred from colony status to overseas territory. On the east is the British Protectorate of Aden, a crown colony and port, acquired by the British in 1837. An oil refinery was established there in 1954. I am not sure that we put in at the port of Aden, but I do remember that nice appearing houses were on the hill sides above the town.

The French, the British, and the Italians took the coastal area occupied by the Somali who are a Hamitic people mixed somewhat with Arab, Negro, and Abyssianian blood. British Somaliland was occupied in 1894. Italian Somaliland, a relatively large area of 198,274 square miles, became an Italian colony after World War One and in 1950 Italy assumed a United Nations trusteeship. In 1960 the British and Italian possessions were amalgamated and given independence as the Somali Republic. We anchored off the port of Mogadiscio and freight was transferred by lighters.

Italian Somaliland borders on British East Africa (now Kenya). We have told something of this very desirable country, how the whites were assembling in the very choice highlands and settling down for permanent residence. It was the white settlements which brought on the Mau Mau raids and assasinations in recent years. The Mau Mau Society was a secret organization. Its purpose was to slay white settlers and natives who did not oppose the whites. Efficient British military counter measures subdued the Mau Mau. Kenya is slated for a trail of multiracial control at a very early period. I am not sure that

we stopped at the thriving town of Mombasa in Kenya, but I know that we had a passenger from Mombasa aboard our ship at Zanzibar. The Zanzibar Islands are just offshore from Kenya and German East Africa (Tanganyika) which is now under British mandate and slated for an early independence.

The Arabs of Zanzibar held a claim over a vast ocean front on the mainland and the European nations when taking over Somaliland dealt with the Arab claimants. The Arab contact by water with the eastern coast of Africa and with India is greatly facilitated by the prevailing winds of the Indian Ocean which blow from the southwest in summer and from the northeast in winter. The Arab dhow is an efficient sailboat and the Arabs knew certain lands bordering the Indian Ocean centuries before the Europeans had definite knowledge of them. India and Persia also knew much of eastern Africa long before the Portuguese explorers followed part of its coast and crossed to India in 1498.

While we were at Zanzibar there was an unfortunate incident in which I was involved and to this day I do not see how I could have avoided my part in it. There were 42 Lascars (Asiatics) employed as stokers for our vessel. Less than one half of that number of Germans could have performed this task but both Great Britain and Germany resorted to the use of Orientals for while many were employed their cost was less than British or German seamen whose space area, sanitation, and pay was determined in part by the British and German governments.

The hatred of one race for another is latent, possibly, in the minds of all. To the lordly white man, some of the less fortunate races accord a servility, but it is a grudging servility. In Europe white women solicit the colored sailors to the sexual embrace. This lowers the white man in the estimate of the colored. And when coming from Europe, the bolder of the colored seamen may seek to enhance their position among their own kind by

aggressive action against the white man, selecting preferably white passengers traveling third class whom they assume to be a feeble type, or else overtaken by an ill fortune which prevents them from traveling in a higher class. It is well known in the colonies that if colored men are received sexually by white women at night that some of the colored men will show hostility to white men the following day even though normal orders only are given by the white man. The British in the Sudan seek to lessen such difficulty by refusing license to white British prostitutes, though they license white prostitutes from other European nations.

On our boat one particular Lascar, a big one, accompanied sometimes by two or three others, would come to the third class passenger's deck and would take and occupy the passenger's chairs. The Portuguese recruit was of feeble build, and I saw the big Lascar ask for his chair, and when he was slow in giving it, the big Lascar seized his collar and lifted him out of the chair. Such aggression had not been tried on the English non-commissioned officer with the long chair for his personal appearance was such as to discourage aggression. Both he and my New England friend had now disembarked.

These stokers did not belong on the passenger deck, they were to take their airing on the well deck, below. I was talking at the rail with the Jew woman from Cape Town. The big Lascar was sitting on top of the large coil of rope by us. He reprimanded me for something I had said or done, and I told him that he did not belong on the passenger deck. His attitude was such that I asked my Jew woman friend to stand clear. Then I realized that it was the duty of the ship's officers to remedy this situation and, in event of this not being done by them, my having asked them would certainly be in my favor. The officer to see would be the purser. I awakened him from his noon nap and he told me to see the chief steward. The chief steward told me to go to my table steward which was the young German

with whom I had often talked. He said most surely he would remove the aggressive Lascar, to come with him. We passed through almost all of the Lascars for it was noon and they were eating from heavy mugs of hardened clay which, in the hands of any one, could be a formidable weapon. I took my steward to the big Lascar who was still sitting on the rope coil. When the steward saw which Lascar it was, he refused to order him off the passenger's deck, saying that he knew the man and would not tangle with him. The steward departed.

The big fellow looked at me and made a horrible face. I struck him in the face and he fell backward off the rope coil, slid a few inches, and his head and neck extended over the first step to the well deck, his face covered with blood. Pandemonium broke loose. Forty Lascars could see what had happened. Shouting mightily they were throwing their heavy mugs at me, missing me and breaking them on the winch machinery. The ventilator by the side of the winch machinery was inclined so as to give me refuge, save for a small opening on the other side of the machinery. Three different Lascars reached under the ventilator to seize me. I had on what the Americans call "brass knuckles" and the English call "knuckle dusters" and a glancing blow from which was sufficient to bring much blood to the faces of the men who had reached for me. They stopped reaching. They knew that on the opposite side there was a small opening through which a mug could be hurled. I saw one of them poised to make the throw and sensed that I would have to come out. At this moment the big Lascar somewhat recovered and, bloodied in face, had come up to the ventilator. I lunged at him, closed with him from head to foot, and fell backward to the rope coil with him on top of me. By placing my left arm around his neck I got two fingers in the cheek of his mouth and could turn his head in any direction to cover my face from those who sought to strike me. He covered me completely and did not resist for he was still feeble. So far so good, but others

were coming up from the well deck and I would be in real danger. Not a word had been spoken, but suddenly the attack stopped. I saw the powerfully built German seaman from whom I had rented my deck chair standing close, with his mighty arms folded. The fracas was over! Not a one of the Lascars would dare tangle with this man, who, for me, had arrived just in the nick of time.

The floor was littered with mugs that had broken on the winch machinery. The few passengers had gotten away with the exception of the Zulu who, from our first meeting, learned that I was from South Africa and had shown friendship for me. The Zulu was standing behind the big German and the Zulu, too, had his powerful arms folded. The big German ordered the stokers off the passenger deck, and they quickly left. After a brief interval the small German technician who was enroute to Cape Town appeared with an injured and swollen head. He told me that he had sought to come to my aid but was knocked down by a thrown mug, and that he had gone to the Captain of the ship to report the disorder and that the Captain had abusively reprimanded him for interfering with the ship's crew. He motioned toward the Captain who was on the upper deck surrounded by first class passengers who had witnessed the disturbance below. I told the technician that I would go to the Captain and have it out with him.

When passing through the well deck, Lascars were on every side of me. While I was climbing the steps to get to the Captain, the headman of the Lascars, pointing to me shouted aloud, "He is not an Englishman! He is an Irishman!" I told the Captain that I wished to report that his stokers were not under German discipline. He said that the ship was a German ship and that his crew was under German discipline. I told him that I knew the history of Germany, that but lately I had walked through German East Africa and that I was competent to state that the Lascars aboard his ship were not under *German* discipline,

"not even under the mild Portuguese discipline." This enraged him and he said that he would hold me for cutting on members of his crew with a knife. I replied, "I did not use a knife." He said, "They say you did." Insane with rage, I walked closer to him and asked him for his opinion as to which had lied, the Lascar leader or myself. If he had told me that I had lied I would have struck him. At this moment his second officer, or it may have been his first, came up and called the Captain aside. They talked for a moment and the Captain spoke to me in a much modified tone, telling me that he would look into the matter and for me to return to my quarters.

Sometime later two of the boat officials, after having looked for me on the winch deck, came to my quarters and told me that all was under command and that I need not fear to be on the deck. I replied that I did not fear the deck, that the Captain had ordered me to my quarters, not to the deck. The officers glanced at each other and smiled at me. I had obeyed what I considered to be an order. This pleased them. They told me that I need not stay in my quarters, that I was free to go to the deck when I wished to go.

I did not consider that my trouble with the stokers was at an end for their great numbers would lead them to believe that I feared them and that the rest of the voyage could hold danger for me that could appear as an "accident." That night I put on my belt with the hunting knife attached and went to the well deck. In the dim light approaching darkness I walked for half an hour among the Lascars, speaking to none of them. My estimate that the matter was not fully settled was confirmed when I went to the passenger deck the following morning and saw the big Lascar with surgical binding on his head sitting in a passenger's deck chair. I walked straight toward him, he arose and stood by. I motioned to the well deck. He turned and descended to the well deck. Then I felt reasonably sure

that I would not be disturbed by the stokers during the rest of the voyage.

Shortly after our ship had put out from Zanzibar two Jews, who were traveling first class, came to my cabin. They were competent appearing men. They said they were from New York City and were on a vacation, wishing to circle Africa by boat. They asked me if I were an American and had I come up the great distance from Cape Town to Cairo. They told me that there was talk of putting me off the boat. I said to them that there was not a jury in Germany or in Africa that would convict me of any offense. They replied it would be a decision made by the ship's officers, not made by a jury. I said that if I were put ashore that I would want statements from the stewards, from the Jew Lady, the German technician, and the Zulu. That I would prefer to be put ashore in German East Africa and not in the Portuguese territory, a country with which I was not familiar. I did not see them again but assumed that they had felt that if I were to be put ashore it would be well for them to inquire if I needed additional funds.

But I was not put ashore. On the contrary certain of the German crew went out of their way to show friendship for me and none more so than the officer whose talk with the Captain had led to an end of the conversation between the Captain and myself.

We were now passing German East Africa which country, shorn of two provinces, was renamed Tanganyika by the British who have held a mandate of it from the United Nations since shortly after World War One. Dar es Salaam, its coastal city at which we would stop, had been a "show place" under German rule. It is now a city of approximately 100,000 inhabitants. Tanganyika is being prepared by capable British officials for an early independence.

Portuguese East Africa is now known as Mozambique. Through Arab colonists and traders this area was connected meagerly in culture with Arabia and India for 400 years before Vasca de Gama, the Portuguese explorer, rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1497 and reached India in 1498. Portugal took much land on the east coast from the Arabs but the Arabs had recovered a large part of it before North Europeans began to establish colonies on the east coast in the 19th century. The achievements of Vasca de Gama are included in *The Luciad,* an epic poem by Cameons, portions of which "stands unsurpassed in human composition." I will suggest to the Motion Picture Industry that "The Isle of Venus" in Cameons' epic which deals with women's method of welcoming heroes of their race would make a wonderful picture and that the language of it would not need to be censored.

The Portuguese made a settlement at Sofala where it is said that some of the stone constructed Arab houses still remain. Our boat put into Lourence Marques, the capital city of the colony, but I did not go ashore. Later, as we will see, I had sustained contact with Portuguese natives who were working in a gold mine in the Transvaal.

Our next stop was at Durban, in Natal, my destination. I bid farewell to my closer friends who were not to debark and went with the passengers to the immigration officials. It will be recalled that when the Vice Consul in Cairo estimated my expense to Durban that I had shaved this amount when I asked that funds be cabled to me. Also there had been a longer wait for a boat at Cairo than had been expected. In addition to this, in a letter to Emma, I was to bewail the fact that I had become a spendthrift. I told Emma that I had spent nothing from Southampton to Cape Town, but on this east coast voyage I had spent 6 shillings; three for a deck chair and three on a spending spree. I had turned my funds over to the purser and he had turned them over to the British official. The official in-

formed me that my funds were not sufficient for entrance to South Africa. I said that I was traveling merely from one British possession to another and should not be treated as an immigrant. This approach did not impress him very much. I then showed him my letters of general introduction, my commendation from the diamond mine, and told him that I had traveled as an individual from Cape Town to Cairo. He looked at me with interest. I showed him press account from the Congo paper which stated that I was leaving for Cairo. He asked me if I had made the trip from Cape Town to Cairo. I told him that I had and that I was returning for work in the gold mines in the Transvaal. In a low tone he said, "Pass on."

A Greek passenger who was not a third class passenger had talked with me on the boat. I had told him how generous the Greeks were and how that on more than one occasion they had asked me to dine with them on my long trip. This Greek had overheard part of my conversation with the entrance official. He said that he had ten times as much money as I had but that they had given him a lot of jaw, but that I came through like lightning. I said to him that he had overheard the conversation and asked him if he had been on duty as an immigration official would he have turned me back. The Greek said, "Hell no! If you proved to me that you had crossed from Cape Town to Cairo and that you were now enroute to the gold mines, I would have passed you in if you did not have a shilling."

When in a room at Durban, I opened my suitcase and was sickened by the discovery that I had left my Regal shoes on the German ship. I had boasted to some of the passengers that I had worn these shoes across Africa and that I would wear them across equitorial South America and that they would still be in good condition. They had wished to see the shoes and I had taken them from my suitcase and had set them under my bunk.

The history of Natal will carry with it the first clash between

the Negro invaders of southern Africa and the white invaders of southern Africa. The Bantu speaking Negroes were coming from the north and their advance had reached the Natal area about the time the Dutch settled at Cape Town in 1652. The powerful British Empire took political control of the Dutch at Cape Town in 1814 and in 1834 numbers of the Dutch, dissatisfied, began their memorable covered wagon migration into the interior, moving eastward toward Natal. About this time the British also began a migration to Natal by sea. The settlement plans of both Dutch and British would be made easier as a result of the bloody Bantu wars which had all but depopulated large areas.

The mighty Zulu warriors had moved into lands occupied by the first Bantu settlers and put them to headlong flight, some seeking refuge in nearby mountains, others escaping westward beyond the reach of the Zulu. A delegation of the Voortrekkers (Dutch pioneers in covered wagons) sought to purchase land from the conquering Zulu and the delegation was massacred, unarmed, in a friendly meeting with the Zulu. This slaughter led to war between the Dutch pioneers and the Zulus. The Zulus formed in a semicircle and stomped their feet in rhythm before attacking with shield and spear. They had been triumphant on many battlefields. Such tactics would not serve now for the Dutch were mounted and experts with their guns. When the Zulu closed the "horns" of his formation the Dutch fired and rode away. The Zulu commander recognized that a situation in which they could be killed but not kill was an impractical one. He accorded the Dutch land on which to settle.

These Dutch pioneers had left Cape Colony to escape British rule. The British now expelled them from Natal. They moved and formed the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The British would again dominate them. Natal had coal. The Free State had diamonds. The Transvaal had gold. Our

British kin valued coal, diamonds, and gold. They took them.

So grave was the danger of these Dutch pioneers from the Bantu and the British that their covered wagons were constructed so that the tongue could be put into either end of the wagon, enabling them to advance or retreat without the delay of turning their wagons. These Dutch pioneers will emerge in historical record, I believe, as the most heroic of Teutonic peoples in modern times. Around them is now a great industrial civilization. Questions were asked in England as to why it was that the Dutch, close kin of the British, were fleeing from British rule at Cape Town. The answer was that the British had abolished slavery at the Cape and the Dutch, dissatisfied, were leaving. But it was the common people who were moving in the trek northward. The owners of 98 percent of the Dutch slaves did not leave Cape Town.

The British in South Africa will also emerge in history as of heroic mold. They made settlements on the southern coast forward to Natal, and it was here that the whites and blacks first came to armed conflict. As colonists the British were everywhere efficient. They were placed in Natal by the British government. The Dutch always were of great courage, but it is to the British that I would accord the most heroic feat in the white settlement of South Africa.

After the British had taken Natal from the Dutch, the Zulu again declared war against the whites. British forces assembled to subdue the warlike Zulu. A large number of the British were surprised and most of them massacred. A small detachment of the 24th regiment consisting of 80 men, one half of them hospitalized, were not surprised by the Zulu. This limited number of Englishmen, fighting with the bayonet withstood the attack of overwhelming numbers which on six occasions got within the English entrenchment. The attack failed. The Zulus left 350 dead. The bayonet fighters had 17 killed and 10 wounded.

CHAPTER XII

THE GOLD FIELDS

Leaving Durban by train March 7th, 1912, I went to Johannesburg some 300 miles away, traveling almost always amidst the hills of the Drakensburg mountains. Johannesburg is on an offshoot of these mountains in which the Witwatersrand Goldfields were discovered in 1886 and the town of Johannesburg founded. This discovery of gold was made 19 years after the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley in 1867.

My funds were low. I did not go to a hotel in Johannesburg and was fortunate to get a room in the home of a Bulgarian. A passenger on the ship had given me a blanket of attractive design and I folded it with the long and heavy blanket I used on my journeys. The man of the house said that his wife liked the attractively designed blanket and had asked him to buy it for her. I had a few remaining trinkets which I had carried through the interior among which were some short chains with whistles attached, and I told my host that I would give the blanket to his wife and two of the whistles to him in lieu of cash payment for a week or ten days use of the room. This pleased him, and he quickly accepted the offer, saying that his wife wanted the blanket but for his part he would rather have the trinkets that had been carried on porters heads for hundreds of miles in central Africa.

A local paper ran an interview with me in which my picture appeared. I then went to the American Consulate and told Mr. E. N. Gunsaulus, the Consul, of my purpose of making a study of the white race in contact with other races. I presented the letters of general introduction from Dr. Henderson and Dr. Thomas of the University of Chicago and particularly invited

his attention to the letter from the diamond mine which gave me substantial merit as a workman. I told the Consul that my funds were low, that I knew no one in Johannesburg, and that I needed employment. He could not have done for me better than that which he did. He gave me a letter to Mr. G. A. Chalkley, the Mine Manager of the Knights Deep Gold Mine near Germinston. Mr. Chalkley was an American from the State of Virginia.

The editor of the paper which ran the interview with me had asked me for an article on certain areas further north and for this article I would be paid. In the article I predicted that in event of war the giant Negro soldiers of German East Africa would defeat the smaller soldiers of the Congo and of Rhodesia and that Imperial troops of Great Britain and Belgium would have to be sent to the German colony if the German trained and German directed big soldiers were subdued. My prediction proved to be true. Within two years the long expected war came. In a four years war and after the German army in Europe had surrendered, the big Negro soldiers of German East Africa, after long resisting Imperial troops, came to Abercorn in Rhodesia and laid down their arms.

It was my purpose to pay my way in the studies I was making and I will say here that during my journeys (except the portion in South America) I sent back to America more money than I received from America. But the reader may be interested in learning of the only time I was without funds, though for less than a minute. I will draw on a letter to Emma in which I boasted that I was a child of destiny. At the Post Office I received some letters, one of which was understamped and required an extra penny postage. I paid the penny postage. It was the last penny that I possessed. I told Emma that she should not grieve too much or too soon for me for I was a child of destiny. The postal clerk, in going through the Post Restant mail, had not lifted one item and I noticed this. I asked him

about it. He looked and handed me a bluish strip of paper. It was a notice that there was a registered package for me. He wanted identification. I showed him the picture of myself in the local paper. He was pleased to give me the package. It was from my nurse friend formerly of Kimberley and now of Pretoria. We had corresponded and one of her letters had followed me to Cairo. I had written to her that I was back in South Africa and had employment but that I would need ten dollars to tide me over to payday and that when I had a payday I would come to visit her. She sent me $25.00 and said for me not to wait for payday to make the visit. I will tell the reader something that I did not tell Emma, for if you are going to boast that you are a child of destiny you should make the situation as tragic as possible. At the Post Office I had received a statement from the paper saying my article had been accepted and that a certain amount was due me and would be sent on a certain date. Also I had employment, had been assigned quarters, and was entitled to meals at the Knights Deep Mine which was in walking distance from the Post Office. I merely let Emma know that I did not have a single penny left and that the dire situation had been relieved by my girl friend who had sent me twenty-five dollars.

Here in the gold fields as in the Katanga province of the Congo, as in German East Africa and everywhere I had been on the journey overland, save in the Sudan and Egypt, there was a pressing demand for native labor. The Native Commissioners in the Rhodesias were a picked group of Englishmen competent to administer native affairs, but a chief function that they performed was in obtaining laborers for mines and railroads. The effort to get labor was to be developed as a science. The laborers woull be increasingly well cared for. They would be fed nourishing food and kept under constant medical attention. At the gold fields, as in the diamond fields, the native laborers were located in enclosed compounds. There is a vast

change of temperature from certain portions of the underground workings to that of the surface. When the native worker comes from the hot underground he may have a bath and heavier clothing. At his compound ample food and proper temperature awaits him.

When I presented the letter from Mr. Gunsaulus to Mr. Chalkley I was given employment. Quarters were assigned to me in a long one-story brick building which housed many of the white workers. Here I was to stay for 14 months. The building was lighted by electricity and there were dining quarters under mine control. My quarters, one room, was not far from the mine entrance and not far from the mine store which was operated by a young blond merchant with whom I would become well acquainted.

At the diamond mine where I had worked for one year my employment had been about 700 feet below ground. Here in the gold mine I would work from 1,000 to 2,000 feet below ground. The vast amount of blue ground deposit at the diamond mines lent itself to a system of "chambers" for mining. In the gold mines the rock bearing gold is but about two feet thick. It slopes down rapidly to a very great depth. This "reef" is approached by "stopes" which clear out the rock or ground adjacent to the reef. When the gold bearing ore reaches the surface the cyanide process of extracting gold from the pulverized reef is put in operation. The very great amount of rock dust together with other refusal from this process is piled high in "dumps." These dumps were an eye sore to all who looked at them. But how prosaic our minds can be. Years later these dump heaps would become the site of hotels and recreational features, and the higher the dump heap the more commanding the view.

My first work below ground was to assist a Scot miner whose duties included determining whether there was proper ventilation and whether the water sprinklers had settled the rock dust

formed by drilling and blasting. He was well trained in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer (1820-1903) and knew of his several printed works. I knew something of the theories of this distinguished Englishman who from time to time was familiar with poverty as he was with synthetic philosophy, and a story I had heard about Spencer made me feel rather close to him. He was asked why he was traveling third class. He replied that it was because there was no fourth class. Our duties in relation to ventilation and rock dust centered on "miners phthisic" as it was then called. There were laws requiring constant watering of areas in which there were workmen. Rock dust could accumulate in the lungs and there was no way to remove it. It was said that the average life of white miners was 8 years.

I was transferred to other duties where I assisted white miners and then to a duty where I was alone and in which I must have given satisfaction for this duty was followed by assignment to a relatively important post of loading the "reef" where I spent the rest of my time in the mine. My native employees were from Portuguese East Africa.

At my rooming quarters I had solved the problem of getting a writing table by constructing one out of dynamite boxes. With but a few exceptions I would be busy at night, first in making a draft of my journeys both by public transportation and by foot and make use of my road notes in doing this work. Then from the public libraries here, as in Kimberley, I obtained histories of South Africa from the first settlement and almost always I would make copious notes from the authors, and these notes are available to me now, many years after making them. The gold mines are in mountainous land and the unheated living quarters could be cold in the winter months. The miners, if they wished, could keep quite comfortable at night in the club room provided by the mine where light liquids and light foods were sold. Adjacent to the club room was a small auditorium in which the miners would hold their own meetings and

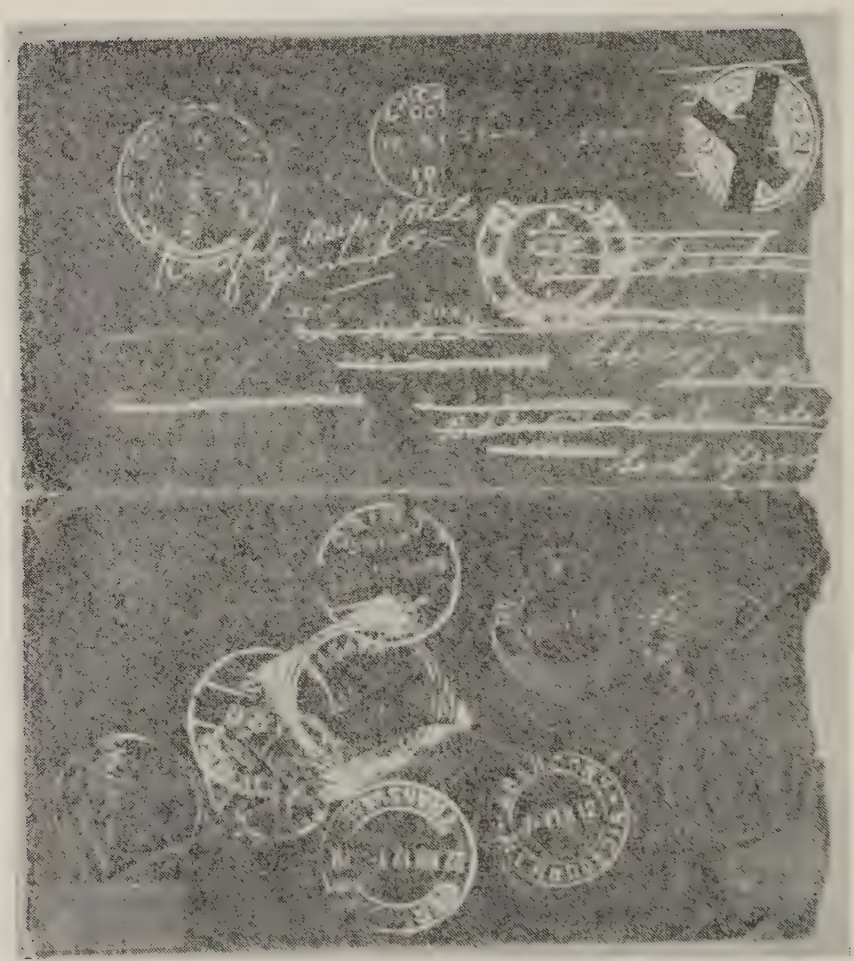
occasionally hear a speaker. In my quarters on cold nights I kept warm and continued my studies by placing my miner's lamp, lighted, under a perforated mafuta tin (oil tin) and putting the tin under my chair. I would wrap a blanket around myself and the chair, the blanket extending to the floor. The fume from the lamp was avoided by tightening the blanket around my chest and placing a rolled newspaper down my back, giving easy exit to the fume.

I had become a pipe smoker in my student days and was to continue this custom. At an early date I settled on Prince Albert smoking tobacco, but in some portions of Africa where I had been Prince Albert was not obtainable and I had used other brands. When back in South Africa I was attracted by the aristocratic appearance of the calabash pipe the large bowl of which was made from a gourd. Its ample stem was sometimes plated with silver and also there was a small hinged cap over the bowl. This pipe was often used in smoking the Boer tobacco which was dry and in large flakes. The hinged bowl would prevent this dry tobacco from being blown out of the pipe when caught in a heavy wind. I got a calabash pipe, tried out the Boer tobacco and recognized its merit, but Prince Albert was available and I liked it better.

The Portuguese East African natives I had in my employ were good workers and required little if any discipline. It was their custom to work barefoot. Their headman was known as "Two Shillings." Two Shillings came to me and said that a "boy" (native workman) had done the unusual thing of wearing his newly bought shoes to work and after proudly displaying them to the other workmen he had removed his shoes and set them aside, not wishing to skuff them on the rocks. The shoes had disappeared. All workmen were present and I had Two Shillings to call them and state forcefully to them that they would have to find the shoes. They looked in many places and

then a shout went up. They had found the shoes. One of the natives who was foremost among the searchers had them on. One day Two Shillings brought to me a young native workman with blood on his hand. Two Shillings, who spoke English, translated what the native with blood on his hand was trying to tell me. He said that a member of another tribe had struck him, bringing blood, and that under his tribal standards of honor the insult could not be wiped out save by bringing blood from the offender. He wanted my permission for him to wipe out the offense. I said that under the white man's custom in the mines there could be a legal trial in which, if an offense could be proved, a fine would be levied. But that this step would lead to loss of time and pay and that I, who employed both of them, could avenge the indignity by publicly humiliating the aggressor if both the injured man and the aggressor consented. The offending native was brought up and Two Shillings informed him that I would settle the matter if both consented. They consented. I had all the men brought up and Two Shillings explained to them that both had agreed that I should settle the grudge by humiliating the aggressor in the presence of all of them. I seized the aggressor, turned his back to me, and gave him a hard kick in the rump that sent him headlong into the group that was watching. The feud was over. This method of humiliating the aggressor was greeted with praise.

I had written to Dr. Henderson about my prospective journey from the Congo to Cairo and as related in Chapter X had requested him to speak a favorable word to Dr. James H. Breasted, the Egyptologist, in event of my asking employment. My letter was sent to Dr. Breasted who replied in the following terms—"I have read the enclosed letter with great interest. I am sorry that I shall not be privileged to meet the explorer on the upper Nile. Our work in that region has entirely closed," Dr. Henderson forwarded



this message to me enclosed in the envelope here photographed which shows that mail could follow a traveler thousands of miles in Africa in 1911-12.

In the gold mines as in the diamond mines management would occasionally transfer a white boss from one location to another to see who, by aptitude and energy, might get most results from the native force allowed him. After my first month with the Portuguese natives I had reason to believe that my present assignment included a desire to see what could be ob-

tained with the workmen furnished, and at the end of my second month's work I was satisfied that this had been the case. I had done quite well the first month and the pay per truck loaded had been reduced. At the end of the second month another reduction was made. I believed that the relatively high earnings were reduced so that my pay would be about what was customary for a miner in my situation. Labor unions were not operating either in the diamond or gold field areas. There had been an effort to reinstitute them, but it did not have strength enough to succeed. But the mines were not run on a "cut throat" theory. The wages paid to white miners who knew their work kept them in relative comfort, and the wages paid to black miners, though low by necessity, provided them ample food and excellent medical care in the mines, and enabled them to take to their tribal areas, some of them distant from the mines, clothing, household equipment, and jewelry trinkets for their women folk. I said that the wages paid to natives were "low by necessity." The amount of gold in the reef is so little, and the expense in obtaining it is so great, that mines could not pay high wages. In more recent years the price of gold is fixed internationally and the mining venture is subjected to the price of gold. Any increase in the pay of miners, white or black, other than a very minor increase could lead to a financial collapse, and the gold mines of South Africa would be abandoned as were many gold mines in the United States where the cost of mining was greater than the profit from it.

If the native did not choose to work and carry back to his tribal areas where often there is poverty, evidence, however meager, of a more advanced culture, would this choice on his part mean the closing of the gold mines in South Africa? I believe it could close them. On one occasion they were reluctant to work and Chinese laborers were imported. They were returned to China when the natives chose to work. There is also a possibility of using Indian workmen. Many Indians live in

South Africa, the descendants of Indians imported for labor and who chose to remain. It was here that Gandhi led his first non-resistance movement. He represented large numbers who, without violence, crossed into territory denied to Indians and he succeeded in getting several laws governing Indians repealed. In 1913 Gandhi went to India where in large part by similar non-violence in opposing the English rulers that country would become independent. In South Africa at the present time, 1961, it is highly improbable that Chinese laborers could be imported from China. The racial hatred normal to all mankind is such that the South African Indian workmen would not take the place of native African workmen. The local Indian would know that if he did this that sooner or later he would be the victim of the South African black man. Press reports from Kenya, 1960, state that there is an increasing effort of Kenya Indians to escape from that country before it achieves "Independence."

In Chapter V I spoke of the great number of white women in South Africa being raped by Negro men and that for political reasons the press had concealed this information from the public until a certain twist in politics made it expedient to reveal it. The rapes continued in spite of the publicity. Under tribal rule the Negro would not rape members of other tribes because it would lead to tribal warfare. Here he was under British rule of "law and order." But law can prevail without order. Law in this case did not bring order. The relatively few whites in the gold mining area sent a petition of more than 50,000 signatures to the Parliament praying for relief from his "Black Peril." The Dutch households, less protected by police than the English households, suffered scarely a rape. The fact that the "holy" English were being raped and that the "unholy" Dutch were not being attacked by the black ravisher led as we would expect to highly unfavorable comments from certain of the British who but lately had come to South Africa. One of these

comments got through the comment columns of the principal local newspaper, saying that the Dutch women did not have to be raped, that they sought sexual contacts with the natives and this was the reason for their exemption from rape. The following day two Dutchmen came to the editor's office, one stood at the door, the other came to the editor, told him to defend himself, and administered on him a heavy physical punishment. The publicity given to this incident led to the British writer of the letter in question being dismissed from his employment. When the Dutch learned that the writer was the sole supporter of his family they requested that he be reinstated in his employment and this was done. The reason that Dutch women were seldom raped came from the fact that the natives knew the Dutch and also knew the English and they feared the Dutch and did not fear the English "law and order." There were many natives alive who knew that Paul Kruger, the head of the Dutch Republic who had fled when the British triumphed in the Boer war, when a young man, had avenged the crime of an outlaw group of natives who had caught a Dutch elephant hunter, tied him to a tree, and skinned him alive. This outlaw group fled into a cave and the Dutch could not get at them though they piled firewood in the entrance of the cave and lighted it. The smoke did not appear and this was evidence that there was another opening to the cave a long distance away. Kruger, who could speak the native language without alien accent, blackened himself and went into the cave. He learned of the exit. He had fire placed at the entrance, followed by gunfire. The outlaw group sought to flee by the far exit. Kruger had all of them slain. The unholy Dutch had adopted Kaffir methods in dealing with the Kaffirs and their offenses against the Dutch were few, for the natives knew that the Dutch were as terrible in revenge as were their own ruling chieftains.

When at Cairo I stated that I would publish letters relative to my payment for transportation in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This I will now do.

COPY

SUDAN AGENCY,
WAR OFFICE
CAIRO.

No. A.A./ Gen/1/12.
Dear Sir,

I have to acknowledge with very many thanks the receipt of your draft for £18, of which the second of exchange was duly received by the United States Agency here.

In accordance with your wishes, £15, will be credited to a fund for meeting unforeseen expenditure in similar cases, and £3 will be placed at the disposal of Captain R. C. R. Owen, Governor of Mongalla, for the use of his Hospital.

If you will permit me to do so I should like to record how very sincerely your good faith in repaying this amount in so short a time is appreciated by everyone. Not only have you discharged a moral obligation yourself, but you have set an example to and established a precedent for future travellers who may find themselves in the same predicament.

Although this must be in the nature of an official letter, I wish to add my personal very sincere wishes for your prosperity in South Africa.

Yours Faithfully,

R. E. M. Russell. Captain
for Sudan Agent

Mr. Earnest S. Cox,
Germiston,
Transvaal, South Africa

Also I received a letter from Captain R. C. R. Owen, Governor of Mongalla, recognizing receipt of the fifteen dollars for his Hospital and stating that he remembered well my illness when I passed through Mongalla.

My check was sent in duplicate to Peter A. Jay, American Consul General in Cairo and he replied, stating that "the Sudan

Agency duly received your draft and made suitable acknowledgment to this agency." But none of the letters I received was more highly prized than the one from Paul Knabenshue, the Vice Consul General in Cairo. Young Knabunshue and myself had become close friends. He said that Captain Russell was greatly pleased in receiving the draft; "It was not the money so much as the evidence of your good faith, . . . But I had full faith in you from the first."

I sent the American Mission at Khartoum twenty-five dollars for my week of rest at the Mission and received a letter from the Reverend J. K. Griffin in which his wife joined him in giving two places at which they could be reached when they came to the United States.

A goodly number of the white miners had come from Great Britain which country was referred to as "Home." Keeping contact with their relatives at Home was with some of them a taxing matter. I was told by more than one Briton that a certain man referred to as "Charlie" had solved the question of correspondence with the least possible effort. He had purchased many post cards and addressed them to his mother. On the back of the post cards he had written, "Charley." At certain definite intervals Charley would reach for a post card and mail it to his mother in Scotland.

Many of the white men employed by the mine would go into Johannesburg on Saturday nights. This city was impressive at that time (1912-13) and has developed into a modern metropolis of more than a million population. On a few occasions I went to Johannesburg with others from our mine and found the city crowded with miners. But my social life, almost all of it, was spent in Pretoria about forty miles away. My nurse friend in Pretoria, as we have seen, had sent me 25 dollars instead of the 10 dollars I requested and had told me not to wait until after payday to come to see her. I did not wait. I would go to Pretoria on Sundays on a passenger train and

return late on Sunday night, riding a freight train. In Pretoria we went to see the administrative building of the Union Government which was in process of erection. It gave evidence of becoming an imposing edifice.

On one occasion in Pretoria I was to experience a scandalous incident for which my early training had not prepared me. I grew up in the mountains of a Southern state in the American Union and was 20 years of age before I left my home. In my youth I had never heard of a woman in my community, black or white, being raped, though accounts of rape would sometimes appear in the press. I have recorded my experience at Kimberley with a would be rapist. He was a Negro. In Pretoria, when escorting the same young woman, I was confronted not with a Negro would be rapist, but by 6 or 7 would be white rapists, all of them Imperial soldiers.

There is no moonlight brighter than that of South Africa. I had called for my companion and we walked a short distance on a roadway when I saw a path leading from the road up an incline to an open area where there were rocks jutting from the ground, and where the distance to a well lighted house with beautiful rosebushes along its fence was not more than one half block from a comfortable seat we could take on a large outcropping rock. Our seat would be separated from the roadway about 40 feet and between us and the roadway there would be a relatively deep gully.

We had talked but for a short while when the moonlight revealed four or five soldiers coming up the road near us which led to a military encampment, and I assumed they had been on Sunday leave in Pretoria and were returning to their camp. Two more soldiers were following them at some little distance. When the larger number had gotten opposite to us there was a loud call from one of the two men in their rear who had seen us sitting on the rock and had seen the trail we had taken from the road. The loud voice called out, using a vulgar term, "Hey

mytes! Let's take this woman and —— her." The soldiers opposite us stopped. The other two, one of them quite tall, came up the trail toward our position. I said to the nurse that in America I could kill the approaching men now, but that under the British I would have to be dying before I could kill. I assured her that she would not be molested, for the soldiers were not armed and that I was. I told her to keep her seat. The tall one came to me, seized the collar of my coat and raised me up. I came up with ease, clutched his collar with my left hand and with my right hand shoved the barrel of an automatic pistol under his chin. Drunk as he was, he was a soldier and he knew what had happened. I said to him in low tone that if any man crossed the gully I would blow his head off. I shoved the gun barrel and turned his head toward the men to whom he must speak. He said to them, "Mytes! Do not cross the ditch. I will explain to you later but for God's sake do not cross the ditch." They did not cross it. At this moment the shorter of the two who had come up the trail reached us, in a drunken condition. He saw me standing against his tall companion whose head was shoved backward. The short one said that no man was going to manhandle his "myte" and began to strike at me with a swagger stick. I kicked at his hand and by luck hit under his wrist, knocking the stick out of his hand. The commotion and especially the man striking at me unnerved the woman I was escorting. I was standing by her side. She arose and threw her arms around me. I told her to seize the man who was still striking at me. She turned on the short man as fiercely as any tigress ever leaped at her prey, pinioned his arms to his side, and he was gasping for breath. I then told the soldier under whose chin I held the gun that I would send the woman to the nearby lighted house and that I would follow her, backing away from them, and if either of them picked up a rock I would fire. I told the nurse to release the man and to run to the gate of the house. This she did. I then backed away

for quite a distance. The two soldiers crossed the gully, joined the others, and they all disappeared on the roadway to their camp.

A short time after this incident two soldiers took a woman from her escort and raped her. They did this by taking off their belts and beating the man with their heavy belt buckles. Some part of one of the belt buckles was lost in the scrimmage and when found by Pretorian police was traced to a man in the soldier's camp who said that he had loaned his belt to another soldier. This led to the arrest of a tall soldier and his mate, a short one. Placed in prison they had time to reflect upon the depth to which they had degraded themselves and one of them committed suicide. The nurse and myself wondered if these two were the same two who had accosted us.

While I was at the gold mine there appeared in the press an account of a combination of Churchmen and Socialists in the Reichstag asking the Imperial Government to rescind its anti-miscegenation laws and permit marriage of blacks and whites in the German colonies. In German East Africa I had heard of a native black man who had gone to Germany and had returned with a white wife. The native black was taken ashore and the white woman returned to Germany. The Imperial German Government was not subject to the joint resolution by Churchmen and Socialists, and no change was made in the law. Such resolution brings forcefully to mind a situation well known to the colonial whites. The common comment recalled that the further away the white man was from a problem of color the greater authority he announced himself to be on the problem. That many of the whites in Europe knew all the correct answers, more so, than any of the whites in the colonies. It was evident that the resolution in the Reichstag had placed a biological rider on a social economy and also had placed a biological rider on a spiritual religion. The colonial whites made the quaint comment that European socialism and Euro-

pean Christianity were not suited for thoroughbreds of any kind, only for mongrels.

There were not many Jews in South Africa but they had gained such importance that the Johannesburg stock exchange would close on Jewish holidays. Their eminence was sufficient to cause comment from local whites to the effect that the English had taken the diamond areas and the gold areas from the Dutch by force and bloody war but that Jews would take both diamonds and gold from the English without firing a gun.

I have spoken of the fine young merchant who ran the mine store. He had failed in business in Cape Town, had entered another business with success and had paid his former creditors. This would give him high reputation in any nation. He had come to the Rand and was making substantial success. He and myself had established close friendship. On Saturdays I would notice that he had a young girl helping him in the store and had noticed also that the girl would go to his living quarters in the store and tidy up things. She was 18 years old, blue eyed, fair skinned, and with a bearing that showed a good heredity. I liked her. I have said that the merchant's store was but a short distance from my living quarters.

On one Sunday morning my merchant friend cried out to me from the store and rushed across to me waving the Sunday edition of the largest newspaper and said, "Do you see what they have done to me?" I asked him what they had done to him. He replied that an elaborate announcement was in the paper saying that he and the girl that helped him in the store would be married at an early date. I asked him if it was the girl I had seen in the store. He said it was. I complimented him. He said that he was engaged to a girl in Cape Town and could not marry the girl who helped him in his store. I asked him why then the elaborate announcement of the engagement and the forthcoming wedding. He said that the girl's mother was a widow and wanted to get her daughter out of her way,

that the daughter's age was such as to indicate that her mother was not as young as she professed to be. I asked him if he had spoken to the mother of the girl. He said that he had not. I told him then that he did not have to marry the girl. He said that I did not know the mother, that she would bring a suit of breach of promise and ask for heavy damage. I said that the girl was too honorable to be used as her mother was using her. He said that the girl would not openly side with her mother but that she would weep and say that she would be greatly humiliated if the wedding did not take place after it had been announced. He asked me what he could do. I told him that I was a bachelor like himself and if I were caught in a fix like he was in I would not know what to do, and that I could not give him advice. He married this girl and it is probable that they lived happily ever afterwards.

By reason of the absence of labor organizations certain of the mine managers would encourage public discussions of situations that were galling to miners. Such circumstances arose in our mine. I do not recall the entire motivation but I know there were charges of a favoritism shown by shift bosses which advanced some miners and retarded others. Certain of the shift bosses were satisfied that their influence was so great that there would be no open opposition to them. By instinct I joined with the common miners and when the open discussion was held in the small mine auditorium I was put forward as one of the speakers. I spoke from the platform and may have spoken in a loud tone but certainly I discussed the situation without personal reference to any individual on the opposition. At the end of my talk I took a seat in the audience. I was succeeded by an opposition speaker of whom I had heard side remarks as "the shift bosses pet." His opening remark, referring to me, was "You have heard the bellow of a bull." From the audience I shot back in loud tone, "And now you will hear the bray of an ass." The discomforted speaker wanted to fight. He was













African Hairdo

restrained by some of his own side who reminded him that I had not resorted to personalities and that he had. That he had not "played the game," that I had.

I favor organized labor but wish to point out that some serious injustices which organized labor seeks to check may be and certainly sometimes are corrected by those who are in the higher bracket as bosses. In a nearby mine an old miner long known for his efficiency came to the surface in the middle of a shift and went to his dressing room with all of his underground equipment with him. The mine manager who had worked with the elderly miner in former days asked him why he had quit. He said that he had not quit, that he had been "sacked" by the new shift boss. The mine manager told the old miner to take the rest of the day off and return for duty on the morrow. The mine manager then waited to see the new shift boss who told him that the old miner did not know his job and that he had gotten rid of him. The manager replied that he knew the old miner and if the two of them could not work together that the shift boss could go to the office and collect his pay.

I recorded that I met a Swede in Rhodesia who had undertaken to walk from Cape Town to Cairo. His route was through the Belgian Congo. Some months after my return to South Africa this Swede also returned and his destination, like mine, was the gold fields. The local press, in an interview, reported that he had returned from Cairo. I do not recall that the press said that he walked all the way but I will say that in my opinion he was strong enough to have so walked. The press report said that he had lost his splendid rifle to Belgian Congo natives who had become "outlaws" for opposing the Belgian government; and that he would have lost his life also except by luck when he had been able to convince his captors that he was a Swede and not a Belgian.

I did not cease an immediate interest in the study of the white race in contact with the nonwhite races. At this time the

white man was in direct political control or in political dominance of all colored races. He had not achieved a direct political control of China and Japan but there was what amounted to a white dominance of these countries. Western Europe dominated by the Teutons and Eastern Europe dominated by the Slavs had extended European domination of other peoples far and wide. As a student desiring first hand observation of the methods of white control and the native peoples reaction to such control I had sought to get into the remote interior of the colonies of which little was known rather then to limit my observation to the coastal areas of which much was known.

It was evident that the white man's eminence over the colored issued from the white man's "superior" culture. All races have a culture of their own, for without it they could not have endured as a people. The yellow race had done much with the domestication of plants, and so had the American Indian. The white man had done much with both plants and animals and he was quickly adding to his own culture the achievements of the colored races in these fields. But I had long held that the white man's chief superiority was in "gunpowder." He was all but supreme in this field. Also he was aided powerfully by his inventions in the fields of steam, steel and electricity. He was carrying with him the highest of human philosophy which he had racially inherited from the "Glory that was Greece," and this philosophy was a lure to all, regardless of race. The white man's political eminence was not based, however, immediately in Greek philosophy but in his longer ranged guns and the increasing power of their combustibles.

This form of approach brings up the questions of "color" and of "culture," as we have seen. If the African Negro had achieved the higher and more powerful form of culture and had imposed this culture on Europe, would we not attribute a racial superiority to the Negro regardless of his color? I felt that culture and not color was the deciding factor in human

eminence. The fact that the higher forms of culture were white contributions brought up the question of whether the culture of a race was biologically conditioned by its color? This is a difficult question which time alone can answer and there will be much time in the indefinite future to test the cultural potentials of all races. Cultural contribution is the sole test of racial cultural capacity. At present it is the white race that is "the goose that lays the golden egg." From the cultural angle, the other races will not want to "kill the goose that lays the golden egg." This does not mean that the white man should assume political control of colored races. Under their own political control they will still want any benefit that can be obtained through the white man's cultural contributions and they will continue their own cultural advancement without being annoyed too much by the white man.

From the standpoint of race from which my studies were made, that of the white race in contact with nonwhite races, the irredeemable error in such contact is that of interracial blood admixture. The history of racial contacts has been a long history. The white race through its ancient contacts with the African Negro has left Caucasian-Negro mixbreeds in two-thirds of the land area of the Africa continent. The modern white man is carrying his racial culture to the mixbreed areas and the question is asked what forces in heredity or in environment have operated to prevent the white races' mixbreed offspring from continuing the cultural progress of the white race? We do not know the reason for the cultural slowdown in the white race's mixbreed offspring. If the reason should prove to be of genetic nature I will suggest that it could be traced to the limited genetic cultural capacity of the white race. That race seems to lead all others in cultural progress, but its rapid progress is merely relative to the slower progress of other races. The white race had knowledge of iron for some 4,000 years before it was put into common use. It had knowledge of the propelling

power of steam some 2,000 years before the steam engine was put in common use. Portions of the white race estimated that the world was round and not flat some 2,000 years before the white man sought to circle the globe. And I may add that the principle of the rocket was known for centuries before liquid propulsives were applied to bodies now orbiting the earth.

The fact that races, when dwelling together, tend to mix their blood and the fact that solutions of the problems caused by racial contact are limited to the alternatives of racial separation and racial amalgamation led me at an early period to a gloomy view of the attempts of the whites to settle in Negro and Negroid Africa. The early Caucasian invasions had led to mixed racial types. The whites that now are obtruding themselves into Negro Africa in many places cannot displace the Negro nor do they wish to displace him for they desire his cheap labor. In centuries to come the two races will be amalgamated. I felt that the white colonists who were using Africa as a racial broodland should be withdrawn from Africa, leaving temporarially only such number of whites as would be needed to serve as technical and educational instructors of the natives.

The question of white occupation of Negro and Negroid Africa ceasing does not easily apply to South Africa for in substantial regions there the invading whites arrived prior to the Bantu who was advancing from the north. The Dutch and the English, very able settlers, have established in South Africa the greatest industrial civilization that the continent of Africa has known. The whites have established this culture and they cannot abandon control of it. I could not foresee an ending to the white occupation of South Africa but my notes made at the mine went into the question of the white culture being so largely dependent upon profit from the mines. I said that when gold could not be produced at a profit that the several towns along the Rand would become "Ghost Towns" as had many in the American mining West and that at an early date the South

African whites should advance irrigation that would make fruitful much of their dryer soil. I prophesied that in a distant future, unless there should be a vast influx of whites, that the Union of South Africa would become an "Abyssinia of the South." I did not foresee that within two years from making these notes in the mine the First World War would be underway and that as a result of this war South Africa would widen its industrial efforts, nor could I have foreseen a Second World War that would immensely increase an industrialization that would alter the nation's economy and place South Africa high among the nations of the world. The South African laws enacted to preserve the racial types and those which allot residential areas for race will tend powerfully to preserve the races.

My time at the Knights Deep Gold Mine was drawing to an end. In a letter to Emma dated May 23rd, 1913, I stated that on the same mail I was sending to Dr. Charles R. Henderson of the University of Chicago a letter informing him that I had made abstracts of the works of authors and of my own original thoughts of the Negro question in Africa and that I would send a copy of these notes to my sister, Emma, and ask her to keep them. I told Emma that in event that I did not return to please send these notes to Dr. Henderson, that I had asked him to place them, if practical, in the hands of some student who was interested in the increasing contact of the white race with other races. I had prepared to leave for the East Indies by way of Delagoa Bay in Portuguese East Africa but changed this plan when I learned that an emigrant ship from Great Britain to New Zealand would stop at Cape Town. By taking this ship I would be able to see my racial kin in New Zealand and Australia and then enter the East Indies. Just prior to my leaving, I paid an extra call on my nurse friend. Each of us had looked forward to a reunion when I had left Kimberley for Cairo, but we realized that there would not be another meeting. It was a

sad parting. We were to correspond for some four years. On the morning of my leaving I took breakfast with Mr. Chalkley, the Mine Manager. I valued his friendship. He gave me a hearty good-bye with best wishes for my future work in travel and my plans in the United States.

I left the Transvaal on June 7th to embark on June 13th for New Zealand. The trip to Cape Town enabled me to see something of the Orange Free State, the only province of the Union in which I had not resided. I was aware that in the Transvaal and the Free State I was covering the area followed by the Dutch wagon trains, from 8 to 16 oxen to the wagon in a migration of loneliness and danger not less heroic than any movement of our race in its recorded history.



Symbolic Oxwagon at the opening of the Voortrekker Monument in Pretoria, 1949. For its use we are indebted to the Republic of South Africa Government Information Office, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. (LIFE magazine of October 13, 1961 has the picture of a voortrekker wagon drawn by 61 oxen).

At Cape Town there were two incidents of which I believe the reader would like to know. The press there reported the

death of the old miner at Elisabethville in the Congo of whom I have spoken. He had been in the gold rush in America and in Australia and had come to the Congo in his 81st year and had worked there for two years. The other incident was of such nature as to give insight into the emotional stresses that may come from the blood admixture of white and Negro peoples. Both in America and in South Africa I had had evidence that some mixbreeds hated their white ancestors. There was one process of escaping the stresses that may come from race mixing and this process is being tried both in America and South Africa. The mixbreed seeks to breed back into the white race, to breed to the point that their descent may cross the race line without being detected. At the hotel at which I stayed in Cape Town there was a young "Cape girl," a name given to mixbreed girls as "Cape boy" is given to mixbreed males. This young girl was employed as a domestic in the hotel. She was 15 or 16 years of age and of good mind and physical appearance. She told me that her grandmother was a Mulatto, her mother but one-fourth colored, she was but one-eighth, and that she would breed a child who would be one-sixteenth and that her grandchild would pass as white. She said that this process of breeding white was being adhered to by the females of her blood as a family process.

CHAPTER XIII

NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA AND THE EAST INDIES

I had traveled third class from Southampton to Cape Town some three years before and among my fellow passengers there were a few who were returning to South Africa but the most of them were emigrants. The ship I now took enroute to New Zealand, traveling third class, my fellow travelers with one exception were emigrants going to New Zealand, lured by special inducements made by New Zealand to obtain immigrants from Great Britain. The one exception to those destined for New Zealand was a young Australian who boarded the ship with me at Cape Town. He had passage for Tasmania, an island state of the Commonwealth of Australia.

The young Australian and myself took a final look at Table Mountain and reported to our ship for assignment of quarters. We were assigned to the only "booth" that was not occupied. In it was a large ship fixture, possibly a ventilation pipe, but there was ample room for the two of us. I took the upper bunk where there would be better light for reading. We were in the lower portion of the vessel, a substantial part of which had been converted from a freight area to passenger requirements. The partitions dividing the booths did not go to the ceiling.

The first night, as I lay reading, a girl's head appeared over the partition. She told me her name was Annie. In Cape Town I had purchased a few pamphlets for light reading and among them was a "Mormon" pamphlet with the picture on its cover of an old man pulling a girl behind a curtain. The Mormons had recruited a good many European women and the text of the pamphlet was anti-Mormon, warning women of the ways

of the Mormons. Annie saw the picture of the old man pulling a girl behind a curtain and asked me to let her read the pamphlet. I handed it to her. Keep this incident in mind for a sensational development based on it will occur.

At breakfast time I got a fair view of my fellow passengers and was impressed by their fine British type. Most of them were young. There were only a few who would not merit a classification as above the average of our racial type.

After a day or so aboard and wishing to impress my fellow passengers with my individual importance, I discreetly let it be known that I was a palmist and was so favorably impressed by my new companions that I would tell their fortunes, free. Had I foreseen the results of this offer to tell fortunes I would have resorted to some other way to acquire popularity. But the die was cast. For the next several days I was telling fortunes. I set a period for the readings, the meeting to be at a dining room table. A real difficulty arose, one which taxed me to the extent of my ingenuity. Those whose fortunes I had told gathered at the table while I was telling the fortunes of others. It was necessary to vary the readings to prevent those who had been read from saying, "that's the same thing he told me." My advice to a fortune teller is to take one at a time behind closed doors.

By the time the ship had reached Cape Town most of the passengers had chosen mates. My friend Annie had a boy friend with whom she would talk from supper time to bed time. Many other couples had a similar schedule. There were two attractive young women who were always together that were not attached to any one in our class, but in the late afternoons each of them had a companion from the second class passengers who would walk them about our deck. My Australian companion and myself decided to try to attach ourselves to these girls which we did with considerable success. The one I chose had responded to an advertisement for a girl to come to New

Zealand and serve in a home as a companion for members of the household. Her father was a sergeant major who had served with the British forces in India.

After several days I sensed that my girl friend was avoiding me and became aware also that other women were no longer cordial. Stung by the feeling that I was being ostracized by the females, I hit upon a plan to let them know that I was still a person of importance. They ignored me, but I would prove that their men would not ignore me. At a place of the walkway about the deck there was a spot that was relatively narrow. I took a position at this narrow spot and began to tell the men about my journey from Cape Town to Cairo. I spoke of lions, leopards, hippos, elephants, sleeping sickness, and the death of Rogers the elephant hunter. The men, as men would, assembled. Some of them questioned me further as to details in certain cases. My audience filled the narrow passage way and the females who were ostracizing me had to pick their way through my audience if they took their customary stroll on deck.

I had looked upon "Kitty," a mature English woman who was trained as a cook, as a close friend. She was enroute to New Zealand with the expectation of marrying a man with whom she had long corresponded. Kitty came to me and said that the reason that I was being cut by the women came from a rumor that I was a Mormon elder and that the women dared not show interest in me lest they lose "caste" with their men. She said she had heard that I was distributing Mormon literature among the women. My friend, Annie, had passed around the "Mormon" pamphlet that I had let her have with the picture of a man pulling a girl behind a curtain. Kitty said the pamphlet had been seen by an alcoholic whose friends had contributed to his passage to New Zealand and that it was he who had started the rumor that I was a Mormon elder. I obtained the pamphlet and left it on a table in the dining hall. The social ostracism that I was suffering from the females quickly

passed, for the pamphlet was a warning to women to watch out for the Mormons.

When looking over this fine selection of immigrants, some of us considered how much cheaper it was for the colonies to receive citizens than it was for the colonies to breed them. Say the immigrant is 21 years of age and is qualified for productive employment. The mother country would breed, feed, educate, and give apprenticeship in productive employment to the individual. He migrates to the colonies ready for immediate employment. We concluded that the colonies were profiting from three to five thousand dollars for every immigrant they received who was "sound of wind and limb." And in receiving them from the mother country, the immigrants would fit in well with the inhabitants and cause no race problem later.

Among my companions there was a young Englishman suffering from lung trouble who was gifted as a poet. On an evening when the entertainment was by music and song, I drew on my experience with the Salvation Army and sang the rollicking song about Jonah and the whale: "Now Jonah he was sent to tell Nineveh to repent but instead of this for Tarsus he set sail, and the winds began to blow and he overboard did go and he found himself inside a mighty whale. Now some people don't believe that the whale could him receive but for their unbelief I do not care; when I reach the glory land I'll take Jonah by the hand and he'll tell me all about it over there. On the halleluiah strand I'll take Jonah by the hand and he will tell me all about it over there." On the following day the young English poet, who must have known his Bible mighty well, came to me with three or four Bible characters whose story he had recorded in meter and music like my Jonah song. In the song fests, a young Irishman sang the popular song about Paddy Leary—"My name is Paddy Leary from a spot called Tipperary, the hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in. But before the break of dawn Faith 'tis they will be all forlorn for I start

for Philadelphia in the morning. With my knapsack on my shoulder Faith 'tis no man could be bolder and I'm leaving now the spot I was born in for I lately took the notion for to cross the briny ocean and I start for Philadelphia in the morning." The young Irishman also sang a song which I have not seen in print but a verse of it, possibly the chorus, remains with me. It was about the long subjugation of Ireland by the British and of the efforts of Irish patriots to free their homeland.—"God save Ireland said the heroes God save Ireland said they all, when upon the scaffold high or the battlefield we die, Oh what matters it? For Erin dear we fall." This young Irishman had been taught not to discuss religion, if compelled to do so to discuss it briefly. He had considerable charm. He intrigued me with the story of a happening in his home town. A labor agent had placed a sign, "Small Openings for Young Men." A wag removed this sign and nailed it on the entrance gate to a girl's school.

There were three Scotch girls who kept pretty well to themselves. Two of them were sisters; Minnie being the elder of the sisters. The other girl was a perfect blonde, 18 years old, named Gert. Gert drew my interest, and I sensed that she liked me. We became fast friends. Our friendship drew the attention of the matron who was highly efficient when her interest had been drawn to a couple. Her interest in Gert and myself continued until the time we should disembark at Wellington.

The steward of the emigrant class was an efficient Englishman by the name of Evans. From my mannerisms he estimated that I was an American Irishman. This was the second time I was mistaken for an Irishman. The first time was at Zanzibar when the Lascar leader shouted that I was not an Englishman but an Irishman. Evans had a bear skin in his quarters. Few of us knew of this bear skin, and it caused the eye brows to raise when some of the girls said they had been to Evans' quarters and had seen his bear skin.

We stopped for a short time at the city of Hobart on the island of Tasmania and in a post card to Emma which has the picture of Hobart on it I said of our voyage, "Three weeks without the sight of land, very cold, ice, snow, and storms. Leaving today, July 3rd, for New Zealand." I knew something of the history of Tasmania, that the British had settled at Hobart in 1804. The white settlers had killed or otherwise eliminated the black Negroid people who occupied Tasmania but nowhere else had white settlers eliminated the native people whose lands they took. Why was this? The whites entered Tasmania very shortly after the blacks had killed the whites in Hayti. Had the killing of the whites in Hayti by the blacks led to the killing of the blacks by whites in Tasmania? Knowing of the Hayti killings, the early white settlers in Tasmania may have feared a like fate for themselves.

Soon we would reach New Zealand. Our destination was Wellington. Among the second class passengers there was an English girl who had married an American and was bringing him to New Zealand to see her mother, a recent immigrant from Great Britain. The mother had not seen her new son-in-law. Off Wellington we were visited by officials whose duty it was to see that all things were regular for landing. The small vessel which brought the officials aboard also brought with them a few individuals who wished to welcome certain of the passengers. The mother of the English girl who had married an American was among those who boarded the ship. I had become acquainted with the bride and groom and had gone to wish them a permanent good luck. The new husband had left something in his state room and returned for it when the bride's mother saw her daughter, rushed to her and embraced her. When the mother had finished embracing her daughter she embraced me, with vigor. When the real son-in-law arrived, he too got an embrace.

The press ran an article about my African travels and a Mr. Jameson, an American who had been brought to New Zealand by the YMCA to give certain information about the organization of the American YMCA, got in touch with me. I showed him a good many pictures of Africa. Mr. Jameson told me that if I had lantern slides made he could place me in talks at several towns under the direction of the YMCA. The slides were made. My first talk was at Christ Church, an attractive town in the South Island. Also in the South Island I spoke at Dunedin and eagerly had my picture taken under "the gas lamp that was nearest to the south pole." The South Island has rugged mountains, 17 peaks over 10,000 feet high. I recall the train ride and the tunnels.

Most of my stay of two months in New Zealand would be at Wellington, and when I returned to that city I gave time to a study of my notes on the history of New Zealand, which country is among the choicest portion of the world. Its soil is rich. Its climate is semi-tropical, though there are mountains that are cold. Neither sheep nor dairy cattle need shelter but graze on green pastures the year around. Its dairying and sheep raising provide vastly more food than is consumed. A few years before my notes were taken refrigerating equipment had been installed on ships enabling the shipment of mutton, lamb and dairy products which went in great quantity to Europe, mainly to Great Britain. This led to a processing of food, to meat packing, butter and cheese, and to canned and dried milk. Home industries were built for clothing, for lumber, for flour, and the home industries soon were to produce chemicals, fertilizers, and paper. Electricity was to become plentiful and cheap for it was not produced from coal but from numerous mountain streams.

New Zealand reached the status of an organized government in 1840 at which time there were about 1,000 white inhabitants. In my student days, New Zealand was looked upon as foremost

among governments in promoting social legislation which reflected the government's feeling that the welfare of the individual from life to death was a first concern of government. Its ideal was fair wages under fair conditions, and it had pensions for the aged in 1898, and in 1911, pensions for widows. Though the nation is small in area, about the size of Great Britain, or of the State of Colorado in the American Union, and is 1200 miles from Australia, its nearest white neighbor, it was first to have volunteers regimented to be sent anywhere in military service that Great Britain should designate.

Gold was discovered in 1851, and of the people who came to the gold field many stayed as settlers. The white settlers found both islands sparsely occupied by Maoris, a brown skin Polynesian people given to ocean voyages who had spread over many islands and had reached Hawaii. The Polynesians made use of the outrigger canoe, and the Maoris must have used such canoe to arrive at the New Zealand islands some four or five hundred years before they were seen by Tasman in 1642. The Maoris are a well built and socially capable people, but they had a relatively low racial culture. They were without metals and pottery and had lost the art of long sea journeys when the British settlers arrived. The Maoris at first welcomed the white man but when they sensed that the white man wanted land there was war between many of the Maoris and the white man from 1861-1871. In this war the tribes which resisted the white man showed extraordinary courage and won the admiration of the British soldier.



Maori Princess

I felt at home in New Zealand for the New Zealander, in his physique and deportment, re-

minded me of the better type of the Anglo-Saxon stock in the Southern States of the American Union. Many kindnesses were shown me. At Wellington a New Zealand post graduate of Columbia University had me as his dinner guest. The press particularly by reason of my knowledge of Africa was generous in reference to me. I felt rather proud of myself. But keep in mind the adage "that pride goeth before a fall." The white miners of the gold fields of South Africa, with whom in spirit I felt as one, had sought to organize and better their condition and were being ruthlessly suppressed, not by local police power but by imperial troops. I was asked by a newspaper to comment on this South African situation. I sided wholly with the miners, my late comrades, and severely condemned the use of imperial troops against them. The use of imperial troops would imply a direction of the political party then governing Great Britain. The colonies, possibly all of them, had certain of their press with sympathy for the prevailing political parties in Great Britain. Any individual, certainly so a political alien, would be asking for trouble if he condemned the use of imperial troops. A local editor referred to me as "A young American Sociologist" and pointed out that I was alien to Great Britain. I replied that I was politically an alien but that I was not "alien" to the blood that was flowing in South Africa for it was English blood and that I was English. The editor was not of the English race, though he was British. I said that a man might be of British stock by a fiction of politics and that the scratch of a pen could sever him from his "British" nationality but that death itself could not but slowly sever me from the English race. That I was talking of the blood that was flowing, and that the politics back of the blood flowing was not uppermost in my mind. This approach favorably impressed some of my New Zealand friends. But we shall see that my intemperate defense of the miners could lead to a startling result.

On the street at Wellington I met Kitty, trained as a cook, the English woman who had favorably impressed me on the ocean voyage. I knew that she was coming to New Zealand with the expectation of marrying a man with whom she had long corresponded. She told me that she had talked with the man but that they would not marry. That he was going to marry another woman.

I left Wellington for Hastings where I was scheduled to give a lecture and show the slides on Africa. I was received cordially by the YMCA director. He had been a miner and we had this much in common. I would be in Hastings some two or three days. Near Hastings there was a settlement of Maoris, the dignified and socially inclined brown skinned Polynesians who were occupying New Zealand when the British came. The YMCA director had a delegation of Maoris to meet me. They wished to give me a Maori souvenir and, according to their custom, I would place in their hands some articles of value which they would carry to their headquarters for inspection and later would return the articles, together with a gift for me. I placed in their hands a spear, a whip, and an "African shillalah," a formidable war club of wood with a circular head and a handle two feet long. These articles were made by African natives, the spear and the whip ornamented with wire intricately woven, the war club head ornamented by heavy brass tacks, one design being that of the swastika. The Maoris returned these articles with a gift to me of a decorative Maori mat. I hold this mat among my valued possessions. It is hand made of woven flax and decorated with the soft down plumage of the kiwi bird, the feathers of which are nearest to that of hair.

The mat was formally presented to me, and in a short speech of appreciation for the gift I made an error of the first magnitude. While I was on my feet, the director of the YMCA asked for my opinion as to what nonwhite people had advanced most in acquiring the culture of the white race. In America, if such

question be asked in the presence of the Negroes, the answer would be "The American Negro." In New Zealand the proper answer to such question is "The New Zealand Maori." My answer was "The Japanese."

But my troubles at Hastings were just beginning. The YMCA director came to me and said he had just received information that I was an imposter, not a widely traveled man, not an ethnologist interested in the question of race, but that I was an American labor agitator cloaking myself with false claims. That all the information that I possessed about far off places could have been obtained by merely reading Bryce's books. But the director thought it best to permit me to make a formal speech which had been advertised. In the speech I asked for a brief time to cover the charges which had been made against me. I told my audience that Mr. Jameson had seen my credentials before arranging for me to make the talks on Africa and that the New Zealand press had seen copies of South African papers which dealt with my travels in Africa. That the assumption that I was an "imposter" came from my severe condemnation of the use of imperial troops in a bloody suppression of South African miners who sought to organize and have some voice in the life they were living, that because of miners phthisis the life expectation of underground miners was 8 years, and that the miners were under complete control of their employers. If, for a reason, a miner should be blacklisted in one mine he could not get a job in another. That they had tried to better themselves and had been shot down by imperial troops, and that I had used intemperate words about this situation but that my words were more temperate than my feelings.

My next stop was at Auckland, the enterprising northernmost city of New Zealand, its chief city and chief port. On my first night there I saw in some of the store windows an advertisement of my forthcoming lecture. It carried a picture of myself in the garb I had worn in the long walks in Central Africa. In looking

at this advertisement, I felt that I was rather an important person. While is such mood I heard footsteps behind me, apparently those of a woman, and soon they broke into a run and a hand was placed on my shoulder. It was Gert. The sight of none other of my late companions on the ocean voyage could have pleased me as much as seeing this young girl. She told me that she was with a group of fellow passengers who had come to Auckland, that one of them had recognized me and that she had rushed out to see me. I returned with her to the group of both men and women who had gotten together. Gert had obtained employment easily. Minnie said she had first gone to work at a dairy but that the dairyman had pestered her so much by proposing immediate marriage that she had come back to town. Minnie's young sister was well trained in looking after children, and she had quickly gotten a job in an excellent home. To me this was like a reunion with close friends.

At the YMCA dining hall I was introduced to a young man who had worked in South African mines. We exchanged greetings, and a few comments in Kitchen Kaffir and in proper Bantu. There was a fair sized audience when I showed the slides and all went well. Mr. Jameson, the General Secretary of the YMCA, was present. The adverse report on me from the director at Hastings had caused Mr. Jameson to come to Auckland. He said that my speech in Auckland was much better than the one he had heard me make in Wellington; that he was proud of me, and that he regretted the incident in Hastings.

From Auckland I took ship to Sydney, Australia. The Continent of Australia is about the size of the United States of America. The first European settlement was that of the British at Sydney in 1788. The estimated population (all white) of Australia in 1911, two years before my arrival, was about 4 and ½ million. In 1960 the estimated population was something more than ten million.

On board the ship I talked with a young New Zealander who was going to Sydney with the expectation of getting employment and living there. When we arrived in Sydney we stayed at the same hotel for a few days.

I was to be impressed with the excellent parks in Australia. In Sydney there was a large one with a projecting eminence of terrain which gave a magnificent view of the large harbor. It was from this eminence that I saw the three new warships constituting an Australian navy on their arrival from England. Great numbers of Australians gathered to see this new fleet enter Sydney harbor. I was told that the crowds that assembled in 1908 to see the American fleet of sixteen ships of war on its visit to Sydney had lined the shores for thirty miles. From the eminence in the park I got a good photograph of the new Australian navy, one vessel of which, the cruiser Sydney, would destroy the German sea raider, the Emden, during the First World War which was not many months away.

The young New Zealander and myself were to separate, and we went out to the above mentioned park to have a last talk. He was a bit homesick and commented that he was in a strange place and knew no one. I thought I would give him a lesson on getting acquainted in a new country. On a bench that faced us but some distance away were what seemed to be a mother and two daughters; one of the daughters 22 or 23 years old, the younger one 15 or 16. Without doubt they were wellbred people. My companion was appalled when I suggested that we might get acquainted with them. He said that they would not reply if we spoke to them. I said that we would have them speak to us, that it was a woman's privilege to speak if she should choose to do so. I said that we would walk away, leaving my top coat on our bench. If I return for my coat, I will pass near enough to them to make a comment on my forgetfulness. If the mother sends the young girl after us I will return with the girl to thank her mother, and I would tell them that we have

arrived from New Zealand and were not acquainted with any one in Sydney. We walked away from the coat, and I feared that I would have to go back to get it when the girl, running a bit to overtake us, informed us that we had left a coat on the bench. Matters developed favorably. I got the coat and called for the New Zealander. I picked the older girl. Later I was in her home for dinner, and I corresponded with her for several months after leaving Australia.

I showed the slides in Sydney and did not talk of African history but only of the natives as I had seen them. There was an ample audience and when I had finished a man of competence was asked to comment on my speech. He said he would have gotten more out of the subject if African history had been presented.

The American Vice Consul told me that there was a prominent American business man in Sydney whose family name was the same as my given name, "Sevier." I said that I believed we would be kin, and this assumption proved correct. He got us together, and I met Harry Sevier from Bristol, Tennessee, no great distance from Knoxville, near which city I was raised. Harry Sevier had me in his home where I met his wife and children. Also, the Seviers had some friends to call when I was there. Harry Sevier represented American paint manufacturers and was quite successful in this business. At this time there was an international celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal. The British Empire was put out by an American plan to give free toll for coastal vessels, saying that such favor was not in the original understanding. Efforts were being made to molify the British feeling, and the United States had sent three commissioners to Australia, one of the commissioners being named Sevier. They were on the high seas, and I did not see them but Harry Sevier knew the "Sevier" commissioner. He too was from Bristol, Tennessee.

The Sydney press was liberal in dealing with me. An editor told me he had a cable relating to the Indians in South Africa and asked me for an article of comment. I wrote this article and sensed that both in New Zealand and Australia there was much interest on the South African affairs. Later, I would write a good many articles on affairs in Africa, and the papers would pay me for the articles. I talked to the press about the American Negroes who had founded Liberia and that many of the American Negroes would prefer to stand on their own feet in the land of their forefathers than to have to lean on the white race in the United States. The Sydney Sun ran an interview with me and captioned the interview "Uncle Sam's Next Job." The Panama Canal had been finished, and the next job of the United States would be to gradually restore the American Negro to his ancestral continent. (I will insert here that I work in this cause with Negro leaders and that I was to see petitions signed by more than two million Negroes received by a Vice-President of the United States in support of a bill that would have aided American Negroes to settle on lands in Liberia which were reserved for American Negro immigrants. This movement continues).

On the platform at a railway station at which I had arrived in the late afternoon to take train for Melbourne, the national capital, I got my first view of the diaphanous gown of which I had heard and which a Sydney reporter had but recently referred to as revealing "alluring but inaccessible regions." The young woman was approaching from the direction of the lowering sun. I could see her form within her dress. When she came closer, her form was dimly discernable but had lost the forceful expression that the sunlight had given to it. To relieve the reader's concern, I will say that diaphanous means "transparent."

Much of the continent of Australia is too dry for normal farming. Most of the inhabitants cluster on the southeastern coast and the southwestern coast where water is ample. Wheat can grow in heat and dryness, and Australia produces a great amount of wheat. Queensland, a state reaching into the tropics, is the source of much sugar cane. Gold was discovered in New South Wales in 1851 and shortly afterward in Victoria, which adjoins New South Wales. The discovery of gold led to a great increase in population of these states. The inland ranches are far from the coast and often far apart. They have great numbers of sheep and cattle which depend on underground water. If the season is too dry there may be much suffering among the domesticated animals and numbers of deaths. Some early settlers brought rabbits, and they have multiplied into countless numbers. They eat the grass that sheep and cattle must have. Millions of rabbits are killed. Wire fences are used to keep the rabbits from the ranches but the kangaroo also eats grass, and the kangaroo can jump a fence more than twenty feet high. They, too, are killed to save the grass. The airplane was coming into use, and its development would mean much for the drier portions of Australia. Doctors and nurses would use the airplane to visit the ill on far away ranches. Then radio would be in use, and this too would relieve much of the loneliness of the ranches (Australians call them "stations").

Australia has also many minerals and here we will state that the great amount of its wheat, of wool from its sheep, of its delicious grapes and apples had led to trade chiefly with Great Britain in which the British manufactured goods were received in exchange. The Two World Wars made difficult this trade and led to Australia manufacturing most of the things it needs. The country now is a thriving industrial country. Its chief exports are wheat and wool.

In Melbourne I showed the slides to a small audience. A German was present and he came to me after the speech and expressed appreciation of my estimate of German progress in German East Africa. The Melbourne newspapers took several of my articles on Africa. I had one which dealt with the Mohammedan appeal to the African as compared to the Christian appeal. An editor took this article, though he had said he did not want another one. It was either in Melbourne or Sydney that I attended a cinema which had the voice synchronized with the acting. I think this "movie" came from America. The synchronization of voice and acting was not perfect, but the interest in the show was great.

(In 1927 the capitol would be moved from Melbourne to Canberra, where a beautiful, modern city would quickly develop in a sparsely settled area. The American press would report the movement of the capitol to Canberra and include the statement from an Australian "authority" that the word Canberra was the native term for "laughing jackass").

My next stop was at Adelaide, a cultural center in a rich farming area and adjacent to mines. It was at Adelaide that I met Sir Langdon Bonythan, the one man in my various journeys whom I believed knew my purpose best and who stands out foremost in my memory. He was editor and owner of the Adelaide Advertiser which published a lengthy interview with me January 3, 1914. In it I gave a summary of the several adaptations of whites to blacks by the colonizing powers in Africa and a summary of the early Caucasion movements into Negro Africa which ended in mixbreed populations among which the modern white man was establishing his culture. In a later talk with Sir Langdon, I told him that I believed that the records of history would show that races do their own labor or perish. He showed a keen interest in this proposition and asked me to con-

tinue. I said that races, when in contact, tend to mix their blood and in the course of centuries they would form a mongrel stock. That the institution of a color line (caste) had not preserved the Aryan invaders of India nor had the deification of the ruling family preserved the founders of the Egyptian civilization for the last of the Pharaos was a Mulatto. We spoke of the White Australia policy which was instituted to protect white labor from competition with colored labor.

Sir Langdon invited me to his home in the country for dinner, taking me there in his automobile. He had others present. When we gathered at the table, there was for a brief moment a vacant chair. Very soon a capable appearing man came in and occupied this chair. He had no more than sat down when he said, "Sir Langdon, you are publishing articles in your paper which, if we had had the information they give, it would have been easier to have gotten through the White Australia policy." Sir Langdon glanced at me. He did not say that the man who wrote the articles is my guest and sitting opposite to you. Well bred Englishmen would have other ways of conveying such information.

From Adelaide I took passage to Freemantle. Just before leaving, I heard a ship's officer comment that there was a somewhat shortage of working personnel and I told him I would do any kind of labor assigned to me if he would have the passage money refunded to me. He said he could not make such arrangement, but my proposal led to him taking an interest in me and to talks between us during the passage.

For a period during this trip westward, I was on a ship which carried the personnel of "The White Sox–Giants World Tour after the World Series in 1913." They had given exhibitions in certain of the western States of the United States and in Japan before arriving in Australia.



Aboriginal Woman

New Zealand, almost a white nation, has the Maoris. Australia, almost a white nation, has its Aborigines, a naked people of dark brown color, broad noses, curly black hair, long skulls, and medium height. They did not till the soil but moved from place to place to gather herbs and kill game. They are internationally known for having developed the boomarang made of wood and so shaped that an expert can throw it and have it return to his hands. The Australian state governments and its federal government protect the Aborigines as the American government cares for the American Indian. While in South Africa, I had heard of a humanitarian method used by the Australian Aborigines which prevented parenthood by defective males without sterilizing them. Among my fellow passengers there was an Australian who had had much experience with these native people. He told me that he had heard of this method, but to his knowledge he had never seen a male who had been subjected to it.

From the port of Freemantle, I went to the nearby city of Perth which is the capitol of Western Australia. Perth had been made a city in 1856. It was a thriving town when I saw it in 1914, and its inhabitants by 1954 would number 97,350 with a metropolitan area of 348,647. It is now listed as having some of the finest terraces, avenues, and buildings in Australia.

In Perth there was a paper, a weekly I believe, which boasted of a very wide circulation. I offered its editor some articles dealing with the white occupation of Africa and of the grave death rate of whites in certain of the mining ventures. He said that he was not interested. I took them to the editor of the local

paper and he was pleased to print them. They led to considerable comment. I composed two other articles and carried them to the editor of the weekly paper and again he said he was not interested; that I had given to the other editor the only articles that he would want. I told him that he had rejected these articles. He said he would accept no article that I wrote. I told the other editor of this conversation, and he surprised me by saying that he would take the two articles and any others that I might write during the day or so of waiting for the ship on which I would leave.

When writing I was at a table by a window in a hotel and across the courtway at a window, there was a beautiful blonde face looking toward me. I said to the young woman that she distracted me and if she would stop looking at me; that as soon as I finished the writing I would ask her for a date, and we would walk around the town. She replied that if I could see the rest of her body I would not walk on the street with her; that she was grossly fat. I insisted that she permit me to talk with her at a later hour and she consented. Some ailment which had not affected her face had added an immense amount of fat to the rest her body. I never had felt more sorrow for a woman of my race. We talked for an hour or more.

I purchased a third class ticket from Freemantle to Singapore. On board our ship I would hear remarks about "the graveyard of ships," an area in the Indian ocean off the western coast of Australia. The ocean waters were shallow and storms had worked havoc with a number of ships. One of my companions in the third class was an American Negro enroute to Broome. He told me that he had married a white barmaid in Melbourne who was pregnant and had supported her through childbirth and for some time thereafter. He said his wife had abandoned him and had gone to far away Broome to give her favors to white men and that he was going to persuade her to live with him again. I asked him if he meant to kill his wife if

she did not return to him. He said that he did not know but that he had considered taking such action. When we arrived at Broome, I joked with him a bit and asked him if he wished to have target practice with my pistol before going into the town. He declined, saying that he could use a gun but preferred a knife.

Broome was a small town. It had the advantage of being in a good cattle country and the additional advantage of being the market for pearls which were fished off its shores. Its population in 1954 was 1,095.

At Broome I would part with the Australians, a splendid people both in peace and in war. In America I had looked upon Australia as a far off land occupied by our kin people. I knew that the Australian Constitution had been influenced by the checks and balances of the American Constitution, and I knew that the United States had borrowed its secret ballot from Australia, for it was known as the "Australian ballot." When leaving Broome I could not foresee that within a generation many persons of the armed forces of the United States, allied with Australia, would be in that country nor did I foresee that the development of the airplane would make passage by air more quickly from the United States to Australia than the normal steamer passage from the United States to Great Britain.

At Broome we had taken on another passenger who traveled in my class. He was a likely looking young Eurasian (partly white) who said he had been working at a sheep ranch in a semi-desert area. At this period it is probable that the white Australians who would settle near some water in the Australian desert led the loneliest life ever experienced by Europeans in their settlement of many lands. The young man said that he could no longer endure the loneliness of the ranch isolation and that he would return to his people. He, too, was enroute for Singapore and we were together for several

days. I was able to pick up from him valuable details of race and of racial contacts.

We would get an occasional view of the island of Java before we put into its chief port, Batavia, the capital city of the Dutch East Indies. The tiny Netherlands, a country of but 15,507 square miles, which includes the 3,000 square miles under water, has had a glorious history. In its "golden age" of the seventeenth century, in which it was to make discoveries, acquire territory, and plant settlements in many parts of the world, it had a population of about one million. Many Americans call this country "Holland" and its inhabitants "Dutch." The Dutch were to be known far and wide as an efficient people. In my youth, when a difficult job was well done, I would hear the expression, "That beats the Dutch."

Our next stop was at Singapore on an island at the tip of the Malay Peninsula. Singapore, an important trade center, had been under British political control since 1819.

In addition to the Philippine group of islands, there are a vast number of islands, a great many of which are occupied by man, south and east of the southern extension of Asia, of which the Malay Peninsula is a part. Here, near Singapore, is the Island group of *Indonesia,* the Netherlands East Indies, which has six large islands and 3,000 smaller ones. Indonesia extends eastward to the *Melanesian* group which begins at New Guinea and includes Figi. The Melanesian group, "the black islands," is the main area of the frizzly-haired Negroid peoples. North of Melanesia there are small groups of islands known as *Micronesia.* The more distant island area is *Polynesia,* the outer boundary of which is Hawaii on the north, Easter Island on the east and New Zealand on the south.

From whence came the inhabitants of these islands? Java was the location of a human type countless centuries ago. The earliest type that can be identified seems to have been kin to the Australian Aborigines. This type, mixed with primitive Medi-

terranean Dravidians who came from India, seems to have been the ancestral type of many early Indonesians who were to receive and mix with other migrants from India and Mongoloids from China. The Indonesians have good features. They are relatively short in height, light brown in color, and have lank black hair. Some of them have the high cheek bone attesting to Chinese mixture. Melanesia has been settled for a very long time. Its primitive Negroid type has been encroached upon and mixed with by both the Indonesians who adjoin them on the west and the Micronesians who are near them on the north. It is generally agreed that the Polynesians issued from Indonesia. We have seen some of them in New Zealand. They are a big, friendly people. On their many islands they farm and fish but do not have to work hard as food is bountiful. They have developed their singing and dancing to a fine art.

The map will show the relation of India and China to Burma, Thailand (Siam), and French Indochina whose peoples are principally of Mongoloid (Chinese) descent who have been influenced culturally by migrants from India. The land route for their migrations to the islands would be by the way of the Malay Peninsula which is peopled by Malays, Indians and Chinese.

The mainland and many of the islands have long had a relatively advanced civilized culture which in large part has issued from the great religions found here—Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity—all of whose followers are pledged to a high morality which includes practice of the golden rule when dealing with their fellow man. All believe that man has a soul and that there will be a life after death, but they differ in their methods of qualifying for the afterlife and the immediate forms it may take.

About seventy per cent of the vast population of India are Hindus in their religion. Eighty-six per cent of the people of Burma are Buddhists, as are the vast majority of Thailand and

French Indochina. The Buddhists erect majestic temples that require a high order of engineering skill in their construction. The Buddhist priesthood are efficient in dealing with matters relating to food, raiment, and shelter. They make economic and social arangements which eliminate poverty. The Moslems (Mohammedans) dominate the Malay Peninsula and ninety per cent of the Indonesians are Moslems in religion. Christianity, a relatively new religion in this area, has but minor influence on the mainland, but the Philippine Islands people are almost all Christians, many of the Melanesians are Christians, and practically all of the Polynesian islanders are of the Christian faith.

It is the high noon of colonialism! The continent of Africa is under white control. On the islands of the distant West Indies there are only three independent nations. The others are under a white colonialism that extends also to one country on the Central American mainland and to three countries on the South American continent. Here, in the East Indies islands and in the South Asian land projection, and in important areas elsewhere on the continent of Asia there are vast numbers of people politically subject to the white colonizers. Here, the white colonizing powers are the British, the French, the Dutch, the Germans, the United States, and on the coast of China there is the Portuguese colony of Maceo. China, itself, long under political chaos produced by contending war lords, had been in semi-colonial status but such status had been altered greatly before our passage when Sun Yet-sen consolidated the political power and set up the Pepublic of China in 1912.

After Singapore the next stop was Saigon, which city, since 1787, had been the administrative center for French Indochina. Saigon is not far from Cambodia which has the 12th century ruins of the city of Angor and its temple built by Hindus. My notes on the voyage from Singapore to Hongkong have been lost or misplaced. Such notes were made, for I find reference

to them in certain other records. I must rely on my memory. I dimly recall the government buildings in Saigon but vividly recall that when walking in the suburbs I saw an elephant held by a chain on its foot with the chain fixed to a post well driven into the ground, and that near a native quarter dogs gathered and barked at me and that I changed the direction of my stroll. A reference to Saigon, in other notes, states that my stroll drew attention to me and that it was supposed that I was a sailor fleeing from duty on another boat. Among my fellow passengers, there was an English speaking Greek merchant who had tried his luck in the East Indies and was enroute to Siberia. He said that he had been a merchant in Russia and preferred to trade with Russian people. Also, I recall that more than one flying fish landed on our deck and brought to my mind Kipling's. "On the Road to Mandalay, Where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder Outer China 'crost the Bay!"

Hongkong had been a British colony since 1842. In a card to Emma, I said that I had been in Hongkong for a few days and was "leaving for Manila tomorrow, Feb. 24th" (1914). My funds were running low, and it grieved me to have to buy a first class ticket to Manila. I had earned considerable money during the fourteen months in the gold mine but, willing to take a risk, had not allowed enough for the journey that I had made. The total of my earnings in New Zealand and Australia had been substantial, but what was left would scarcely enable me to buy a third class ticket to the United States when I reached Manila. I decided that if my earnings were not sufficient in the Philippines from lectures and newspaper articles, that being without employment, I would seek free transportation to the United States and repay such cost as I had done in the Anglo Egyptian Sudan.

Over the years I would have knowledge that I had sent more money back to America than I had received from there, but

my memory did not tell the details of sending the money nor for what purpose. This matter was cleared years later when I read a letter I had written to Emma on Nov. 10, 1912. In it I stated to whom I had sent 16 pounds (about $80.00) and to whom I had sent 18 pounds. A substantial portion of this went to pay advance interest on a real estate mortgage and to pay a year's cost on my life insurance policy. From another letter to Emma I learned that before leaving South Africa I had sent her husband a ring with its gold from the Transvaal, where I worked in a gold mine, and its setting was a "Cape ruby," in reality a garnet, from Kimberley, where I had worked in the diamond mine, and explained that the "ruby" was a garnet and the ring should not be valued more than $30.00 by custom officials. In addition to this gift, I know that I also sent ostrich feathers and a cheetah skin to a highly prized woman friend in the United States.

On this first class passage to Manila I had the honor of meeting a distinguished American, Chase Osborn, a man of wealth and a former governor of Michigan. We talked at length. He held positive opinions and others listened to us. We were discussing the fugitive slave laws just prior to the Civil War. He said they were Congressional laws to appease the slave owners. I said that they were based on a Constitutional provision. This he doubted. We were on deck at the window of my quarters, and the Constitution was lying in arm's reach on my bed. But I did not reach for it and read to him Article 4, Section 2, for this able man had said to the group listening to us that America would know of my research in the field of race relations, and he had made me feel that I was an important person.

The Philippine Islands (there are a great number of them) had been a colony of Spain from a settlement begun in 1565 until 1898 when the United States took them over as the Commonwealth of the Philippines. There are some Pygmies in remote sections and Indonesians have settled on two or more

of the islands, but the vast proportion of the inhabitants are of Malay descent and are Christian in religion.

In Manila I saw more Americans, including women, than I had seen elsewhere in more than four years. I was fortunate in getting a place to stay in a club run by a competent American who knew much of the Philippines. A local paper interviewed me, but the local papers were not interested in African matters, as had been the New Zealand and Australian papers. I tried the YMCA with the view of getting some engagements to show my African pictures. When I had returned, unannounced, for further conference I overheard a discussion between two or three men who were considering my credentials, including newspaper accounts of my travels, and one of them said he believed that my credentials were faked, that no one had made the journeys that I claimed to have made. I did not get a billing, but the army YMCA had me speak at Camp McKinley, and at a Post near which there were some Pygmies, where I was received with much courtesy by the Post Chaplain.

My intention was to follow the Amazon as I had followed the Nile. The copper mines of Peru were my destination. There I could work with natives as I had in Africa. The coastal towns of Africa and equitorial South America were known to many, but the interior of these countries was known to few.

I was not wholly without funds but did not have enough to pay my way to the United States and to my home to which I would go before leaving for South America. I told the manager of the club at which I was staying that I had returned transportation expense to certain officials in Africa and that I, being without employment, would seek free transportation to the United States and from future earnings I would return the cost of the voyage. He took me to a sub-office of the Governor General which handled such matters where I filled out the necessary papers and was assigned a passage on a troop ship which shortly was to leave for San Francisco. (The next chap-

ter will tell how my work in Peru was affected by the beginning of the First World War. I could not earn the money there to repay my passage, but I sent it later and I hold a letter of receipt, saying, like that from the Anglo Egyptian Sudan, that I had set a precedent by returning the expense of such voyage).

Aboard ship I paid the estimated cost of my food, and I sought to do more work than the little assigned to me. The passengers of my class could see a few prisoners behind bars. More than one of my fellow passengers appeared to be ill. One passenger had been in the Philippines since the early American occupation, and he sang a song showing discontent of the earliest soldiers which ended with, "Underneath the Starry Flag, civilize them with a Krag, and return us to our own beloved home." Another song, a short one, ended with, "The Army cannot make an officer out of what God has not made a man." An old ex-soldier remembered the Tennessee regiment that seems to have endeared itself to the common people as well as the Regular Army, and to which I referred on page 33. He called this regiment, "The Tennessees."

About midway of our passage an incident occurred which I shall not forget. A young officer of the Regular Army came to me and said he had heard me speak and so had several other of the officers who joined with him in a request that I speak aboard ship and accept pay for my services. I sensed that this offer, which deeply touched me, was their way of providing money for me. I told the young officer that I would have to decline and asked him to give my compliments to the others and tell them that my situation was not as deplorable as it might appear.

I stayed a short while in San Francisco and by chance met an esteemed friend on the street, W. E. McConnell, for whom I had lectured on his cycloramas at Jamestown, Chicago and Pittsburgh. I left by train for my home in Tennessee, traveling by day coach, and carrying some African spears, whips and other things that were too long to be put in my suitcase.

In Utah I saw the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake City and for awhile was brought down to earth, for I knew of the history of the Mormons and their heroic migrations. Especially the last migration had impressed me greatly. It was composed largely of those who would cross inhospitable lands without horses, pushing by hand their carts. My study was that of race. The Mormons wanted extra white wives from whom they would breed white children. Biologically, which would be more important for the white race in process of occupying America, the plurality of wives among the Mormons or the breeding of Mulattoes by the Slave Power; or the breeding of Mulattoes in holy wedlock, sanctioned by church and state?

For a considerable time before reaching Denver my seat companion was a young woman from an eastern state who had been visiting relatives in the west. She liked the spears and other things but liked most to see the indent on my suit case made by the heads of porters. I told her of my journeys and of the purpose for which I had made them; that I had financed them by underground work in mines, and that I expected to work in a mine in Peru. It pleases me to say that throughout my journeys, if expense was involved in my contacts with women of my race who knew what I was doing, they sought to go easy on my



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One That Never Fails.

pocket book. We got to Denver at early night, and my traveling companion made inquiry about a hotel and asked me about my quarters for the night. (We were to leave on different roads on the morrow). I told her that I would sleep in a seat in the railway station, that I had a ticket for my home and sufficient funds for food, that she should not worry about me for I had slept on the ground many nights and sleeping in the station would not bother me. She said she would pay my hotel bill. I told her that I could not permit her to pay such bill. She said she would be very lonely, and in that case would I permit her to pay the bill. I said, "In that case, yes." The following morning when we were parting she extended her hand with a five-dollar bill pinned to a paper with her name and address and said she did not want me to live on sandwiches and that I should accept the bill as a loan or that she would not remember our meeting. Later I returned the money and told her I would soon leave for the Amazon. She wrote me a kindly letter wishing me success in the new venture and saying that she would remember me nightly in her prayers. I valued this letter and carried it with me across equitorial South America.

At my home my relatives and friends greeted me and showed me every courtesy.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON

On my way to the Andes I stopped in Atlanta to see Emma. I was not given to boasting save occasionally in my letters to her, but while in Atlanta I boasted publicly, and I presume that this was done to impress her.

Theodore Roosevelt and his heroic son, Kermit, were traversing remote portions of Brazil, and the press was filled with news about Mr. Roosevelt exploring "The River of Doubt." In an interview with an Atlanta paper I said that I had gone from Cape Town to Cairo in Africa without assistance of soldier, sailor, or other form of government aid and that I believed that I could lead the Roosevelt expedition or any other one that could be formed and go ahead of the group 50 to 100 miles without a white companion. But I was thinking in terms of Africa and not of South America. The Roosevelts had fared well in Africa but were to be in grave dangers and critical illnesses in South America and I too, while there, would face the gravest danger of my life and be critically ill. Theodore Roosevelt was fearfully concerned over the risks his son would take and his son's gravest danger was in a rapids, his dog being with him. The reader will learn that my gravest danger was in rapids with whirlpools of water around me, and that my only companion was my dog. One interview in the Atlanta press brought to me an unexpected distinction. George Arliss, the distinguished actor, was being given publicity in relation to his play, *Disraeli*. Our pictures became mixed, and I was presented as George Arliss.

My custom was to take the cheapest passage and it will not be without interest to present day travelors to learn that I trav-

eled from Atlanta to the Panama Canal at the cost of twenty-four dollars. In Atlanta I bought a round trip excursion ticket to Tampa for eight dollars, and in Tampa sold the return stub of the ticket for four dollars. The cost by deck passage from Tampa to Havana was ten dollars, and likewise the passage from Havana to Colon was ten dollars.

On July 4, 1914, we left Havana for Colon on a four-day voyage that would be over a smooth sea. There were three other Americans who had a deck passage like myself. All of them were "broke" and seeking work. One of them was a bridge builder who had worked in Panama, Hayti, and Brazil. He believed that Roosevelt might have navigated a river in Brazil that was not shown on maps. He said that the condition of many whites in Florida was worse than that of the ordinary Negro at the Canal. Our boat was fumigated on July 8, and we were placed in quarantine. Among our fellow passengers there was an Italian father with a Mexican wife who was part Indian. Their daughter, who had become a young woman, sat up three nights leaning against her baggage rather than stretch out in slumber where males would see her. This girl made use of powder which would give her a whiter appearance.

At a hotel in Colon I had a lengthy conversation with a hotel whore who was a good looking, young, white woman. She said she was of German parentage, born in Jamaica, could make much more money at the hotel than in any other occupation, and that she was saving her money. I told her that if she got a pimp she would end up with "painted lips"; that is end up in a public whorehouse, for at this period only whorehouse whores painted their lips. She said that she had a strength of character that would avoid a pimp and that she would save her money and be independent.

The narrow isthmus of Panama had been used by traders for centuries before the construction of the Panama Canal. Columbus believed that the world was round and that he had reached

India in 1492. He was right about the shape of the earth but in error as to its size. In 1513 Balboa, from a mountain height at the isthmus, sighted the waters we now know as the Pacific Ocean. In 1520-21 Magellan sailed around the southern limits of the land we now call South America and saw a portion of its western coast. Spain and Portugal placed colonies in South America and trade grew to vast proportions. Many of the colonial products came by the western coast to Panama and thence by river and pack mules were brought to Colon where European vessels laded with commodities awaited for sale or exchange of their products which went by pack mule and river to Panama for distribution to the colonies. In 1855 a railroad was completed between Colon and Panama, and this hastened the exchange of goods.

From the first, the matter of a canal was considered but it took more than 300 years to make it a reality. Competent Frenchmen had built a sea level canal at Suez, and they undertook to build one at Panama, but the cost was too great for their finances. They then sought to excavate through the mountain to a certain depth and place water in the excavated portion of sufficient depth for navigation by the largest vessels. The vessels themselves would be elevated and lowered by a system of locks, box-like waterproof compartments with gates at each end, filled with water from a mountain lake. The French finances now also proved inadequate; the United States bought their interest, and the Canal was finished in 1914. Yellow fever had hindered the French, but United States army medical officers had proved to be correct the theory that the dread scourge of yellow fever was transmitted by mosquitoes and that a rigid sanitation could eliminate the mosquitoes. Such sanitation was instituted in the Canal Zone.

From Colon I went by rail to Panama City which reminded me of Singapore. Panama City was founded in 1519 and was the base of operations of the eminent Spanish commander,

Pizarro, in his conquest of Peru. At an early date, 1519, Mexico, with its valuable treasures, had been conquered and looted by the Spanish "Conquistadors." Rumors came that the Inca Indians in a great empire in the Peruvian Andes had vast quantities of gold, silver and precious stones which they used for pleasure and adornment and not as money. Pizarro, after initial voyages along the coast, assembled a small army and conquered Peru in 1533. He had armor for his horsemen, guns for his infantry, and a few small pieces of artillery. The Peruvian soldier, a smaller man than those with Pizarro, had never seen a white man, never seen a horse, or heard the fire of a gun. Yet Pizarro had to resort to a deception alien to the racial chivalry known to the Gothic rulers of Spain who would profit by the plunder he would gather. Pizarro, pledging friendship, got the soldiers to disarm and then set upon them, massacring them, but preserving their ruler whom he later would put to death when he was no longer an advantage to the conqueror.

On the voyage southward from Panama I would pass the coastal areas of Colombia, Ecuador, and the northern half of Peru. There are relatively few white people in these countries, the most of the inhabitants being Indians. The whites and the near white mixtures with the Indians compose about ten to fifteen per cent of the population. There are a few small Negro settlements along the coast in all of these countries. At an early date the Spanish brought the African Negro as a slave to certain of their colonies and shortly after the year 1500 the Portuguese brought Negro slaves to what is now Brazil. But the Negro was not implanted in important numbers on the western coast. The appearance of the intruding white man impressed the Indian. In an early expedition of Pizarro, a Negro was brought along. The Indians came to the Negro and rubbed their hands on his skin to see if the color would come off.

I took a deck passage on a Peruvian steamer from Panama City to Callao in Peru, the port town of Lima, a journey of

about 1600 miles. Among my fellow passengers there was a romantic young negroid Egyptian who boasted of his exploits with the fair sex. He, with some others, slept in a steward's cabin and paid the steward ten dollars for bed and board. I took meals in this cabin to get the improved food supply, but did not sleep in the cabin; I know for my notes state, "Deck—no fixed place of abode." The young Egyptian would ask fellow passengers if he appeared negroid. I told him to ask the Sambo (negroid) steward. The steward replied to him, "You poco Sambo lika me" (You have a small amount of Negro blood like I have). There was an Asian Indian passenger, with a grudge against England and the English, who was enroute to Guayaquil in Ecuador. He was impious and had had difficulty on a recent trip to India when he partook of food before the priest had partaken. His passport was subject to racial legislation at any point that he might land. A young Serb was aboard and though my German was quite faulty we engaged in much conversation. He had been held at Colon for some time because none there spoke Serbian. He heard an interpretor speak German, called to him, and was soon on his way to Cerro de Pasco, which was my destination.

At one port where we put ashore American oil, meats, and barbed wire, there were two South American Negro laborers working with the Indians in the unloading operation. The Indians seemed to be fairly good workmen but in earlier days the Spanish and Portuguese brought Negro slaves to their colonies, saying that the Negro was a better workman than the Indian.

"As desolate as the coast of Peru" had become a widely used phrase and the reason for it is the sandy waste between the mountains and the shore. Some small rivers descend to the Pacific and along their waters people have lived for a long time. Peru is a large country, 496,220 square miles, and possesses much valuable land on its plateaus and lower areas.

An incident of this voyage is preserved in my memory, though it does not appear in my notes. I was lying on hay near the cattle and saw an attractive American girl looking down on me. She was from the first class, prowling the vessel. She attracted me. The defensive instinct that is in all of us began to operate. I stared at her and said to myself, "She thinks that I am down and out, a beachcomber. I am better educated and have accomplished more than any man she has dated." The defensive mechanism had made me feel better and I threw some extra hay to the cows.

In Panama I had heard joking to the effect that the killing of North Americans was becoming a national pastime in Latin America, and I was advised to assert that I was British, preferably that I was from Canada, and I would be safer, for the British navy was feared and British "Jingoism" was known throughout the world—"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, we have the ships, we have the men, and we have the money too." In answers to such advice, I advanced the theory that if a man was condemned because of his race, regardless of the color of his race, he should boast of being what he was for such stand would confuse the mob and tend to cow it.

We arrived at Callao at night and anchored in deep water. The following morning small vessels came to transport passengers and freight to shore. I was traveling the cheapest possible class and being a white man would be looked upon by porters as down and out. I picked a Negro porter thinking I would get along better with him than with the mixbreeds. I asked him what his price would be to deliver my baggage. He stated the price. I told him that I would give him twice the amount but would not give him more. He agreed to this and accepted my money. When our boat was ashore I took my baggage from the porter and carried it past the retaining wall and was with fellow travelers who were awaiting the streetcar which would take us to Lima. My porter came ashore, lifted my baggage, moved it

a few feet and held out his hand for a gift. I had given him twice what he had asked, and I refused to give him more. When I was boarding the streetcar, the porter seized my baggage. From my position on the steps, I kicked him loose from the baggage. He cried out in Spanish and all hell broke loose. Great numbers of people rushed to the streetcar. They assembled in front of the car, and the conductor could not start it. He waved for me to get off the car. Instead I passed through the car and sat on the rear platform on my baggage with my back against the woodwork which extended half way up to glass which completed the enclosure. The conductor spoke to a white woman on the car who was an English woman resident in Peru. She said the conductor wanted me to get off the car. I thanked her for interpreting and asked her if the conductor was armed. She spoke to him and replied that the conductor was not armed. I asked her to please tell the conductor that I was armed, that I would not resist arrest, but if any of the mob that was thirsting for my blood sought to seize me that I would shoot.

After a period a local policeman came and told me to accompany him to the police station. I had the English lady to tell him that I said that he was but one man and not well armed and that the dogs that were waiting to lap up the blood of a North American would throw him aside and seize me. I requested that he get armed men, and that I would go willingly to the police station. He left and came back with two more policemen armed with rifles.

The English lady accompanied us to the police station. We were seated there when a man of the same type of those who wanted to kill me came in hurriedly, shouting at me. The interpretor said that he wanted me to stand in his presence. I asked her to give him my compliments and tell him that I was a North American, newly arrived, and that I would not stand because he was of the mixed type that was after my blood. I asked that he transfer me to a court where I could appear before

a white man. Arrangements were made for such transfer, and I was taken to another police station.

The English lady to whom I was under much obligation left for Lima. While waiting at the new station for a superior police official, I went out for lunch, taking two policemen as my guardians and my guests. When the superior officer arrived, it was evident that he was a well bred, high class Peruvian, though he was not entirely of the blood of the Conquistadors. He spoke English. I told him in detail the causes of the controversy and of the mob that was calling for my blood and would have slain me if they could. He smiled and said to me that I was a North American, that they had much money and for me to give the porter some money. I told him that this would not have happened to him, but had it happened to him, would he have paid the additional money. He said he would not have paid. This high class officer saved himself from being condemned by the mob by a diplomatic maneuver. He sent me with an escort to the American Consul. There a subofficial showed high discontent with me for causing an international incident over the matter of a dime. I told him if North Americans could be imposed on and forced to give a dime that they would soon be asked to give a dollar. The porter had accompanied me from the streetcar to the police stations and to the consulate, carrying my baggage. Someone at the consulate gave the porter the money he demanded but told him that the gift was not for moving my baggage at the retaining wall but for carrying the baggage since it had left the streetcar. I arrived in Lima late but found a hotel where some of my fellow passengers had stopped and was with them during the night.

Lima was founded by Pizzaro in 1535. For more than 300 years it was the largest city in South America. For a long period it had the advantage of being the port of the silver mines at Cerro de Pasco. These mines were discovered in 1630 and yielded high returns for some 200 years. When the silver gave

out, there was a gradual transference to the mining of copper and other valuable minerals.

Shortly after taking over Mexico and Peru, the Spaniards began to build churches and schools and there were universities founded in them before the English began their settlement at Jamestown in 1607. The native inhabitants of these countries had a relatively advanced culture and we will briefly state the culture of Peru.

The Incas, the rulers of Peru, had a communistic totalitarian form of government centuries before Karl Marx was born. They were without a money system. They had communal labor and all debts were paid by labor. The government told people where to live and when to marry. They were without the wheel or riding animals but used the Ilama as a pack animal. They also used the Ilama and his kin for wool and meat. They had roads, bridges, pottery, and textiles. Some of their food such as potatoes, corn, and bananas were to become widely used by white people. The common people had been reared under a paternalistic form of government and when the Spaniards took over the land the Indian working people became their tenants in much the same manner as they had been the tenants of the Inca. They had been the tenants of the land under communism and now they became the tenants of the land under private capitalism. Had they been accustomed to freedom, they might have put up a stronger resistance to change of masters.

About the turn of the century able engineers constructed a railroad from Lima to Cerro de Pasco, a distance by rail of about 200 miles. This road runs through some of the mountains, zig zags around some of them, and stands as a high credit to its builders. The young Serb and myself left Lima, which has always been a cultural center and now (1960) is a modern city of more than a million population, and took passage on the railroad for Cerro de Pasco, traveling second class. There was a Ilama on the train. Cerro de Pasco is above the tree level of

the mountains and the first thing I did after arriving was to take a picture of a small gnarled tree near the mine office building. I went to the mine manager and showed him my credentials from mines in Africa, together with the letters of general introduction from Dr. Henderson and from Dr. Thomas. I requested employment for six or eight months after which I would cross the continent by rivers. He favored my request and assigned me quarters in the men's building nearby, and but a short distance from the dining quarters. There were Americans, Englishmen, and Canadians in the men's residence building. My roommate was an experienced miner from Colorado.

On my first duty in the mine I was sent to an upper chamber and given a compressed air drill. I had not worked long when I passed out and was lowered to the main level by Indian workmen and soon found myself a patient in the mine hospital where I was told that I was not the first newcomer to be brought in with "serotse", as I have spelled the malady in my notes. It is also known as "mountain sickness." The proper spelling of the malady is, I believe, *seroche*. My leisure hours were given to a study of Spanish to get a number of practical words that I would need, and to a study of the lands through which I would pass. The source of the mighy Amazon, and a limited knowledge of certain of its tributaries, were known to the white world centuries before Speke discovered the source of the Nile in 1858. An early Spanish explorer had come down a river in Ecuador to the Amazon and followed the Amazon to the Atlantic Ocean. The problem was to get whites to settle in the vast areas where there was but little human habitation.

Near the middle of the last century, let us say about 1840, Brazil began to give wide publicity to the potential wealth of the basin of the Amazon River. White explorers were invited to look over this area and white colonists were offered valuable lands on which to settle. Certain other Latin American countries wished whites to settle in their midst. Advertisements ap-

peared in the American press offering immigrants choice land and government aid in settling it. Matthew Fontaine Maury, an American naval officer, who had international renown from his charts which traced the ocean currents and winds favorable for navigation, believed that the valley of the Mississippi and the Valley of the Amazon were comercial, one supplying what the other lacks.

Maury got the Navy Department to explore the "Valley of the Amazon." Wm. Lewis Herndon and Lardner Gibbon, Lieutenants of the United States Navy, were selected to make the exploration. Herndon, enroute to the Amazon, came through Cerro de Pasco in 1851 to follow the Huallaga River: Gibbon reached the head waters of the Madeira River in Bolivia and followed that river through Brazil to the Amazon. The Navy Department published two volumes dealing with these explorations and many Americans learned of the potentials of the tropics. Herndon states that Cerro de Pasco is about 14,000 feet above sea level and that the earth about it opens up everywhere with the mouths of abandoned mines. (His visit was when the silver mines had been exhausted and other mining scarcely begun). He says that the town of Cerro de Pasco had a motley population, many of whom were drunk and some of whom were impertinent. (Cerro de Pasco is now (1960) a city of some 20,000 population). He said that the Indian who is a rather small man can carry 100 pounds on his back, that a Ilama can carry 130 pounds and will not carry more, that he saw many Ilamas as domesticated animals and got a glimpse of the wild and shy vicuna, the wool of which is fine and valuable.

Shortly after the Civil War, American settlements were made in Mexico, British Honduras, Venezuela, and Brazil. In 1860 a settlement of Bavarian Germans were made at Pozuzu in Peru. On our journey we will pass through this German settle-

ment and the remnants of the American settlement on the Amazon in Brazil.

The First World War had gotten well under way by the latter part of August, 1914. Much of the South American trade was with Europe and this peace time trade suffered greatly. In a letter to Emma of September 7th I said, "Industry after industry has closed down in Peru and other South American countries . . . South America depends much on European finance. Up to the present time, I have been able to get three days work per week, but there are rumors afloat that even this property will suspend work. I am speaking Spanish sufficiently well to carry on all necessary conversation and when leaving for the Amazon will not need an interpretor . . . I will write once again before leaving. In the last two messages I have asked you, if possible, to send me $50.00 in care of the American Consul in Manaos, Brazil. I do not receive mail from the United States and do not know whether my mail is reaching there."

Among my mining companions there was a tall blond man from North Europe. It was said that he was afflicted with tuberculosis. He drank often and when well drunk would urge me to become a bandit with him and that we would rob "American style." An Indian who spoke broken English came to an English miner who spoke Cockney English and said, "I want ars." The Englishman did not know what was wanted. Someone told him that the Indian wanted a hose. The Cockney replied, "If he wants an 'ose why don't he say 'ose." A miner from Kentucky asked me what was my chief interest. I told him "races." He replied that was also his chief interest and that he would give me certain odds on a certain race. There was a forceful expression from one of my companions and I wondered why it was not more widely used. Referring to a miner who had committed suicide, he said, "He took a shot out of the black bottle."



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

Herndon Monument

Herndon's report on the riches of the Amazon Basin received national publicity in the United States of America. He remained in the Navy. Six years after his passage through Cerro de Pasco he went down with his ship under conditions of such extraordinary heroism that a monument was erected to him at the United States Naval Academy.

There was a Masonic Lodge near the town which boasted of being the highest one in the world. I saw a "cow fight," not a bull fight, in Cerro de Pasco. The matador did not kill the cow. I speak from memory and Peruvians may correct me if I err when I say that the cow would not try to kill the matador when he stood up in a chair in the middle of the arena.

I will include an incident only because it relates to the loss of an item that I had carried with me on my journeys. The shoes that I wore in the long walk were left, as we have said, on the German boat at Durban. Now I am to lose the brass knuckles that came in handy at Zanzibar, and shortly will lose two more items of value that I had used in Africa. Licensed prostitutes in search for customers would drop in at the men's building. One, a Mulatto, came in evident distress and asked for a certain miner. She waited for an hour or so. She told me that she had come to borrow some money from him and that she could not return without it. I did not know her, but her distress was great, and when she begged me to loan her the money, I did so but told her I would certainly collect it. She assured me that she would repay the loan at a certain date. The date passed and I went at night to her residence and told the Madam I had come for the money. The one who had borrowed the money was out. While waiting for the lady to return, I remained in the room of a blond young Spanish woman whose excess weight may have caused her to resort to such form of life for making a living. The door was open and in the dim light I could see two pimps on the porch with daggars in their hands chanting and dancing near the doorway. I told the blonde to tell the pimps that I was armed. Soon two policemen came. They found my pistol where the blonde had placed it under her pillow, and in searching me found and took the brass knucks. They then left. The pimps had returned, and I asked the blonde to tell the pimps that the police were careless, that they had taken one of my pistols and not found the other. She so

informed the pimps. Bidding the blonde goodnight, and with my hand in my hip pocket I walked toward the pimps. They stepped aside. I motioned for them to move over further. They did, and I walked by them.

The police were slow in returning my gun. I told them that I would go to the British Consul. They said, "You are a North American." I replied, "Have you never heard of Canada"? They returned my pistol but told me that someone had secretly taken the knucks and that they did not have them nor could they trace them. I will add that the Madam intervened and compelled the prostitute to return my money, and that the prostitute would speak very uncomplimentary of me.

On half time employment it was not possible to save money and I told the underground manager, a competent Dane, that if I be given full time employment for a short period I would leave the mine. At the time I was cleaning the outer surface, tarring, and wrapping the underground pipes with an Indian aide. He put me on full time.

Heavy drinking had lost my roommate's job in America and all but lost him his faithful wife. His great physical vigor was such that he still could do his work even when near drunk. A blue eyed, fair skinned, yellow haired man whom we called Tex because he was from Texas had come to the mine but recently. Tex was an excellent miner but also a born gambler. He did not drink. On his trip by ocean he had lost all but a dime in gambling and had thrown the dime overboard. A fellow passenger had paid his fare from Lima. My roommate and myself liked Tex and allowed him to bring his friends and gamble in our room. One night he made $700.00. In Cerro de Pasco he opened a gambling house which had a mighty lure by selling beer and giving free lunches with the beer. The free lunches were new in this part of the world and the gambling house was frequented by large numbers who stayed to gamble.

Knowing that I too was a teetotaler, Tex offered me room and board and four or five times as much as I could make in the mine if I would assist him and enable him to rest when he needed rest. I told him that I was getting ready to leave and asked him to consider my roommate whom he knew and liked. He said that my roommate was a boozer, a near drunk and that he could not employ him. I told him that I had seen drunkards stop drinking and that I believed that my roommate was at the point of stopping. I told my roommate of this conversation. I will insert here that within a few days after I left my roommate was employed by Tex. I hold two letters from him, one written at Cerro de Pasco, telling me that he had a job with Tex and that both of them were making much money. The other letter was from him in his home state saying that he had soon earned enough to come home, that all was well between him and his wife, and that Tex had made a great amount of money, had sold his gambling house and had returned to the United States.

On Cerro de Pasco Mining Company paper I wrote to Emma on Sunday night, October 4, 1914 saying that I had not heard from her since leaving Atlanta and assumed that the war had demoralized the mails. I will quote portions of this letter. "Early on Tuesday morning, at about the time this letter starts to you, I shall leave here on foot for Iquitos on the Amazon 500 miles to the north. I will have a burro or mountain pony as pack animal but go without companion or servant. After a twelve-day walk I will reach a tributary river and go by raft to Iquitos. My route leads through Indian country, some of whom are in rebellion against the Peruvian government . . . I will keep you posted at each available mail post. I shall succeed . . . PM Am very much pushed for time as I have to provide for the journey and only stopped work today."

In Africa I had a cot but would sometimes sleep on the ground for my travels were during the dry season. On portions of the journeys now ahead of me there would be rain and I

decided to carry a hammock, and affix it to trees with window cord ropes. A German blacksmith at the mine made hammock hooks for me and would not accept pay for them. We will see that the sharper ends of these homemade hooks will serve me favorably in dire need. My closer companions were anxious to run errands for me in assembling the material which I needed but, man like, they would regale me with stories of what happened to others who had sought to make a similar journey. One story which was told to me by more than one of the helpers was about men who had moved forward in the same direction and their shrunken heads had been found by the side of remote trails.

I secured a substantial amount of cloth that had been treated by a local method of rendering it waterproof by use of rubber. This would serve to cover the hammock in rain and also to wrap articles such as writing material and the notes I had made. I had an "oil coat," and at the very last purchased a cap for myself and the cap was a fortunate selection. The night before leaving I went to the Mine Hospital, and a doctor there prepared certain medicines for me, including a remedy for snakebite. While waiting outside of the hospital for the medicine to be prepared, I experienced an exhilaration of spirit that I had never known before. The air and the moonlight may have had some effect on me, I do not know. But had I been offered a vast sum of money if I would not start the journey on the morrow I would have declined the offer.

The following morning I exchanged a burro that I had chosen for a mountain pony because the pony would walk faster. Also, I obtained a dog, for a dog would watch over the pony and myself at night and bark if man or animal should approach.

A young miner who had come from Texas accompanied me to the first eminence on the road. Then a young Indian joined me. Fearing that the Indian was escaping some duty at the

mine where I had been so well treated I urged him to return. He refused, saying he lived at Huanuco and was going home. When parting from the Texan, I asked him to please report to the mine that I had urged the Indian to return. The dog and the Indian soon became close friends. I slept on the ground; the dog and the Indian close by. We would occasionally pass an Indian home and my Indian would engage in conversation with others. On the third day I stopped the pony to readjust the pack. On one side of the pack I had used the strap on the pig skin leggings to fasten them to a strap on the pack. I rolled my Stetson hat and placed it down the leggings and put on my cap. I went to the other side of the pony and from some bushes close to where I had stopped on the road an Indian rushed to the pony and sought to take the leggings. They held, but he got the hat. My Indian and the dog were some distance ahead. I could not run after the thief for if others were concealed they would have taken the rest of the pack.

The road on which we were had been used by Spanish settlers for generations, and I was anxious to see people of Spanish descent who had dwelt in the loneliness of the remote towns in the Andes. A French writer I had read in my youth said that Anglo-Saxon superiority was based in the fact that the Anglo-Saxon could live far away from towns in remote areas and claim them for his race. The Spanish in Peru, some of them at least, had lived in remote areas for generations. The Spanish, however, relied upon the Indian for labor and the Indian would breed as fast or faster than the Spanish, and after 400 years of occupation the Spanish would number but little more than ten per cent of the Peruvian population.

On October 9th in a letter to Emma I said, "After making twenty-three miles per day for three days I have reached Huanuco (in Peru). From here I go to Port Victoria on the Ucayali River, going north by east.... I am exceedingly sore and tired but leave tomorrow, October 10th, for an eight-day

tramp. The donkey was slow, but I succeeded in getting a mountain pony. Also, I have a dog which barks at everything, and he will be of use in the Indian country five days to the north. I have written three letters tonight and can only say that I am well. Will soon be in warm country as I have descended mountains since leaving Cerro de Pasco. With a thousand good wishes."

Huanuco was little more than a big village with many gardens. I slept on a good bed and had good food. There was a saddle room adjacent to the sleeping quarters in which I placed the pack, and my Indian and my dog slept in the saddle room. The following morning I inspected the saddle room and my pack had not been molested. I arranged for breakfast for the young Indian and bid him farewell.

When I placed the pack on the pony my leggings were missing, nothing else disturbed. Had my Indian taken them? I do not know, nor do I know if he was related to the theft of the hat.

When leaving Huanuco, my dog showed evidence of pain. Soon he was helpless and before long he was dead. He had been poisoned, a method used to get rid of dogs in large areas of Peru.

I had been impressed with the courtesy shown to me by those of Spanish descent in Huanuco (Huanuco was made a city in 1940 and its name changed to Sucre) and this impression was to be deepened on the first day's journey enroute to Pozuzu. A young Peruvian of Spanish descent mounted on a good horse called to me in English. He had been educated in the United States. He lived not far away and invited me to spend the day at his home, saying that he wanted to talk of the United States. I regretfully declined the invitation for it was my custom never to delay in a forward movement unless compelled to do so by sheer necessity. On the first night out I rubbed my hands over the pony and hit a vampire bat of the smaller variety. It fell to the ground but quickly flew away.

On the following day while we were going over a small plateau I was walking behind the pony and was conscious that I was doing double time to keep up with it. I doubted my eyes when I saw smoke coming from the pack. I stopped the pony and examined the pack. The smoke was coming from the large cloth that I would use to cover the hammock. The cloth had been well saturated with what I thought was linseed oil. The burning portion of it, still smoking, was disfigured by a very dark shade. I made note of the fact that in German East Africa I had seen a tree fall from its own displaced equilibrium and that in Peru I had witnessed a case of spontaneous combustion.

A portion of the road or trail that I was following had been worked deeper into the mountains at the cliffs where there was danger of falling. The rocks had been chiseled off to make the passage more secure, for in some spots there would have been a long drop to the valley below.

On the second or third day out I purchased from an Indian woman a small young female dog for the price of a sole (fifty cents). The dog had brown, short hair and would weigh about twenty pounds. I tied a small rope around her shoulders and the other end of the rope around my body. Leading the pony and pulling the dog was taxing, and I tried to get the dog to follow without being pulled.

We came to a point where there was a frail dilapidated bridge across a deep valley to a roadway which led to a house which had been built for a white man. I wanted to ask on which side of the valley was the road to Pozuzo. The bridge was so defective that I would not attempt to cross it. I watched the house for considerable time and decided that it was not occupied. I followed the road I was in for a short distance and came to another whitewashed house near the road and saw that it too had been abandoned. Continuing up the hill I came to an Indian home and stopped to make inquiry. I was adjusting the pack when two young Indians approached, and I waved them

back, not wishing them to get close enough to seize an article from the pack. They told me I was on the correct route to Pozuzo.

When moving away, my dog still pulled backward, and the rope around my waist hurt me. I petted the dog, got a bit of food from the pack and gave it to her. But she still pulled backward. The struggle with the dog was soon to come to an end by an unexpected happening. Higher up the hill we came to a small Indian village. The women and children saw us and fled from their homes, going out the back way. But the Indians' dogs, males and females, did not flee. Mad with rage, they came at us in a pack. My dog, sensing that she would be torn to pieces, came to my ankles and pushed against them. With a large club in my hands I waited for the attack. The dogs circled. Their leader, growling and snarling, closed in. I hit at him with the club and glanced his nose. He fell back yelping, and the battle was over. When we continued the journey up the hill my dog did not pull backward but walked closely behind me. Not again at any time did she pull backward.

By midafternoon we reached a religious symbol, the cross, erected at the crest of the ridge. The Catholic Church for some 400 years in Peru had used such symbol, and the remotest native knew that a white Christ had died on a cross. My pony, my dog and myself started the descent of this high ridge, and I believe that the pony and the dog agreed with me that going down a mountain may be more difficult than going up one. You catch your weight on every step downward. Many of the steps are irregular. My knees were swelling, but to no great extent. On this descent, when it was growing dark, we passed an Indian who was coming up the mountain. He rushed by without speaking. When darkness had come, I could see in the distance more than one light and suspected that a village lay ahead. Our descent led to a creek and beyond the creek there was a steep hill. I rested by the creek for the night. The pony and the dog

were placed on one side of the trail, and I lay on the ground a few feet away between the trail and the creek. An Indian, coming from the village, was making his way on the trail we had descended. It was not pitch dark. The Indian saw the form of the pony and stopped to look. I spoke to him in a strange language—English. The dog barked. Without a word, the Indian fled up the trail we had descended. On the morning we found the trail beyond the creek quite steep, and rain had made it slippery. The pony would slide back when attempting to climb. I solved the problem by going ahead of the pony and pulling her halter. This gave her the aid she needed.

There was a small store at the village, and I got food for myself, dog and pony. The three or four hours here was the first rest taken on the journey. I wanted to rest for the night but when I found that the next customary stop on the trail was not very far away I pressed on. It was either on this day or the next one that I passed a small store at the foot of a mountain range owned by a Chinese. Later I was purchasing some food from a kindly Indian woman when I told her that my destination was Pozuzo. She brought out some more excellent food and gave it to me for myself and my dog. She urged that the food be eaten and said in Spanish, as she waved toward the mountain peak, "No hay gente arriba" (no people up there). She wanted me to eat plenty for she knew that for three days I would not find human habitation. I appreciated her interest but pressed on up the mountain and my doing so led, by chance, to a fortunate situation, one that I would number high in all my travels. Darkness was descending when I reached a small plateau high in the mountain. There I saw three Indians with ponies at a shelter set up for rest. I told my new found friends that I was heading for Pozuzo. They said that they were going to Pozuzo and that their ponies carried Indian products which could be exchanged for goods at the German settlement. We journeyed together across the desolate mountain passes. We passed over a

deep gorge on the Kaiser Wilhelm Bridge, a steel structure placed there, I was told, by the Imperial German Government.

On the day before we were to reach Pozuzo, we camped under a large orange tree but my companions did not reach for an orange. Below us in a small valley I could see an Indian house or two and some children. Why had the children not gathered the oranges? From the limited words that we had in common, my companions made known that the fruit was not only unfit to eat but carried some danger if eaten. It may not have been a true orange tree; I do not know.

At this camp I was to lose my pony. My Indian comrades had taken my pony with theirs a short distance away to some sharp hills and cliffs where the grass was better. They said that my pony was lying dead at the foot of a cliff and that it had fallen from higher ground. Suspecting that the pony had been concealed and that it would be picked up later, I asked the Indians to take me to the pony. One said, "It is not far, just beyond the cliff, I will show it to you." He asked me to come with him, that the distance was not great. I took this as evidence that the pony was lying dead and did not make an inspection. The reader will recall that my first dog had died from poison. Now my pony was dead. After a few days I would lose my second dog in a tragic situation and possibly poison would have been a better choice.

My pack was divided among the other ponies, and we continued our way to Pozuzo which was not far away. Not having my pony, I was walking ahead. When we came to cultivated land near the German village I was to experience a primitive elemental sensation that the men of all races will understand. In a trail through a cornfield (it may have been sugar cane) where the stalks and leaves near their base were heavy with dew, I saw the long white legs of a German woman as she approached me on the trail. She had not seen us. To escape the dew, she had pulled up her long dress until almost the full

length of her legs was visible. I, a white man, in descent from the loins of white women for an immense number of generations, looked suddenly on white legs. I had seen many black legs among the kindly peoples of Africa. In Peru I had seen many Indian women and Mestizos and though their legs were covered by their dress, the color of them could be surmised. When the woman, a young one, saw me she immediately lowered her dress. When we passed in the narrow trail, she said a greeting which I could not understand. I stepped aside for her to pass, bowed, and saluted. Had the English language been possible, I could have conversed with her but the emotions caused in me by the sight of the white legs drove from my mind any greeting that I could have given in Spanish or German.

Bavarian Germans had settled at Pozuzo in 1860. It was a small village. I was assigned to a rest house which opened on the road that ran through the village. I took my meals at the home of Frau Steir nearby. She was a capable woman of German blood and served excellent meals. She served bananas fried in butter, and sweetened if desired. In Africa the bananas, still green, were roasted and eaten with coffee. I believe that this method is not novel to Latin America. I have eaten bananas raw, when ripe. Roasted, when green. I have eaten them split on American ice cream. But I will take the Frau Steir preparation of them in preference to any other. There were geese in her yard. The village backed up to a strong stream of water with volume enough for light navigation but near-by rapids prevented much use of canoes. I remember that there was a shoemaker's house along the roadway. The village priest was a sturdy German lately from Germany who ran a saw mill powered by an improvised water fall from the swiftly flowing creek. The main use of the mill was in making plank for the building of homes. The cross-cut saw was used by some American pioneers for making plank. It was probably used

here before the arrival of the saw mill and is still in use some thirty miles away, as we will see.

There was a Catholic chapel near the village, and while I was there they held a ceremony in which there was some marching. Some of the German settlers had moved from Pozuzo to a village they constructed at a higher altitude. This move was made because of a high death rate at Pozuzo. I was told that there were five widows, none of them old, and that these widows were assigned for residence at the house of the priest, waiting to mate again. I, a student of race, and profoundly impressed by this tiny remote frontier settlement, was of the firm opinion that these women should breed children, many of them. If such breeding could not be done through conventional processes and were I at the head of Church or State, I felt that I would grant poligamy or, in the last resort, I would urge the priest, a fine physical type, to suspend his oath of chastity and remind him that "Be fruitful and multiply" was a commandment from God long before priestly celibacy.

The distance from Pozuzo to Puerto Mario, at the head of skiff navigation on the Palcasu River, would be about three days by foot. Frau Steir obtained an Indian to carry my pack, and with my dog I left this white settlement far over the Andes, the most interesting place that I had ever been. These were my people, gloriously maintaining themselves under highly unfavorable circumstance. When we had gotten some distance from the village my Indian companion stopped and went through some Inca private religious ceremony. He motioned toward the village we were leaving and in the direction we were going. I deemed that he was asking the gods of his ancestors to assure us a safe journey. The first night out we stopped at an Indian home that would accommodate travelers to and from Puerto Mario. I slept with my dog on a hard clean dirt floor. The second night we would have stopped at an Indian home for food and rest, but we got to this home in the

early afternoon and I pressed on, and when night overtook us we slept on the ground. Early the next day we arrived at Puerto Mario.

The sole white resident at Puerto Mario was Senor Butenbach, son of a German father who had become a school teacher in Peru, and a Peruvian mother. He looked German, spoke that language, spoke Peruvian Spanish, of course, and also spoke English quite well. In a large area he was the last Peruvian official over the mountains. The Peruvian government, desiring to promote the development of its vast interior, offered (I speak from memory) some 17,000 acres of land for about the sum of 3,000 dollars. The father was paying for the land, the son developing it. Senor Butenbach's residence was the most elaborate non-European type of residence that I had seen. In the Belgian Congo I had had a native type of home constructed around my tent with about two feet between the walls and roofs. This kept the tent much cooler. This principle is known everywhere in the tropics and it is used by our armed forces who put a canvas over their tent. Senor Butenbach did not have one house constructed over another. His home was kept quite comfortable by the heighth of its roof, equivalent to a two-story house, with the area immediately under the roof constructed for free ventilation. He had used lumber to construct a room or two. The lumber had been hand sawed by cross-cut saw from the body of a large tree. Nearby was a tree that had been felled and was in process of being cut into lumber. The men who did this work were young Germans from Pozuzo, but I did not see them at work.

My host had two large Dalmation dogs, excellent examples of this breed. He had received them a short time before and they were in training to guard his property from the ravages of wild animals. In this general area there is bountiful wild life, including many fowls, snakes, wild hogs and two or more of the dangerous cat family, the tawny panther and the feared

spotted large jaguar. There were a few Indian families in the general neighborhood and from them my host had workmen and servant women. There was an Indian boy of some ten or twelve years who had gained some fame by hooking a large porpoise like fish and bringing it home in his canoe. He tied the fish line to a tree until the fish had worn itself to exhaustion. He filled his canoe with water and got it under the tired fish. He then bailed out the water, and the fish was safely in the canoe.

The branch of a near-by spring flowed by the house and entered a hollowed log at the steep bank of the river and came out through a large perforated tin can. When standing under this perforated can, anyone could get a fine shower bath. The food served was ample in variety and well cooked. I liked most the hot cakes and syrup.

I showed my host the letters of general introduction by Dr. Henderson and Dr. Thomas of the Univeristy of Chicago, spoke to him about having been at Vanderbilt University, and showed him some newspaper articles from South Africa and other places dealing with my purpose. I told him that I wanted a knowledge of the white race in contact with the nonwhite races, that the coastal areas of such contact were well known, and that I wanted to see the interiors. That I had followed the Nile and that from his home I would reach the Amazon and follow that river to the Atlantic Ocean. He told me that for the first 100 miles there was little, if any, human habitation but thereafter provisions could be obtained. I purchased from him a canoe which he fitted out for me by lashing stout balsa poles to its sides. These balsa poles, the lightest of all wood, would steady the canoe save in rapids or whirlpools. He warned me that I would have to pass a rapids feared by canoe men. He told me that at one point tributary rivers came in from opposite sides and that if there were three rivers to take the middle one. He also told me about how long it would take me to get to the

three rivers, a fact that did not stand out in my mind, and my lack of registering his instructions in my mind would cause me to make an error that would lead to the gravest danger that I had ever faced.

The river was swollen high out of its regular banks for there had been much rain, and the rain continued. My host suggested that I wait until the river had gone down. The continued rain would make this an indefinite wait. Wishing to appear as an optimist, I said that the higher the waters the swifter the current, and the swifter the current the quicker I would arrive at my destination. The canoe was ready and provisioned early on a Sunday morning. An Indian told me that it was bad luck to start a journey on Sunday. But I shook hands in a farewell to my host, waved to the Indians, put my dog into the canoe and was off.

Shortly after leaving I saw a waterfall on the opposite shore, not great in volume but beautiful in appearance. I sought to keep roughly in the middle of the river. The canoe, steadied by the balsa poles, was easily directed by the paddle. The movement was rapid, and I felt an exhilaration. After several miles, I saw before me what unquestionably appeared to be three rivers. On the left there was a fair sized tributary churning to get into the main current. On the right was a larger stream ahead. In the middle was a narrower stream which disappeared beyond a bend. I took the middle river. Beyond the first bend I was encountering parts of old trees in the form of logs and a few young green trees. A little further along there were more logs and at a bend I could see raging waters and much obstruction in the route I had to take. The navigable part of the river narrowed. I could see an occasional whirlpool near the bank. Trying desperately to dodge a log which was beginning to whirl, my maneuver placed the canoe in a whirlpool from which a torrent of water issued at mighty speed. Had I been an expert oarsman, which I was not, I could not have

guided the canoe when it was caught in the whirlpool. The canoe circled two or three times, was sucked in the water and came to a halt, the first two-thirds or more of it under water, the rest of it standing out of the water at an angle which lifted it slightly above the water. Where the canoe went under, there were some roots of a tree extending a few inches above water. I grabbed a root. My hammock, displaced from the canoe, was still whirling and when it came near me I seized it and fastened it on a root. My dog had been washed overboard. I looked quickly down the river where the water was raging around a sharp bend, but where the banks were not sheer and high as those near me, but did not see the dog. The water would have washed her close to this sharp and low lying bend, and she might have escaped.

I was standing on the roots of what I believed was a great tree that had lately fallen from the bank into the water, for sixty feet or more down the river were some green branches of a tree showing above water. I deemed these branches to be the upper limbs of the tree on which I was standing. I believed the tree was a great one for the canoe had been sucked under its lower roots, and the upper portion of the canoe was not even quivering in this raging torrent. Twenty to thirty feet away was the bank at which the whirlpool had started. This bank was possibly thirty feet high and rose straight up. It was composed of a reddish clay soil over which some water was seeping. Between the bank and me was raging water in an incredibly swift current. At the top of the bank were some large trees with limbs reaching to near the ground. In the opposite direction the widened river was flowing swiftly over visible rocks and around some trees. I could not see a bank. I knew that I was not close to human habitation, but my situation was critical, and I yelled loudly several times, wanting to learn that if by chance there might be some hunting party of Indians in hearing distance. No answer came back to my call.

By sheer good fortune I had saved the canvas hammock as it whirled by me, and in the hammock, which was used as an outer wrapping, were some of my most desirable and needed possessions. There was a camera, a pistol, and documents of great value to me. Also, in it were my blanket and better clothing. The end of the canoe out of the water was stable, and I placed the hammock in the canoe.

In sewing up a sack, I had failed to put the ball of twine in the sack and was carrying it in a pocket of my khaki shirt. With my hunting knife, I cut off a protruding root, tied the twine to it and threw the root high up on the bank trying to catch it in some of the lower limbs of the nearest trees. I failed in this effort. I was not sure that I could hold to the bank if I reached it for it was straight up and of soft clay. But could I have caught the root that I was throwing to the limbs, I would have risked an effort to escape by holding to the twine for a small amount of aid might make the attempt a success.

Almost from the first, I had sensed that possibly there was a way out but the danger of it was so great that my mind rejected the effort. I felt that I could hold on for a day or so and that the river might recede. Then a heavy rain began. I was standing on roots some five or six inches below the water and would not risk a rising river. I would try the difficult escape. If the frail green branches showing above water some sixty feet away were the upper branches of the tree on whose roots I was standing and I could make my way to them, I would be in fifteen or twenty feet of another tree lodged near the shore. Near it was still another one. And the shore there was not sheer and could be climbed. If I could get to these exposed green limbs and not go under water, I could throw my hammock rope with the two sharp hooks attached, and the sharp hooks almost certainly would catch in the roots of trees lying in the water nearer the bank. If the body of my tree was not too far below the surface of the muddy water, I could clasp

it with my legs, make my way to the green limbs, and by using them for support I could throw the hammock hooks to the next tree.

I would not have secure balance when throwing the rope. I tied the rope to my body, coiled it around my shoulder, and practiced a few times, throwing it a few feet so that it would uncoil from my shoulder when thrown. I tied the hammock hooks back to back so that there would be a better chance for them to catch and tied the hammock rope in the rings of the hammock hooks, wetting the knot so that it would not slip. I sought the body of my tree and found it but a foot or so under water. Clasping the body of the tree with my legs, I started with my face to the current but soon turned my back to it. As I neared the protruding limbs, the water came to my arm pits. There were many small limbs under the water. I gathered as many as I could between my legs from ankles to crotch and bunched a few of the small limbs at the top of the water and held them with my left hand. In this position I threw the rope gently, just above the roots of the nearest tree. I say "gently." This was necessary for it was with the utmost difficulty that I could remain upright in the powerful current when I made the throw. The hooks sank at the roots of the prone tree. Pulling inch by inch on the rope in my hand, I found that it held. I would climb the rope hand over hand to safety. I said aloud, "Here goes nothing," and started to follow the rope. Within a split second, I was on the body of the second tree. The current was such that in my effort to go hand over hand on the rope I had been able to catch but one hand hold. The hammock hooks had caught under water, but I was able to disengage them with my arms. The next throw was easy. The third throw was to the top of the bank, and I climbed the rope with ease to safety and made my way back to the point opposite my canoe and there waiting for me was my dog. I embraced her. She had been washed ashore at the point I climbed out,

had climbed the bank, returned to the point nearest me and had taken her position to wait for her master. From my place with the canoe, I could not have seen her.

The thing to do was to get back to the Peruvian official from whom I had bought the canoe. The rain continued. I feared most that I might lose the Palcasu River, for without it no one could have told directions. Making our way back, the dog and myself came to the raging but relatively narrow stream which had appeared to be one of three rivers. It was too deep to ford. Following it for some distance it narrowed and there was a good sized tree on the opposite bank. Standing in the water, I threw the hammock hooks into the tree and they caught on a limb. With the dog in my arms, I followed the rope and we were soon over. Immediately I made my way back to the main river and followed it until night. That night the dog and myself had some sleep against the body of an old tree which had been washed ashore, and the tree made me realize that however high the river was at present that it had been higher when this tree had been washed ashore. I cut some reeds and placed them on the prone tree. With my dog I got under the tree and the reeds held off much of the rain.

The next day our real trouble began. I had to remain near the river to keep direction. The forest gave way in the lower lands to giant brier trees and thorn bushes. My clothes were being torn from my body. Once when we had come to a great patch of briars and thorns I got on my hands and knees and followed a wild animal trail through the thorns. That night we slept on a hillside in a large hole in the upright stump of a large fallen tree. I took the dog inside with me for I did not want to risk her acting as my guardian and possibly being carried off by a meat eating animal. Had one located us, my feet were in the opening and I could have kicked it away, and if it showed viciousness I could have set upright, well protected on all sides, and slashed paw or head with my hunting knife.

The next day there was some higher ground but later in the day I had either to endure briars and thorns or risk losing my way. I solved this problem from time to time by getting out into the river's edge and walking in the water with a stick in my hand to explore its depth. I saw the lovely waterfalls which I knew were close to the home I was seeking. Coming round the bend in the river, I was walking in the water when the Indian who had told me it was bad luck to begin a journey on Sunday saw me. He let out a mighty whoop and fled to the white man telling him he had seen my ghost walking on the water, "and it's heading this way." The white man came quickly and called to me asking what had happened. I told him my canoe had been sucked under in a whirlpool. He asked how I felt. I said that I craved his hot cakes and syrup. Myself and dog were given much food. I told my host of having caught the hammock and placing it in the end of the canoe. The river had continued to rise, and we thought that the hammock had been washed away for it was not tied in save by twine, for I had used my rope to get out of the water. I said that there appeared to be three rivers. He believed that the river, high over its normal banks, had cut an island. We decided that we would try to extract the canoe and that I could continue my journey. At my request, he gave me a statement of his knowledge of my efforts in this matter, for a traveler who would tell tall stories about himself would need support for them. He gave me a statement in Spanish which I had translated later and will reproduce it here.

On the following day my host took some Indians to handle his balsa raft, and we went to the canoe. It had not moved. The water about it was high and raging. On the bank the Indians cut a tree that would fall toward the canoe. We wanted to tie a rope to the protruding end of the canoe and see if it could be pulled free. The head limbs of the cut tree quickly washed against the roots of the tree which was holding the

canoe. The Indians conversed among themselves and because of the swift current refused to follow the body of the tree from the bank to the canoe. I followed the tree from the bank to the canoe and affixed a rope to the canoe. All pulled on the rope. The canoe did not budge. I got my hammock and climbed the fallen tree to the bank. We then returned to the home of my host. There was no other canoe that I could buy. My host proposed that he send me in his canoe manned by two Indians down the river to the home of Senor Barbatsky who lived at Puerto Victoria where small steamers could run. I gave my host a valuable camera and later he would get the canoe. Such was the payment for his sending me to the home of Senor Barbatsky, a Hungarian count who had been many years in remote portions of South America. When seeing that I was to enter the canoe, my dog tried to avoid me but I caught her and placed her in it. One of the Indian oarsmen was mature, the other little more than a boy.

We made good progress for the river was still high and the current favored rapid travel. When we came to the rapids my experienced oarsmen took them safely, but our boat did a deal of wobbling and heaving and my dog pressed against my leg. That night we camped on the right hand side of the river at an abandoned camp of rubber gatherers. There are great numbers of the trees from which rubber is obtained, but they are scattered far and wide. Rubber from the scattered trees satisfied the market until Goodyear in 1844 vulcanized rubber, and from this process there was an increase of the demand of rubber almost without limit. Many villages developed along the rivers and there was much prosperity. Rubber seeds were secreted out of Brazil and rubber plantations were developed in Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula. On these plantations the trees were close together and there was an abundant amount of efficient labor. The plantation rubber lowered the price of rubber to the point that by 1910 many of the wild rubber

gatherers had been driven from the market. At our camp weeds and young trees had covered the rubber camp area but below the leaves many tin cans could be found.

The next morning when getting into the canoe my dog was not by my side as she usually was. I looked and saw her some distance away beyond the camping ground. I called to her but she would not come. I went to get her, but she fell back into the jungle. Neither entreaty nor command could get her to come to me. I walked to overtake her. She disappeared in the jungle. I followed for some distance but could not see her. We talked over the situation, and the Indians said that if she came to the camp to await me they would pick her up on their return. We left some food. It was now raining, and the Indians wished to be on their way. We departed without the dog.

My feelings were hurt. She was *my* dog, and I had the responsibility of her master. She had slept by my side that night in the camp. Why did she disappear when I was leaving? I did not know why, but I knew that I was suffering. Sometimes we may not understand the cause of aberrant action. I have never forgotten the dog and always asked myself why she abandoned me. Years went by before I could grasp a possible cause. I recalled that I had to carry her to the canoe when we left for this journey, and that she had pressed against my leg when the canoe was wobbling when passing the rapids. She had been washed out of my canoe in the whirlpool. Had her danger there been so grave that she feared for her life in a canoe?

On the third, or possibly the fourth day, we passed a small steamer and the wake of its waters pressed our canoe until it had lightly touched the shore. On this day we arrived at the home of Senor Barbatsky. My Indian oarsmen reported to him that they had been sent by Senor Butenbach to deliver me to his home. The hour was early, and the Indians began their return journey, assuring me that they would stop to see if my

dog had returned to our former camp site. I presented to Senor Barbatsky the letter given to me by Senor Butenbach when we were preparing to see if my canoe could be extracted. It was in Spanish and I knew but little of what was in it. A translation of it is here given. The official seal is in a circle at the top of the page and reads "Comesaria De Puerto Mario." The following is its text:

The undersigned, at the request of Mr. Earnest Sevier Cox, certifies that this gentleman passed through here (Puerto Mario) the 24th of this month, having shown me all of his documents, certificates, newspapers and photographs, which proved him to be a scientific explorer from the University of Chicago and Vanderbilt University. From here he left in a canoe to navigate the lower waters of the River Palcasu, going out alone; Three days after his departure, he returned by land, after having been shipwrecked in a bad passage, having lost all his baggage, documents, weapons, etc. Notwithstanding such a bad time, it having rained constantly, not having anything to eat during these three days, and having crossed virgin woods with great obstacles, he arrived here entirely well and without evidence of fatigue.

"Aouisgiar".

October 28, 1914.
River Palcasu,

Though I did not know the text of the letter I could see that it had deeply impressed Senor Barbatsky. He extended me his hand, and congratulated me. I was assigned to his extra bedroom and shown every courtesy. A gentleman nearby was called and told of my journeys. He invited me to his place for dinner. From this time on the news that a travelor who had crossed from Cape Town to Cairo in Africa had come from Lima in Peru and had lost his canoe and almost all his possessions in the Palcasu River was passed along and many favors were shown me. I would say that my host, the Hungarian

count, was of German descent. He had just passed through an experience of the deepest sorrow. He had taken in a young Indian boy in his home for company and while out hunting saw a movement behind some bushes and thinking it was a deer, he fired. It was not a deer but his little Indian companion. He did not know the boy had followed. The little fellow lived but a few hours. The count was a tall blond man about middle aged. I asked him if, after these many years, he would return to Hungary. He said that after his departure from his home the woman he liked most had married another man and he doubted that he would ever go back. He used Indian helpers and had long stacks of wood which steamers would buy to fire their furnaces.

At Puerto Victoria the River Palcasu joins the Pichis River and the two form the Pachitea which runs about 200 miles northward to join the Ucayali which river, after about 600 miles, will join the Maranon River some 50 miles before reaching the city of Iquitos. These two rivers, the Ucayali and the Maranon, constitute the head waters of the Amazon.

I took a small steamer at Puerto Victoria and do not recall changing boats. My host had told certain of the boatmen about the canoe wreck and my other travels, and I was shown considerable amount of courtesy. I know that we stopped from time to time to put off and take on passengers and that on an occasion a Spanish Peruvian girl and myself were talking, and I asked her to speak slowly. Later her father asked her if I spoke Spanish. She replied "un poco" (a little bit). I will insert information of a later date on a town and a city on this passage. Masisea is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants on the Ucayali. It is in an area of sugar cane, bananas, yuccas, and has a distillery and airfield. Some 200 miles further north is

the city of Contamana which is in the Indian country and has a population of more than 3,000. It is a trading center. It has bananas, sugar cane, vegetables, a liquor distillery, an airfield, and buys and sells wild rubber.

The Ucayali River is navigable for 1,000 miles for small vessels. It passes through wild forests and the last 500 miles of it through water covered lowlands during the rainy season. There is a vast diversity in vegetation in its area and the lowlands, if brought under control, could yield an immense wealth.

The mighty Amazon drains an area greater than that drained by any other river, has the greatest volume of water, and is the longest navigable river in the world. It passes through dense forests. Its average width is 5 miles, but at the coast it widens to 400 miles and its waters press far out into the Atlantic Ocean. Like the Ucayali, its lower areas are low. Its ancient passage cut a gorge from 40 to 50 miles wide and provided an immense area of "river bottom," but heavy rains can cause it to overflow these bottoms and render them of doubtful value for cultivation.

The city of Iquitos, 2,330 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, is the head of medium draft navigation on the Amazon. Herndon (1851) refers to the island of Iquitos as a fishing village which had 227 inhabitants, 98 of them being whites and Mestizos who were driven from their homes by hostile Indians, and he speaks of the village being on an elavated plain with cotton and coffee trees growing in the streets. During the years of the rubber boom, Iquitos grew rapidly and when I was there, 1914, it had become a substantial town. It is strategically located for a distribution point in a vast area, and in recent years had developed many minor industries. Its exports include lumber, coffee, and peccary hides.



Indians well Clad in Birthday Suits.

Shortly before our boat arrived at Iquitos, I was stricken with malaria fever. I had walked many days in Africa with the fever on me, but here it seemed to be in a more virulent form. In Africa the fever did not change the color of my skin. On the Amazon my skin was to assume a greenish tint, visable to all.

At no place during my journeys was I better treated than in Iquitos. One man, through an interpreter, asked me to stay in his home. Individuals would bring me fruit. I left Iquitos on a small boat which would carry passengers a certain distance to where they could take a larger steamer. High with fever, I lay on my blanket on the deck of the boat protected from insects by a heavy mosquito net. I did not recall that I had paid a fare. I asked who owned the boat and was told that a Jew woman engaged in trade in Iquitos was the owner. Some years later I gave to a Jewish charity the sum of $15.00 and told my Jew friends that my gift was in commemoration of this trip on the Amazon where I believed that I had been intentionally

omitted from the cost of travel by a Jew woman in Iquitos, Peru.

At one point we were taking on some products from the shore by the light of a lantern and the lantern was dimmed by the great number of insects flying around it. Our boat put us off at a lumber constructed rest camp and started on its return trip to Iquitos. At this camp there were some others waiting for a larger steamer. There was an affable Spanish doctor returning to Spain to visit his people. The doctor recognized the ravages of fever on me, and we conversed by my speaking slowly and using the base of Spanish words, not knowing the proper grammatical formation. After a day or so the doctor called to me, waved toward the river, and said, "El Vapor." I had not heard the word vapor so used before but we use "steamer" and steam and vapor are kin. I knew that the doctor had seen the large ship approaching.

I gazed in admiration at some of the costly buildings in Manaus which had been built during the boom in rubber. Particularly was I impressed by the domed opera house. I had to identify myself and had no difficulty in doing so. I stated that prior to leaving Cerro de Pasco I had asked my sister Emma to have fifty dollars awaiting me when I reached Manaus. The official smiled, complimented me on the journey, and handed me the letter from Emma. We were now on a portion of the Amazon which had been known to Europeans for many years, and I will mention but one other city before reaching Para at the mouth of the Amazon. I say "Para" for this term was used everywhere in the remote interior. "Para" is the name of a river in the Amazon delta and the name of an important state, the capital of which is Belem, an important city which, in the interior, is often referred to as Para.

After the Civil War in the United States, a "Reconstruction" of the Southern States was placing white people under the control of Negroes. Some eight thousand or more of Southern

white people left the United States and settled in colonies in Mexico, Central America, and South America. One settlement was made near Santarum on the Amazon. About two hundred Americans, almost all of them from the Southern States in the American Union, had arrived at this settlement in 1868. The Brazilian government gave them a large tract of valuable land, but the settlement was not well financed and soon many had left for Para to earn a living. Numbers of them had clung to American citizenship and eventually returned to the United States. The few that had capital remained and though some of them were to become poor, certain of them prospered.

My friend the Spanish doctor told the crew that I was interested in what was left of the American settlement near Santarum and a member of the crew said that a young man of American descent was given to watching the ships go by and that he would call me if this particular person was seen. He called me. There were two men watching the ship go by. I could see that they were not Indians and probably were not Brazilians, but the distance was too great for me to say that they were my close kin.

Wishing to aid my system in its fight with malaria germs, I spent considerable time in a comfortable deck chair. I had lost much weight and my skin had assumed a greenish tint. The stewards and some of the passengers would bring me fruit to eat and would urge me to eat more of the ship's ample fare. All of them knew that I had come from far away Lima, knew something about my prior journeys, and this may have accounted for some of the kindnesses shown to me. A member of the crew brought me a bottle of whiskey saying that there was nothing as good for malaria as strong whiskey. Without question, it was strong. It tasted absolutely fresh, and I was of the opinion that it had just been made aboard our vessel. Our next and last port would be Belem (Para). It has served as the principal port at the mouth of the Amazon since it was

founded in 1615. I remember its public squares and gardens. Its population in 1960 was approximately 260,000.

We arrived at Para (Belem) shortly before Christmas, 1914. I went to the American Consulate, apologized for my appearance, and said that I had just arrived from the Pacific by the way of Lima in Peru. I spoke of my other travels and the reason for them. I said that, following the Nile, I had reached Cairo shortly before Christmas in 1911 and while in Cairo had been placed in cheap comfortable quarters run by an English woman. In Belem I was sent to the home of a German whose wife was English. The war between England and Germany was well under way, but there was no reflection from it in this nice home. I had told the Vice Consul that I was not without funds but would cable for one hundred and fifty dollars to be sent to me in care of the Consul. Some American scholars on a mission in Brazil came to see me and brought quinine. I believed that the quinine I had used had been possibly weakened by exposure and was glad to get the gift of quinine.

The funds I cabled for arrived and the Consul had papers prepared for me to leave on an English vessel which was anchored in deep water and was loading its cargo by lighters. When the Captain of this English vessel saw me, he went into a mighty rage. He said that the American Consul had given him no end of trouble about passengers who could carry disease into the United States. That I was the worst specimen that he had ever seen, nothing but bones covered by green skin, yet the Consul had approved my papers. That he would not accept me under any consideration lest I despoil his passengers and by death would cause his ship to be held up indefinitely!

I had come aboard in the late afternoon, and the red faced smallish Captain said I could sleep that night on the boat but certainly would be returned to the shore in the morning. My fare called for third class, and I was allowed a bunk in the third class area. That night it was hot in the third class bunk,

and I took my blanket and came to the deck. The wind was blowing, and it was cool on deck. I could not find a place to sleep save very near where the lighters had unloaded goods in boxes. There were many boxes in a pyramid form waiting to be placed into the hole. In the limited area between the boxes and the ship's wall there was just enough room to put my blanket. I slept there during the night. Had a box fallen in my direction, it could have crushed me. The next morning I heard the third class steward shout to the Captain that I was not in my quarters. Highly enraged, the Captain began looking for me as a stowaway. He saw me and demanded to know why I was there. I told him that it was hot below and that I came to the deck because it was cool. He told me to get up. I arose, looked at the boxes above me and said to him, "You think that I am a broken man and that my nerves are shattered. You could not have slept here. Your nerves would have gone to pieces." He said that in any case he would not take me and that he would send me to the shore.

My baggage was brought up and placed by my side on the deck near the point where I would descend to the motor boat which was on its way to our vessel. The motor boat carried the Vice Consul and a tall Englishman dressed in tropic white clothes and white helmet. The Englishman was of imposing appearance. The Vice Consul handed certain papers to the Captain who began to rail at his office for sending me aboard, that my death from unknown disease could cause him to be placed in quarantine. I was near them during the conversation sitting on my baggage. I had turned my profile to them, not wanting them to see my face for there was an abscess on one jaw, the other hollowed by disease; both green in appearance. The Captain said that the Vice Consul would return me to the shore. At this point, the splendid looking Englishman who had not taken part in the conversation said to the Vice Consul, "Is

that the chap we were talking about in the club, the one who had crossed Africa from Cape Town to Cairo and has just reached here from the Pacific Ocean"? The Vice Consul replied, "That is the chap." The big Englishman turned to the Captain and said, "Take him along, Captain! He will not die." The Englishman speaking was a high official of the company which owned the Captain's vessel and on a tour of inspection he chanced to be in Para at this time.

CHAPTER XV

THE WEST INDIES AND NORTHERN SOUTH AMERICA

Northern South America consists of three European colonies and two independent nations. The colonies are French, Dutch, and British Guiana; the independent nations are the Republic of Venezuela and the Republic of Colombia.

Our boat did not stop on the Guiana coast, and I will insert here a brief record of the three colonies, for they have potential wealth and a meager population. All of them have a narrow coastal strip on which almost all the population lives, and all have a richly forested mountainous interior. There is luxurious vegetation throughout the year. Valuable minerals have been found in all of them. Their residential white population is about three per cent of the total.

French Guiana, which has an area of 35,000 square miles, was acquired by France in about 1635. Several attempts by France to develop it failed. African Negroes were brought as slaves to work the plantations, but the slaves were freed by France in 1794. The French penal settlement on Devil's Island was widely known, but this settlement was abolished in 1938. The population in 1960 was approximately 30,000, almost all of which is Negro or negroid. There are a few of the original native people. The white population of approximately five per cent is represented principally by soldiers and miners.

Dutch Guiana (Surinam) has an area of 55,000 square miles and a 1960 estimated population of 270,000. British Guiana, with an area of 83,000 square miles, has a 1960 estimated population of 566,000. More than half of the population of these two countries, each of which had Negro slaves, is of

Asiatic descent from indentured laborers from southern India and Indonesia brought in to work after the Negro slaves were freed in the British colony in 1834 and in the Dutch colony in 1863.

There are a relatively few whites in the population and a few of the early tribesmen. Dutch Guiana has the distinction of having some 25,000 "bush Negroes" in descent from slaves who fled to the interior and who still live as did their forefathers in Africa, and Dutch Guiana has the further distinction of being the world's largest producer of aluminum ore.

I have often thought that the English race, of which I am part, produces the best individuals and from time to time I have grudgingly admitted that it also produces the worst of them. Other races of man may deny this and assert that their kind produces the best and also the lowest forms of human life. On the boat at the mouth of the Amazon we have just seen that an Englishman of high ability rescued me from a deplorable situation. Now we will introduce an Englishman of the lowest form of human life.

On our ship which was enroute to Barbados I was called into private quarters by a man who said he was a ship's doctor. He told me that I felt highly fortunate for the intercession of the Englishman who had enabled me to continue my journey but by no means could I land at Barbados without his certifying that I was physically fit to land and that unless I gave him five pounds (about 25 dollars) he would certify that I was not physically fit to land. I asked him why he did not use his method of blackmail on passengers who could be easily cowed. He said that he had heard of my journeys but that my physical appearance was wholly against me and that if he said I should not leave the ship I would not leave it. He said that he was desperately in need of money. I told him that I would give him a total of ten dollars, five dollars at the moment and the other

five when he certified the papers necessary for me to go ashore in Barbados, and that I would not give him an additional amount. He wanted to know that if he accepted half of the agreed amount how could he be sure that the remaining half would be paid at Barbados. I told him that he had fallen low, but he knew that there was such a thing as honor and that I would give him my word that another pound would be paid. At Barbados he signaled me to come and look at the papers he had filled out. I gave him another pound. He said, "Thank you." I told him not to speak to me, and that half of the people of England would puke if he spoke to them.

The small island of Barbados is the easternmost of the West Indies islands and the healthiest. It was claimed by the English in 1605 and the settlement of it began in 1627. Negroes descended from slaves imported from Africa outnumber the white inhabitants but race relations between the two have been praised by different writers.

I was well received at the American Consulate and at my request for a cheap boarding house was sent to a small hotel. It was at this hotel that I heard voices in the street singing, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," a song sung much by the British in the early days of the First World War.

When looking at numerous small fishing vessels at anchor, I became aware that several young Negroes were following me and asked them why they were following me. They said that I was the first man they had ever seen with a green skin and that a white man with a green skin was something that they would remember. I told them that the color of my skin came from malaria fever on the Amazon River and that it was gradually leaving me. I reminded them that Barbados Negroes had the reputation of being well bred and for them not to follow me. They dropped behind some distance but continued to follow. My mind went back to the remote tribal areas of Africa and I felt that no youths under tribal control would

have followed me if I asked them not to. Contact with the white man even in Barbados where the Negro is proud of being a Negro seems to weaken in some degree the finer perfections of tribal social training.

On the northern boundary of the Caribbean Sea there are the relatively large islands of Cuba, Hispanola, and Puerto Rico. Near the eastern boundary of Puerto Rico there begins a chain of small islands which extends southwardly to near the coast of Venezuela and these small islands form the eastern boundary of the Caribbean Sea. Cuba is an independent nation. Hispanola has two independent nations—Haiti and San Domingo. The rest of these islands are under the control of white nations. Denmark owns a portion of the Virgin Islands but within a year will sell these islands to the United States. Great Britain or France or The Netherlands (Dutch) have control of the others.

We will see other Dutch possessions off the coast of Venezuela but there is one Dutch island which, for sentimental reasons, I would also like to see. Up near the Virgin Islands there is the Dutch island of St. Eustatius from whose fort the American flag received its first salute from a foreign power, November 16th 1776. St. Eustatius should be, and possibly will be, included in American tourists routes in this portion of the West Indies.

The two races have lived together for a long time in Barbados and from my observation I felt that each race was intent on maintaining its own type. Mixbreeds were not numerous so far as I could observe. Here, as elsewhere, it is more likely that newcoming Europeans are the ones who tend most to cross the color line. At my small hotel, run, let us say, by a Mr. Brown lately from England, I was treated with much consideration. Excellent food was served to me by a most agreeable Mulatto woman who would assure me that she had seen others stricken with malaria and that I was doing fine.

When leaving Barbados, I heartily thanked Mr. Brown for the consideration shown me. Most of all I wished to thank the Mulatto woman who had served me so well. I said to her that I felt that I should also thank Mrs. Brown, whom I had not seen, and requested that she take me to Mrs. Brown. The Mulatto woman replied, "I am Mrs. Brown."

Taking ship from Barbados to the Panama Canal, we would see certain islands and some of the northern shore of Venezuela and Colombia. On this voyage I was humbled by the fact that I could not eat spaghetti like Italians did. There were several Italians at the table and every one of them could jab his fork into spaghetti and come up with a top shaped mass which he consumed without delay by leaning his head backward and opening his mouth for the small end of the spaghetti and opening it wider as the mass increased. They consumed the spaghetti at once and reached their fork for another load with vigor and incredible dexterity. I told my Italian friends that I had used chopsticks and been praised by Chinese, that I had learned to give a good belch when dining with those who belched to show appreciation for excellent food served them, and that I was going to eat spaghetti like Italians ate it. But I could not master the Italian twirl of the fork. There was no symmetry in the amount I could get on my fork, and some of it spilled when I threw my head back to get it into my mouth. My Italian friends sympathized with me and told me not to grieve; that they were experts, and that practice would enable me to eat spaghetti like an Italian.

I do not remember if our boat stopped at the island of Trinidad where Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1617, remained ill while his small vessels clashed with the Spanish on the Orinoco River, near its mouth. The Spanish had found much gold in Mexico and Peru. There was a legendary city of gold and of immense gold deposits. Raleigh was under a delayed sentence of death and would claim these gold deposits in Guiana without legally

offending Spain and for such service he would be relieved of his death penalty. He did not find the gold, and he had a battle with Spanish forces. He returned to England and was executed in 1618.

We put in at the port for Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, but I did not go ashore. Caracas is on the mountains six miles from the shore. I remember a roadway up the mountains and several Moorish type houses fronting the sea. This coast was sighted by Columbus in 1498. The area which became Venezuela has vast natural resources and a climate favorable for agriculture and the raising of animals. For 300 years Venezuela had been a Spanish colony when Simon Bolivar, in 1813, defeated the Spanish army in a successful effort for its independence from Spain. At the time I was there, 1915, the country was under the rule of Gomez, a Mestizo leader who was to become widely known as, "The Tyrant of the Andes." Gomez had usurped control in 1907 and was to rule until his death in 1935. He was looked upon as a brutal tyrant, yet it was under Gomez that Venezuela began a rapid cultural progress. In 1917 oil was discovered and Venezuela was to rank high among the oil producing nations. Later some of the richest of iron ore deposits were discovered and money from oil and iron, together with its riches of crop and animal life, led to an imposing general cultural advancement which is best evident in the capital city of Caracas where more than a million people live in one of the most modern cities of the world.

The Republic of Venezuela has an area of 152,159 square miles and a 1960 estimated population of 6,700,000. About ten percent of the population is white or nearly white. There are few true Indians and true Negroes. Mixbreeds are in overwhelming numbers but a large percent of the Mestizos have European blood predominating.

There are three small Dutch islands off the coast of Venezuela and our boat stopped at two of them, Curacao and Aruba. They were acquired by the Dutch in 1634. Their chief industry is that of refining crude oil from Venezuela and Colombia. They refined sixty percent of the oil used by the allies in the Second World War.

Negroes in descent from slaves imported from Africa constitute the majority of the population of these Dutch colonies. On one of the islands I asked an American if some of the Dutch who came out from Europe tended to marry Negroes or negroids. He replied that the subject was not in his line of interest but that unofficially he would say that such marriage had been effected. When leaving Aruba, I made note that when coming from the south I was bidding farewell to the Southern Cross, the most famous of all star constellations. It is a magnificent sight. I like it as portrayed on the New Zealand flag—



In the Republic of Colombia we stopped at Cartagena, now a city of something over 100,000 inhabitants who are mostly Negroes and negroids. They are in descent from a substantial number of slaves which the Spanish brought to the lowland portions of northern Colombia. Cartagena was founded in 1533. It has a fine harbor. Old Cartagena had heavy walls for protection against enemies, including pirates. Its houses were of Moorish style.

The Republic of Colombia has an area of about 440,000 square miles. It is botanically a rich country. It has some oil and a substantial variety of minerals. Two thirds of its people farm and coffee and other crops are its chief exports. It has textile mills, a well developed international air service, and has made progress in mechanized farming. The 1960 population is estimated at 14 million. Whites and near-whites are about

twenty per cent of the population. Negroes constitute about five per cent of the population and Indians about seven per cent; the vast majority is of mixed blood.

After leaving Cartagena, the next stop was at Colon near the northern entrance of the Panama Canal, and through which city we passed enroute to Peru. I would say that my sustained journeys, beginning in early 1910, in which I had sought to observe the white race in contact with other races should be recorded as having ended at Colon. The return to the United States was over an area which we have already seen.

I came back to the United States by way of Cuba; traveling third class I was not allowed to leave the boat side at Key West. You can travel much further for the same cost if you take a third class or deck passage but from time to time there may be some limitations on your freedom of movement.

When I arrived at my sister's home in Atlanta the harsher effect of the fever was disappearing. I had gained some weight, but the greenish tint to the skin was still visible. Nor did the chills return often as they had in Africa. I had sent my sister certain manuscripts with the request that they be put in print if I did not return. I would need to have access to a large library such as the Congressional Library in Washington to check certain phases of the manuscript, and I left for my childhood home in Tennessee to secure a division in property in which I was joint owner before going to Washington. This business matter was long drawn out and, while waiting, I spent some time in showing the lantern slides I had used in New Zealand and Australia, supplemented with pictures obtained in Equitorial South America.

My health recovered rapidly and I gained twenty pounds above my normal weight, but the excess weight disappeared within a month or so.

The Knoxville papers gave my journeys much publicity and published my picture showing I was in good health. My



The Author 1915

relatives and friends of my youth took the lead in seeing that there were substantial audiences when the lantern pictures of my journeys were shown. I was grateful to them for the aid they gave me.

The business matter was settled, and I left for Washington, D. C. and shortly after reaching there, early in 1916, the Washington Star, in its Sunday Edition featured my journeys in a long article. A little later the Nashville Tennesseean gave me a long feature article. I had been praised in my nation's capital and in the capital of my native state. I felt at home. The long journeys were ended.

COLONIALISM

We will define "colonialism" as the movement through which certain European governments obtained control of many alien areas and placed European peoples in some of these areas after the discovery of the New World in 1492 and the discovery of a sea route to India in 1498. This colonization movement would last for more than 400 years.

It would place the Western World in subjugation to European governments and would implant European peoples in many parts of the Western World. It would exert a political dominance by Western European governments over the peoples of Southern and Southeastern Asia and over those of the vast number of islands known as the East Indies. It would place European colonists in the lands we now know as Australia and New Zealand. A northern prong of the movement directed by Russia would extend European control across Siberia to the Pacific Ocean and onward to Alaska in the New World. The last phase of the colonization movement would be the conquest of the continent of Africa by Western European governments.

We write from the angle of race and it should be said that peoples of the Nordic race devised the colonization movement and led it. Spain was ruled by Ferdinand and Isabella, "red

haired Goths." Columbus was a blond Italian from a region where the German tongue was spoken for 200 years after the settlement of the Lombards in Italy. The ruling house of Portugal was of Gothic and English blood and, "blonder than that of Spain." The original tongue of Western European peoples who were to direct the movement was Teutonic: that of the Eastern European peoples who directed the northern prong of the movement into Asia was Slavic.

In his first expedition to the New World (1492) Columbus set up a nucleus for a colony on a small island and named the colony for Isabella. Soon some Spanish individuals would be left at other small colonies. Portugal in successive expeditions down the west coast of Africa would pick out points for political control. Violent storms off the coast of Africa drove a Portuguese ship westward and led to the Portuguese discovery of Brazil in 1500. Vasco de Gama of Portugal rounded the southern point of Africa and reached India in 1498. Portugal acquired some land from the Arabs on the African east coast, some small colonies in India, and leased the port of Macao from China. In the meantime, Spain, through the discoveries of Magellan, had reached the East Indies in 1521. Thus Portugal and Spain, at a very early date in the colonial period, had placed colonies both in the New World and the Old.

In the New World the Portuguese centered their colonizing efforts on Brazil. The Spanish main interest was in the West Indies and Central and South America, but the Spanish also showed some interest in North America. It was the North European nations (including France) that were to develop North America. Great Britain, France, The Netherlands, and for a short period Sweden, began to implant European colonists in North America. Great Britain, France and The Netherlands also took certain of the West Indies islands, and each of these nations colonized a portion of the South American mainland—the Guianas. Like Portugal and Spain, these northern nations

would turn their attention eastward and would gain for Western Europe a political dominance over the maritime nations of the southern Asian mainland and the vast number of islands off its shore. In taking over the island area, Germany would appear as a colonizing power and gain possession of certain of the islands. Great Britain would colonize with British colonists the islands of New Zealand and the continent of Australia.

While Western Europeans were extending their political domain, the peoples of Eastern Europe were not idle. In 1581, twenty-six years before the founding of the English colony at Jamestown in the Western World, Russian Cossacks crossed the Ural Mountains into Siberia, and by 1640 the Russian movement through Siberia had given to the Russians a land route of some 3,000 miles to the Pacific Ocean. The Russian movement was a vigorous one. They took possession of Alaska in the New World and continued their explorations along the coast to California. At a later period they would sell their Alaskan possessions to the United States.

The Teuton and the Slav, racially kindred peoples, adjoin each other in Europe. The colonial movement will place them near each other in distant lands. The Teutonic movement westward will establish that race through North America to the Bering Strait. The Slavic movement eastward through northern Asia will bring that race to the Bering Strait. This Strait is but 55 miles wide and midway in it there are two islands three miles apart, one belonging to Russia, the other to the United States. The frontiersmen of these two great kindred peoples are close enough to signal each other and drop in for tea if their respective countries are in good humor with each other. The Teuton, in the lands he has taken in North America, has developed a great industrial civilization. The Slav likewise is establishing a great industrial civilization in the lands he annexed after crossing the Ural Mountains. But it should be

noted that the Russian conquests in Asia did not place them over very many "colored people" as had the Western European conquests. The Russian movement led them principally over branches of the Caucasian race, some of whom were known to historical civilizations and many of them with but little, if any, mixture with the Chinese type of man with whom they long had been in contact. The blond Slavic Russians, in their movement to the Pacific Ocean, followed the route of other blond invaders of Asia, some of whom are referred to in Chinese records of 3,000 years ago as "tall and green eyed."

The Colonization of Africa

In the early Portuguese explorations along the coast of Africa, native rulers would offer certain of their subjects in exchange for Portuguese commodities, commodities which may have cost only a few cents. The Portuguese did not create the African slave trade. It had been an African institution from ancient days. Almost from their earliest settlements in the Western World the Portuguese and the Spanish purchased Negro slaves in Africa and sold them to certain of their western colonies. There was an immense profit in the slave trade, and other Western European nations would join in it and send many slaves to certain of their colonies in the New World. Negro Africa, as a broodland for slaves, was looked upon as a source of wealth for the colonizing powers in their western colonizing program. By about 1800 the slave markets of the Western World were being glutted by newly arrived slaves from Africa. The market value of the slaves held in servitude was adversely affected by the new arrivals. The profits from the trade had greatly diminished and this loss of profit would have much to do with the suppression of the slave trade.

Negro Africa, as a broodland for slaves, was not profitable to the colonizers after the suppression of the slave trade, and their attention was drawn to this area for it had much natural

wealth and with the slave trade suppressed there would be adequate labor to develop its wealth.

The Portuguese had long held colonies in Africa. The Spanish held a small area. The Dutch and the British held possessions at the extreme south of the continent. The French were in possession of some African territory which bordered on the Mediterranean. By the time that the rest of the continent would be colonized, beginning let us say about 1850, "colonialism" had become quite fashionable among western European nations. The nation that possessed a colonial empire stood out among the other nations as would a woman who wore a mink coat stand out among women dressed only in cloth. Little Belgium wanted the mink coat status and took the mighty Congo area. Germany, which had been divided into many principalities by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, was being united again and Germany wanted the mink coat status which she obtained by possessing 4 African colonies and an area in the East Indies. Italy, too, would want and would get the mink coat status.

When the scramble for African lands had ended the continent of Africa was under control of Western European peoples. Even the little Republic of Liberia, one half of whose public lands were held for future immigrants from the United States, did not entirely escape the European colonizers. Both Britain and France, when delimiting their possessions which would adjoin Liberia, set their lines about where they wanted them to be. Liberia owes its existence to the American Colonization Society and to the American Federal government. The Colonization Society sought a national home for freed slaves who desired to live in the land of their ancestors. The Federal government took part in the movement to obtain a place to which it could return slaves that were being illegally imported into the United States.

Though it is the high noon of colonialism (beginning of the First World War) yet within a generation the colonial systems of Western European nations will be abandoned in many areas and modified in others to a mere association by mutual agreement. The First World War will be followed by a League of Nations in which Woodrow Wilson will advance the theory of self-determination for the nations of Europe, and this theory will soon be extended to the non-white world. There will be a Second World War, and it will be followed by a United Nations and this United Nations will preside over the liquidization of colonialism as it was known for more than 400 years.

The Spice Islands

It is a matter of intriguing interest when we reflect upon the fact that the European desire for spices with which to flavor food was to shake the world as of that day. The search for the fabulous Spice Islands would lead to the discovery of the New World, to the discovery of two sea routes to India, and to a circumnavigation of the globe.

The Portuguese seeking a sea route to the Spice Islands which were known to be near India were following the coasts of Africa to reach the Indian Ocean and thence to India. The Spanish, fully aware of the intent of the Portuguese, sent Columbus to find India and the Spice Islands by sailing westward from Europe. When Columbus returned without his ships being loaded with spices the Portuguese knew that he had not reached the Spice Islands and this encouraged them to continue on their route to India. The Portuguese found the Spice Islands and a mariner among them, Magellan, who was dismissed from Portuguese service, came to Spain and said that there were a great number of spice islands and that the Portuguese monopoly on spice could be broken by sailing around South America and reaching the spice islands. Spain sent Magellan with five ships to make this voyage. Magellan was

killed during the voyage and but one of his ships continued it. This ship came back to Spain fully laden with cloves.

Western Europeans had learned that the "spices of Araby" added a wonderful zest to the eating of food and that they came from the Spice Islands by water to Arabia and thence overland by caravan to the ports near Venice and from Venice to Western Europe. Merchants along the way could raise the price at will. This led to high prices which were willingly paid. If merchants of Europe could find their way to the Spice Islands they could get all the spice they wanted and become rich from selling it in Europe. They could bring other commodities but the pay load would be that of spice.

We are familiar with the word "spice" but not many of us would know the variety of spice for which there was a market. A list of spices would include—pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, ginger, and cloves. All of them would flavor food and certain of them aid in preserving meats.

The Portuguese held all but a monopoly on the spice trade for near a century and gained great wealth from it. The Dutch wrested the trade from Portugal and got rich from it. When the powerful British got to India, the spice trade could not be cornered, for many spice trees and plants had been sent to other lands. The East Indies lost a monopoly on the spice market by the process in which Brazil would lose a monopoly on the rubber market—by having the source of spice and that of rubber transplanted into other countries.

Cultural Results of Colonialism

From the American Indians the white man obtained a number of domesticated plants such as corn and potatoes which would serve him in his colonies and be of value in Europe. From them he got the plant which produced quinine that weakened the attacks of malaria, the cacao plant, the seed of which makes chocolate, and the rubber tree which would give

great aid in his industrial developments. From the American Indians also he obtained the tobacco plant, the leaves of which he could snuff, chew, and smoke. His smoking of the tobacco leaves created some consternation in Europe for some of the people there, when seeing smoke come out of the mouth, thought there must be a hidden fire somewhere in the body. Nor did the smoke appeal favorably to the British King, James I (who produced the King James Version of the Bible) for James said that smoking was, "A custome lothesome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lung, and in the black, stinking, fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the Pitt that is bottomless."

The white man would make wide distribution of the valuable plants of the mainland of South America such as the rubber tree which would be cultivated in the East Indies and in Africa and the chocolate small tree which he carried to islands of the West Indies and later to western Africa. In his distribution of his semi-domesticated rabbits he made a serious blunder by placing them in Australia where their vast increase would give the Australians a headache for which there is no perfect remedy. His distribution of domesticated plants to the Negroes of Africa has been of great value to that people. The Portuguese began such distribution and other European powers continued it. The white man contributed additional chemical knowledge to the people he colonized. He gave the wheel and knowledge of steam, steel, and electricity to the American Indian and to the Negroes of Africa. He gave his Asiatic peoples knowledge of steam, steel and electricity.

On an earlier page I reported a conversation with my valued young friend, a Catholic priest, at Kimberley who believed that Christianity had been the leading factor in establishing the mighty white colonial empires. I added the concept that Christianity and "gunpowder" had established the empires.

The Japanese did not borrow the white man's Christianity but his gunpowder when they wrought such devastation on the white man in the 2nd World War. The white man's culture in the hands of the other races makes them in both peace and war more formidable opponents of the white man if they choose to oppose him.

The Negroes of Africa will not fail to praise the selfless work of white missionaries who sought to implant the Christian faith among them. At first the missions sought to stress a spiritual message dealing with the soul, but quite early they included also the welfare of the body. More domesticated plants and animals were introduced. Hospitals were provided for the welfare of the ill. Later the best of medicines would be used in the mission hospitals. The missions instituted a system of education and some of them sought to advance education to the standards of compulsary education of the nations from which they issued. The colonizing governments came to the aid of the missionaries and subsidized their work and certain of the colonizing governments would ere long institute educational systems of their own.

At last the peoples of western European descent suppressed the age long African slave trade. This service to Negro Africa would stand first among the aids that that people have received from the white man.

Racial Results of Colonialism

Colonialism has led to an immense increase in the living area for European peoples and the increase in living area has led to a great increase in racial numbers without being cramped for living space save in certain of their broodlands. The industrial developments within the white race will bring relief temporarily to space pressure in the broodlands for modern scientific farming can be done by less than 20 per cent of the population and those in the industries tend to live closely together.

In the Western World peoples of European descent constitute almost all the populations of Canada, Costa Rica, Uruguay and Argentina. Their colored population is listed as from about one to four per cent but it, too, carries some white blood in the mixbreeds. Brazil and the United States have a substantial number of Negroes in their population. The Negro, in peace and prosperity, outbreeds the whites. Since the United States has taken steps to become a "welfare state" the Negro is definitely outbreeding the whites. Brazil is inclining to the status of a welfare state. The final racial composition of these two great countries is yet to be determined. In the rest of Latin America those of European descent are a small minority, save in the limited areas of Cuba and Puerto Rico. In a portion of Peru and in Ecuador the Indian is in such number that he may eventually breed out the few whites in his midst. Most of the West Indies has the Negro who is overwhelmingly greater in number than the whites.

In the Old World the continent of Australia is almost exclusively inhabited by peoples of European descent. In the islands of New Zealand those of European descent vastly outnumber the Maoris who are the aboriginal settlers of the islands, but in certain recent years the Maori has outbred the white New Zealander, and it is difficult to forecast the racial composition of the New Zealand future. The increased Russian movement eastward is implanting great numbers of Russians in Siberia.

Racial Nationalism

The racial instinct for self direction has advanced the concept of racial nationalism widely throughout the areas that were colonized. It has produced new African states and has restored some Asian states to independence and others to semi-independence. It has given evidence that one race will not willingly submit to another race. Indonesians, as we have seen,

were imported into British Guiana to fill a labor market that the freed Negro was not inclined to fill. The Indonesians now outnumber the Negro. British Guiana is slated for self rule. In a recent (1962) general election there, the voting followed racial lines. Then a wide scale rioting led the Indonesian majority to request and to receive British imperial troops to restore order. Nor do the Negro peoples of New Guiana willingly submit to Indonesian control in the East Indies.

The late Marcus Garvey (1887-1940) was the foremost Negro nationalist leader that the Negro race has produced. Shortly after the First World War he was openly advocating "Africa for the Africans: Those at Home and Those Abroad." It was my high privilege to be closely associated with Marcus Garvey from 1925 until his untimely death. I hold many letters from him and I have copies of his Negro World from 1925 until its publication ceased. In 1926 in a publication of my own I held that the white settlers in the Negro areas of Africa should be fairly compensated for their holdings and be gradually withdrawn. The single exception, for the time being at least, was the industrial culture that whites were establishing in South Africa, large portions of which the whites had not taken from the Bantu Negro but from the Bushmen and the Hottentots whom the Bantu, themselves, were despoiling. I held that the whites of South Africa could not abandon control of their industrial culture, and that the Bantu would profit from it. A statement from an official in 1962 carries the following information, that South Africa had spent "on health, education and the advancement of the Bantu races more than all the other territories in Africa put together."

I would like to see Negro students develop theses on the African slave trade, compare African slavery with that of Greece and Rome, and make estimates of how much money from the African slave trade was used in the industrial developments of Great Britain and the United States. And another

thesis awaits the Negro student. What proportion of the Negroes in the Western World came from the true Negro whose ocean front was on the Gulf of Guinea? The Portuguese transported to Brazil slaves from their African colonies, most of whom were not true Negroes. But the slaves carried to the West Indies and North America in very large part were from the Guinea coast.

I would like to say that the name and fame of the American Patrick Henry is known possibly in every area of Africa and Asia that has sought freedom from white colonialism. His "Liberty or Death" speech is known to those who seek liberty. I have received guests from Negro Africa who asked for the privilege of kneeling where Henry's feet had stood when he said "Liberty or Death." I have seen an African leader kneel at this sacred spot, say an African prayer, and follow it by a prayer in English.

Now that there are many nations emerging in Africa, I would like to say to those that are confronted by problems of government that in the same speech Patrick Henry made another statement of profound value when he said, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience." And in his old age Henry made another appraisement of great value, for natural resources must be conserved if there is to be permanent prosperity. Patrick Henry was from the State of Virginia in the United States of America. He said that the greatest Virginian was the one who had filled up the most gulleys.

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Map of the World showing the Steamship Services of the North German Lloyd, Bremen.



Explanations: ——— *Steamship Routes of the North German Lloyd.* - - - - - *Connecting Lines. All ports of call of the North German Lloyd in red.*

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